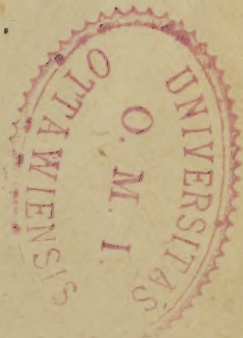


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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Valedictory	I
Poetry :	
The Priest	9
A Letter from China	10
Poetry :	
A Dream	12
The International Truth Society	13
An Honored Alumnus	16
A Day of Festivity at the Catholic University of Ottawa	21
Editorials :	
Prologue	26
A Duty of Ours	27
To Whom it May Concern	28
Various	30
Degree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites	32
Notices of Books	34
Priorum Temporum Flores	37
Of Local Interest	38
Junior Department	39

University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Vol. ~~IV~~ III

VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED BY MR. J. A. MEEHAN, B.A., B. PH., AT COMMENCEMENT,
JUNE 20TH, 1900.

Your Grace, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen :— Another scholastic year has rolled into the mighty ocean of the past, and another commencement day is at hand. The all-important day for the class of 1900 has arrived. This is the event we have been looking forward to so eagerly during all the long, tedious years of our under-graduate life. This hour of supreme triumph which we have often dreamed of, so often despaired of ever reaching, the alluring fascination of which at each commencement, awakened in us new resolves for perseverance to the end,—this hour, at last, has come, and brought with it the reward of all our toil, the first great triumph of our young lives. Oh ! how inexpressibly pleasurable it is, to know that the object we aimed at is within our grasp, and no cruel fate can intervene to disappoint us, to know that at last all doubt, and uncertainty is past, that we have safely reached the end of our course.

Commencement day always brings joy to the heart of every student, for it marks his ascent one step higher on the rugged path which leads to the eminence of science, and means his promotion to a higher class. How much more so, then should it not

be a day of joy for us who have reached the summit, for us to whom it means not only promotion to a higher class, but advancement to a higher life, to whom it is the signal of fitness to receive a commission of trust in the great army of mankind? To the graduate commencement day means the realization of all his hopes; it is the land of promise reached. Such being our feelings to-night we can have no hesitation in saying that we are actually living the happiest day of our lives. And have we not good reason to rejoice? To-day, for the first time perhaps, we realize the inestimable advantages we have enjoyed. God has marked us out for the signal favor of a call to higher education, and, through the medium of kind, and devoted parents, He has placed at our disposal, the means of acquiring that precious boon, for which so many, less favored mortals vainly sigh. On our part, whether we turn our thoughts to the past, or stop to reflect on the present, we have very few regrets and many consolations: we have responded to that call, with right good will; we have always tried to make the best of every opportunity and have, in a measure at least, proved ourselves not unworthy of the particular blessings which have been given us; we have made it our aim, to employ our time to the best advantage, and to make it manifest at all times, that we never lost sight of the sacred duty imposed on us by the predestination of God; we have labored conscientiously year in, and year out; we have caught up something of the high-souled enthusiasm of these noble men under whose guidance it was our good fortune to have been placed; we have acted according to their maxims and have not despised their counsels, and consequently, now that the end has come we are satisfied that the honor conferred on us is not altogether unmerited. And what earthly satisfaction is there, fraught with such feelings of pleasure as that which arises from the consciousness of having deserved well an honor received!

But what is this honor of which we feel so proud? Herein is embodied the consideration which will perpetuate the happiness of this occasion. We claim as our Alma Mater, an institution, equalled by few and surpassed by none, on the continent of America. There is no doubt that the course of studies followed in Ottawa University is an excellent one, complete in every detail, com-

prising every branch of useful and practical knowledge, neglecting nothing that an educated man might be expected to know. The curriculum lacks nothing that is necessary, and contains nothing that is superfluous. Moreover all is arranged with admirable fitness. The first step gives light to the second, and so from light to light we are conducted in safety through the whole series. "By philosophy we are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various seeming anomalies, and contending principles that are to be found in the minds, and affairs of men ; and hence arises, not excellence in simplicity, but one for superior, an excellence in composition." Truly then, have we to-night been made the recipients of a great honor. Henceforth we are graduates of Ottawa University, and that is indeed a badge of distinction. By reason of it we can claim fellowship with many of the leading lights of the country. "Look over Canada and the United States to-day and you will behold former students of this institution in every sphere of life—in the Church, in Parliament, at the Bar, on the Bench, in the medical profession, in engineering, science, commerce, and industries,—clinging to the top-most round of the ladder of success." The alumni of old Ottawa College have shown themselves, solid, judicious, honest men, competent to fulfill the duties of any position in life. We are confident, with a confidence begotten of hope, that we who to-night fall into the ranks of the "old boys" will not be unworthy of those who have preceded us.

But in this, the hour of our triumph, we do not forget the debt of gratitude we owe to Providence. To the great Master of our destiny, we breathe a fervent prayer of thanks. We thank Him especially for having given us such good Catholic parents, those parents who have sacrificed so much for our sakes, who have undergone so much anxiety, and suffered so many inconveniences, on our account. To you, dear parents, whether present or absent, our hearts now turn with sentiments of profoundest gratitude. At this moment we feel that you share our happiness and that you are blessing us with all the fervor of parental love. Whatever may be your business cares, to-night they are all forgotten, and your faces beam with pleasure, at the thought of our success, in anticipation of our triumphant

home-coming. God grant that you may never have less reason to be proud of us than at present. We shall endeavor to repay you for your tender solicitude, and your loving care, by following the example of true, christian piety which your lives have furnished. Then indeed, will we be the solace of your declining years, and your old age will be brightened by seeing us, on whom you have lavished so much care, realize your expectations.

There is another thought, that suggests itself to us to-night. The fact that we are assuming a grave responsibility is vividly before our minds. In spite of our much-vaunted modern educational system, the truly educated man is still a rare article. The number of those who advance beyond the "little learning," proverbially "a dangerous thing," is still comparatively small. Of shallow, flashy demagogues, indeed we have plenty, but it is not to such, that society must look for the solution of the great problems that arise in life. No, rather to men, who by reason of a thorough education, are equipped with all the necessary weapons against error, and falsehood, must be intrusted this great task. How much then will naturally be expected of us? To-night we may be said to make our first appearance on the great stage of life, and we recognize the importance of the part we will be called upon to play. But great as is the task our will is ready, and certainly no blame can be attached to our Alma Mater if our training should prove deficient. She has given us sound and fruitful instructions ; she has endeavored to cultivate in us high, and pure literary tastes, and to store our minds with useful, and liberal knowledge ; she has made known to us the true grounds, and forces of social, and political well-being. Hence indeed no fault is it of hers if we are not well fitted to take our part with ease and efficiency, in whatever sphere we may be called upon to occupy. The refining influence of our early surroundings will ever be evident to all those with whom we may come in contact, and our College loyalty will be as enduring as life itself.

True it is, the predominating feeling by which we are animated on this, the last night of our college life is one of joy ; joy at the prospect of entering upon a broader field of utility, joy arising from the consciousness that our long apprenticeship is over, joy arising from the conviction that we are at last prepared to begin the struggle of life, in real earnest ;—these indeed are,

“Truths that wake to perish never,
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.”

But it has been said, and certainly experience of earthly things does not seem to contradict the statement, that not even the entrance to paradise is absolutely free from all regret. And so it is with us this evening ; our happiness is dampened by the thought that we must leave forever our dear old college home, and all her familiar, and time-endearred surroundings, that we must bid adieu to our devoted professors, tried friends of many years, to our fellow students, our dear friends, and companions.

To night, dear classmates, we stand as it were, in the last kind glow of ruddy light that leaps up from the hearth stone of our Alma Mater ; a few brief hours and we must depart forever from under her protecting roof-tree. No more in the sunny, breezy days of September, shall we return to take up our residence within these walls ; our destination will henceforth be elsewhere. We leave you dear old Varsity and leaving you we love you. We trust that in future, the people of Ottawa, always staunch friends and true supporters of your every interest, will continue to bestow on you their kind patronage. We may, (who knows) never again stand within these walls, but this much at least, we can say with certainty,—we will ever look back with pride to the days of our student life in Ottawa University, and will never lose an opportunity of serving our Alma Mater. Bountiful Mother, to you, to the people of Ottawa, to whom everyone of us is indebted for so many favors, to this fair city we must say good-bye.

Reverend Faculty, and professors of the University—Hard indeed, is the task which we are called upon to perform to-night. The time has come when the bond of affection which unites you to the class of 1900 must be severed. But before we leave you we wish to say that your kindness, your fidelity, and especially the noble example of your lives, have engraved themselves so deeply on our memory that time can not efface them, that we are your lasting friends. Now as never before do we understand all that you have done for us, how much of gratitude, how much of love

we owe you. For us you sacrificed repose, pleasure, satisfaction, and above all, ever, and in all cases. preferred our interest to your own. We recognize in you men wholly set apart, and dedicated to the noble work of education, without any other than public ties and public principles ; we know you as men denied to self interest, whose only avarice is for the good of others, men to whom personal poverty is honor, and implicit obedience the greatest freedom. We feel that we should not allow this occasion to pass without assuring you that we appreciate your many noble qualities, and that your virtues are not unknown to us. By proving to every one we meet in after life, that the character you have moulded is sturdy as steel, we hope to repay you, in some way at least, for your labor in our behalf, and for the untiring zeal you have always shown for our welfare.

But there is a vacant place among you to-night ; we search in vain for the familiar face of one whom we have been accustomed to see at former commencements. The late-lamented, reverend Father Howe began his short career in Ottawa about the same time, that we began our course. He was one of our first professors, and one of our earliest friends. Ask the good people of St. Joseph's parish, why we so soon loved him. They know his worth. He is not here to-night, to see us graduate, who were his first pupils, but our grief at his absence is lightened by the conviction, that he is now presenting our petitions to the Father Almighty, and praying that when the summons to eternity comes, we may be prepared to join him where he now stands :

"Fast by the throne of God,
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire."

Father Howe's early demise cast a gloom over the last few months of our college career, but the memory of his saintly life, and happy death will ever abide with us, and will serve to keep us always within the the path of right, and duty. Reverend Fathers, the members of the class of 1900, beg to be allowed to ask you, to add one more favor to the many they have already received at your hands,—send us forth with your blessing, and with the assurance that all our shortcomings, all our faults are to-night forgiven by you, that we may always count on your assistance, and

encouragement as we have in the past. Kind friends, devoted professors, farewell.

Fellow Students,—The years of our college companionship are gone. "Sweet were they with a sweetness felt but half till now, not half discerned." Never before did the thought of leaving you come upon us with such an overwhelming sense of regret. Not even the triumph of the present, nor the brilliant expectations of the future can outweigh the conviction, that in parting from you we must sunder the ties which bind us to our earliest, our truest, and our best friends. We would fain re-live the fond associations formed in your midst, the many happy hours passed in your company. But we have reached the terminus ; we must bid farewell to you who have helped to cheer the early part of our voyage, and seek other associates in dark, unknown paths of the world beyond. But though we cannot be here in future to share, as of old, your joys and your sorrows, our thoughts will often wander back to this, the scene of our happiest days, and in imagination will we often revisit our old haunts ; though we must now sever all connection with our dear old college home, be assured that every member of the class of 1900, will ever be ready to do all in his power to further the interests of the students of Ottawa University ; and in after years when the future wearers of the garnet and grey will be called upon to defend the titles of our victory-famed athletic association, then, will we be re-united by the bonds of sympathy. Gladly will we hear of your victories, may the news of your defeats never reach us. Dear comrades, we wish you happiness, and success. You may merit both by showing that your college life is ever characterized by a steadfast loyalty to Alma Mater. Keep up the old-time enthusiasm in athletic matters ; on all occasions, endeavor to promote unity, among your fellows, by frowning down every semblance of discord ; in your studies work conscientiously, and persevere to the end. In this way, you will fulfil the duty you owe to yourselves, to your companions, to society, and in good time the reward which is ours to-night will be yours in turn.

For ourselves, we go forth with high hopes, and brave hearts. Come what may, we will ever make our best effort to do a man's work in life. At present, indeed the outlook for us is bright, and

encouraging, but alas ! we know nothing of the future. "As drops of rain fall into some dark well, and from below comes a scarce audible sound ; so fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter, and their mysterious echo reaches us." We gaze on our fellow-students to-night, and as, one by one, each familiar face passes before our eyes, we cannot shut out the appalling thought, that it may be for the last time on earth. Just one short year ago, there sat here among the graduates, one who even now, is no longer among the living.* Little did he think that his time on earth was to be so brief ; his mind was busy, planning for the future. Surely we may be pardoned the pang of grief we feel, at the thought that this flower of promise, has withered so soon. Will any of us ever forget the heart-piercing message to his former schoolmates, and professors, in which he recommended his soul to our prayers, saying that he knew the end was near ? From this touching example must we, the graduates of 1900, draw our first great lesson in life, and resolve to be ever prepared for the eternal summons knowing that "life or death will thereby be the sweeter." But let us not harbor these sad reflections ; let us rather part, forgetful of the uncertainty of life, remembering only the absolute certainty of the sublime truth contained in the lines :—

"An Angel's hand can't snatch me from the grave
Legions of angels can't confine me there."

Fellow-students, we part to meet again. Till that blissful day, one and all, farewell.

*Mr. R. A. O'Meara '99 who died last February.



THE PRIEST.



babe on the breast of its mother
Reclines in the valley of love,
And smiles like a beautiful lily
Caressed by the rays above.
A child at the knee of his mother,
Who is' counting her decades of prayer,
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,
And kisses the Sufferer there.
A boy with a rosary kneeling
Alone in the temple of God,
And begging the wonderful favor
To walk where the Crucified trod.
A student alone in his study,
With pallid and innocent face,
He raises his head from the pages
And lists to the murmur of grace.
A cleric with mortified features,
Studious, humble, and still,
In every motion a meaning,
In every action a will.
A man at the foot of an altar—
A Christ at the foot of the cross,
Where every loss is a profit,
And every gain is a loss.
A deified man on a mountain,
His arms uplifted and spread—
With one he is raising the living,
With one he is loosing the dead.

—*Irish Monthly.*

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

[The following letter, which we are enabled to publish through the kindness of His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, to whom it was addressed, will be read with interest by our readers. Han-kow, the city of refuge whence the letter is dated, is in the province of Hu-pe at the confluence of the Han river and the Yang-tze-kiang. Mgr. Fontosati, with the details of whose heroic death at the hands of the Boxers the letter opens, was Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Hou-nan, and was a member of the Order of St. Francis, which possesses nine Vicariates in China. Heng-chow-tou was the scene of the martyrdom of Mgr. Fontosati and his brother Franciscans. EDITORIAL NOTE].

HAN-KOW, July 21, 1900

Eccellenza Illma:—

You have already seen in the papers the account of the present distressing state of affairs in the Chinese empire, how a violent persecution has swept away the most flourishing Christian centres, sparing neither bishops, nor priests, nor nuns, nor even innocent children. Fires of incendiary origin have completely destroyed our buildings—churches, orphan-asylums, and the peaceful homes of our Christians ; and an insatiable thirst for human blood has manifested itself. Ah ! dear *Monsignore*, our cherished friend Mgr. Fontosati is no more. The inhuman wretches not only killed him, but heaped upon him in his last hours a thousand cruelties and indignities. His eyes were gouged out ; a knite was plunged into him, which he had hardly succeeded in extracting with his own hands, when a monster of cruelty plunged it in again ; of the crowd, many threw stones at him, while others beat him with sticks. For four hours did these, and even worse, tortures continue ; at last the martyr yielded up his precious life. With him died Father Joseph Gomboro, a Piedmontese, who was given over to similar tortures and despatched with like cruelty. Before expiring, Mgr. Fontosati and Father Gomboro imparted one to the other a last absolution. The mutilated corpses were enveloped in cloths, then saturated with coal-oil and set on fire. The Christians succeeded, by means of money, in having the ashes buried in an adjoining lot. Peace be with you, my gentle friends ! And from heaven, which is now assuredly your dwelling-place, pray for me and for all your brethren here below.

All this happened on the 8th of July, but the persecution had broken out on the 4th, on which day the rebels invaded the principal residences of the mission, sacked them, and then burned them. There were present at that time, the old Vicar-General Father Quirinus Henfling and our own Father Cesidio. The former succeeded in getting away and was carried elsewhere by some trusty pagans. But Father Cesidio was captured, and being first maltreated in various ways, he was wrapped in cloths which were soaked in petroleum and burned while yet half alive. Let us hope that he will one day be the glory of our province of S. Bernardino. A kindly disposed pagan collected the remains and interred them near where once stood our residence. When the news of the outbreak and of Father Cesidio's death was sent to Mgr. Fontosati, he, faithful pastor that he was, insisted on going to the site of the disaster, where he was seized and martyred in the manner I have described above. On the destruction of the orphan-asylums, two hundred, or more, young girls fell into the hands of the mob, and were divided up as so much booty. The dwellings of the Christians were all burned down, everything was plundered, and to spare life was a favor. What misfortunes ! What tears ! Nothing is known of Father Bonaventure nor of the other missionaries ; perhaps they have fled in another direction. Pardon me, your Excellency, for not writing sooner, for writing now so freely. Every day we receive news of massacres and conflagrations ; we live in uncertainty amid a thousand fears and sorrows. I did not write you sooner because Mgr. Carlassare sent me to visit, in his place, different parts of his vicariate, and a few months afterwards I was recalled to Han-Kow, as things had taken such a bad turn. During my visit I had many consolations, the confirmation of about 900 neophytes and the baptism of about 200 adult catechumens. After these consolations came the sorrows I have just described. Here at Han-Kow there is comparative safety, for we have two men-of-war in the harbor. However, everyone is afraid, and many are leaving for Japan for fear of a revolt of the troops of the Viceroy, or of the rebel advance, or out of mistrust caused by the antipathy to foreigners which is characteristic of the Chinese.

Dear *Monsignore*, from my heart I wish you every grace and consolation. Bless me, and bless our unfortunate missions.

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

F. LUIGI M. SONSINI, O. S. F.,

Vicar-General.

A DREAM.

WILLIAM BLAKE, (1757-1827)



NCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way,
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

"Oh my children ! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear :
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied,—"What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round :
Follow now the beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home !"

THE INTERNATIONAL TRUTH SOCIETY.



THE Rev. Dr. William F. McGinnis, one of the best known of the young priests of the Brooklyn Diocese is the President and founder of this society which now enters on its second year, with most cheering assurance of success. The report that was published in June shows every sign of a great, good and glorious enterprise, whose principal object is the dissemination of Catholic teaching and ideas by means of laymen and through library channels. It will be the chief work of this society to watch the secular press, etc., as to the circulation of anti-Catholic attacks; to answer these attacks systematically and to defend the cause of the Church on all occasions when its honor is impeached or its interests assailed. Inevitably this will involve a great deal of hard work and require considerable ability on the part of its members. The originality of the aims of the society and the vast and interesting field of its proposed labors must appeal with more than ordinary interest to all Catholics.

The first Report shows that much has been most satisfactorily done already, several of the great papers in the United States and some in Canada have been called to an account for some publications that no true and educated Catholic should tolerate. The manner in which these rectifications and re-statements have been made, has been so calm and dignified and clever that the best of relations can be vouched for between the defenders of the faith and the editorial body. The society purposes to use the public press as the chief means by which it can reach the public. It has gone to considerable expense to secure reliable foreign correspondence. Some of the assertions now in circulation as to the indiscretion (!) of our missionaries in China, for instance, have compelled the Rev. President to leave nothing undone in order to get the true story of the propagation of the faith in that region of the world. In due time the society may make known what has been achieved in the way of securing and maintaining the rights of the Catholics in the lands newly acquired by the United States.

Much of the work of the International Catholic Truth Society is to be carried on by correspondence as there will be (and there always are) active members all over the United States ; Canada also has entered into the movement. The Rev. Dr. McGinnis has visited Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Toronto and has communicated his plans and means to a goodly number in each of these cities, whose response has been most cordial. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the magnitude of the field opened up before the society, if its designs are faithfully carried out. Nearly all the sects are represented by weekly publications and these contain almost without exception articles criticising Catholic dogma and practises. To combat this opposition there are only a few Catholic publications and most of these are limited in their power owing to lack of support ; so it will be seen that the International Truth Society's crusade must be almost single handed. Can any of us fail to be interested in watching the result ?

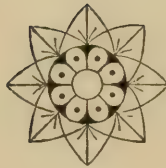
One of the most interesting features will be the translation department. This promises to be of genuine interest to those at least who want the full benefit of current literature : when an article appearing in some foreign magazine, say, French, German, Spanish or Italian, is found to have an important bearing on affairs in America or to come within the scope of the society's aims, it will be translated by competent linguists and published in some one of our great journals. Thus some very interesting literature may be presented to the English-speaking public. The European Magazines given to religious thought will be specially drawn on; considerable liberality will be exercised in the choice of articles, and care will be taken that those of an ultra-religious tendency, are not made too prominent. The library work is one of the great hopes of the society.

Naturally, in recruiting the society much attention must be paid to scholarship and superior acquirements on the part of members. The effort of the organizer is to make of the International Catholic Truth Society a *corps d'elite* as far as possible. The duties of the members are almost wholly of a scholarly kind, and the aid of specialists will be frequently required, eligibility to membership rests on solid instruction in the doctrine and philosophy of the church. It is not, in any sense, the intention of the society to

introduce bitterness into controversy, on the contrary, one of the effects of the work will be to assuage the bitterness that already exists and to present Catholic doctrine and ideals in a fair and philosophic light. One of the direct results of such work must be to awaken and maintain a better feeling on the part of those creeds whose members till now regarded the Catholic church with special hostility. And this hostility is quite intelligible; for if we are what we have so often been represented to be, hostility is the right attitude to take. It will be the aim of the International Catholic Truth Society to present the Catholic Church as she is—all fair and without spot or stain.

Each member pays five dollars a year, this will give a revenue of five-thousand yearly as it is the purpose of the board of officers to limit the membership to one thousand, at least for a few years. There are now upwards of seven hundred members; in a word, the retrospect though brief is bright, the outlook most cheering.

M.



AN HONORED ALUMNUS.

JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A , L.L.D.



GLANCING in retrospect over what has been accomplished in the wonderful intellectual progress of our fair province, we are inclined to attribute a great measure of this development to the successful efforts of our High Schools and Universities. But another force is at work to produce this desirable position, a force as truly efficient, powerful and universal in its own sphere, and this we know as the common school system of Ontario. The thousands of successful pupils in our province can fully attest that our Separate and Public Schools have no fear of competition and can well bear the test of the most rigid examination. Recognizing the fact that a great body of trained teachers is annually required, the Educational Department has wisely provided for training schools and the results of the Toronto, Ottawa and London Normal Schools and of the Hamilton Normal College need no comment ; they speak for themselves. What this province has and must have are corps of properly trained teachers, whether lay or clerical, duly educated in method and practise, and fully equipped in every branch in order to keep apace with the requirments of this advancing age. The recent jubilee celebration of the Ottawa Normal school placed this institution prominently before the public, and emphasized some of the problems—which we in Ontario, and especially the Catholics of Ontario, must solve in order not to retard our own Separate Schools but advance them to the coveted goal of success.

Here we pause and pass aside from these contemplations in order to felicitate our sister institution, the Ottawa Normal School on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee, and offer congratulation to its honored Principal and our illustrious alumnus, John A. MacCabe. On the occasion of this joyous celebration, *The Review* joins with the thousands of friends who have paid tribute to the inestimable qualities and genius of the devoted Principal, who has so faithfully presided over the destines of the Ottawa Normal dur-



J. A. MacCABE, M.A., L.L.D.

Courtesy of Nova Scotia Printing Co.

ing the past quarter of a century. The University shares in the honors conferred on Dr. MacCabe for she esteems him as one of the most illustrious of her alumni. Hence devolves on *The Review*, the pleasant duty to record some of the leading facts of the interesting life of our honored alumnus. He who by the protecting and guiding hand of Providence, and sheer force of talent, has retained the Principalship from that memorable opening day, Sept. 14th, 1875, to the present date, and now bids fair, Deo Volente, to see the laurel crown of a golden jubilee placed on his brow, is certainly an example to be pointed out and looked up to as a model.

Bring to your conception the impressive figure of Dr. MacCabe. One of those broad-shouldered, deep-chested Irishmen, gifted with a charming personality and attractive, cheery, good humor, that brightens and illumines all about him. His clear eyes look you straight in the face with a quiet power that commands involuntary respect, while the repose and firm purpose developed by the features, are the very picture of determination and unflinching courage.

It is a matter of considerable importance where and in what circumstances a man was born. We of Irish descent attach no little importance to the influences of birthplace, and those of us fortunate enough to claim the Isle of Saints and Scholars as the natal land, grant to it a particular reverence. A land consecrated by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by thousands of religious, and hallowed by association and remembrance of heroes and patriots such as no other land ever produced, claims especial veneration and remembrance. Nature ever bountiful and good to Ireland could afford no greater beauty than that wherewith she has endowed the village of his birth in the County Cavan. Indeed there are few spots in the old land more attractive, more celebrated or more likely to leave impression upon character than the country about this place. Here in this lonely nook of nature was born on January 9th, 1842, John A. MacCabe.

His early education like that of many other Irish youths was parental, but it was supplemented by a thorough training in the Irish National schools, and afterwards at the Dublin Normal School.

Having completed his course at this training school, he adopted teaching as his life work and his career in his chosen profession has indeed been active and important. He received the appointment of English and Mathematical Master of Belfast Diocesan Academy and afterwards filled the same position with due credit and honor in Kilmore and Killarney. In the latter place he became acquainted with Aubrey de Vere and retains to this day a most enthusiastic admiration of this truly great poet. But the love of literature and mathematics was not to supplant affection for social surroundings, nor to remove the young professor from the more refined influences and charms of a good and virtuous lady, for on April 29th, 1869, he was married to Kate Anna, only daughter of James Kelly of Ennistymon, County Clare, Ireland.

Circumstances had now been so arranged that the young professor of Killarney could leave Ireland. Then was he to bid adieu to the memorable scenes of his boyhood, to bid farewell to the friends of his youth, to take a last longing look at the little Catholic church in whose yard his forefathers slept and to exchange all these for the far-distant shores of Nova Scotia. In 1869 he received the appointment of mathematical master in the Truro Normal school and at once accepted this position. Here in this new sphere of action his splendid energy and talents displayed themselves and with his personal qualities he won for himself golden opinions from the Nova Scotians. Six pleasant years were passed in this city when another important change occurred. Complying with the demands of a large portion of the citizens of Eastern Ontario and the exigencies of the teaching profession, the Provincial Government decided in 1875 to establish a Normal School in Ottawa. Its Principalship was offered to the young mathematical master in Truro and accepted. Here on September 14th 1875, began that arduous and important career whose twenty-fifth anniversary was so fittingly celebrated a few weeks ago. During the long period of his residence in Ottawa, John MacCabe took an active interest in many organizations proper to his sphere. His election as President of St. Patrick's Literary Association, President of the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul, Grand President and afterwards Grand Chancellor of the

C.M.B.A., and President of the Dominion Educational Association, are evidences of the esteem and appreciation in which he is held. In 1877 Ottawa University conferred on him the degree of M.A., and in October, 1889 honored him with the degree of L.L.D.

It may be inferred from the foregoing that activity and energy are prominent qualities in Dr MacCabe's character,—two essentials for every successful educator. It requires more than a cursory glance to estimate the importance of the educational and literary influences of a man whose methods and opinions become law with a large portion of our teachers. Thus far something has been seen of the public life of Dr. MacCabe, but in the view unfolded, something would be amis were we to forget him in that other world, the lecture hall where he is the ruler and guide.

Of the influences that have contributed to win for him unprecedented success in his profession, sympathy in the work of his pupils deserves especial consideration. Whether in the lecture hall, at the social gathering or in private conversation, the Doctor's broad sympathy makes beautiful the way of knowledge and allures the young along the bright and cheerful paths of life. Genius reveals itself in the beautiful thoughts of a Shakespeare, a Tennyson or a Faber, but purer and richer is the genius of the heart that is conscious of vast and deep fountains of love which gushes forth for the light, life and peace of a young mind placed at the master's guidance. With sympathy there is that nobility of soul, kindness, consideration, justice and aptness to teach which make his influence a living thing ; his cheerfulness and sunny disposition, his learning and patience in trying to make the uninitiated comprehend methods, all tend to make the observer long to emulate and finally aspire to life's great Exemplar. The prime influence on his life has been the practise of his religion whose principles have been his guide through life. Religion with Dr. MacCabe is something more than an aid to expand his intellectual attainments, to give consistency to his actions or to strengthen his reasoning faculties. It is the very basis of his character. His work in many charitable and fraternal organizations is evidence of his unflinching Catholicity. Of his life it may be said "*Laborare est orare*, for the labors of his life are predated and prompted by lofty aims and religious principles,

In the society of mankind such a teacher must hold a high place. Something is he more than the first mental concept of *magister*. He is a power among men whose elevating influence must help to solve our practical problems, to transmute ideals into conduct and character, to afford us some realization of the higher life, in fact to act by those principles taught by Jesus Christ Himself. A high eulogium, some may affirm, but a merited one, will be the testimony of thousands who have the friendship or acquaintance of John A. MacCabe.

MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.



A DAY OF FESTIVITY AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 21st was indeed, a day of rejoicing at Ottawa University. The cause of this rejoicing was not entirely the annual holiday which follows the mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated at the opening of each scholastic year to invoke God's blessing on the University, and on the work of its professors and students. A concurrent cause was the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Father Paillier O.M.I. Fittingly did the students and faculty unite to pay honor to the venerable man who has attained the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the sacerdotal dignity, to offer respectful felicitations to the beloved priest, who, by his virtue, his devotedness, his amiable character, and his noble heart, has won for himself legions of friends, not only in the University, and in St. Joseph's parish, of which he was for twenty-six years pastor, but as well throughout the whole diocese and even beyond its limits.

At 8.30 a.m. His Grace, the Archbishop, Chancellor of the University, assisted by Rev. Frs. Edward and Etienne O.S.F. and preceded by the faculty of the University wearing their academic robes, made his solemn entry into the magnificent chapel of the University while the organ pealed forth the notes of the hymn to *Pio Nono*. As soon as the Archbishop was seated in his throne, Fr. Paillier, accompanied by his assistants came forth to begin Mass, His Excellency, Papal Delegate, attended by the Very Rev. Rector and Rev. Fr. Harnois, O.M.I. entered at the same time and occupied a throne opposite the archbishop. His Excellency by thus assisting at Mass, wished to give Fr. Paillier a proof of the high esteem and veneration in which he held him.

The solemn High Mass, which was commenced immediately, was sung in such a clear and sonorous voice by the venerable jubilarian that one might be led to think it was his first mass. Nothing showed that years had in any way enfeebled his strength. His numerous friends could indeed hope confidently that for many years to come it would be his privilege to ascend the holy altar, to glorify his God and serve our Holy Mother, the Church.

At the end of the gospel His Grace addressed the students, taking his text from St. Paul : " Jesus Christus heri, et hodie,

ipse et in saecula." (Heb. xiii. 8.). In words remarkable for their elevation of thought and nobility of sentiment, the Archbishop impressed upon his hearers the obligation that devolves on all Christian young men to learn daily to know and love more and more Christ-Jesus, who, in consequence of sin, is the sole and necessary mediator between God and man. He exhorted his hearers to be ever Christ's in heart and in mind, for in Him above all is to rest the Christian's every hope. All is unstable, all is frivolous, but to love and serve Him.

Towards the end of this solid and piety-breathing instruction, the chief pastor of the archdiocese of Ottawa paid, in a few words, a beautiful tribute to the worthy jubilarian of the day. For years His Grace had known Father Paillier and had always considered him an irreproachable priest, one full of zeal and piety, of rare merit and great virtue. The preacher wished with all his heart that for many years more the jubilarian might continue to edify his confreres and to serve the Church. He also expressed the regret, which was shared by many of the clergy and laity of the diocese, that the excessive modesty of Fr. Paillier had constrained his superiors to give the celebration of his Golden Jubilee a strictly private character, so private, in fact, that neither the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church nor members of the clergy of Ottawa could take the part in it which with good right they desired.

At the termination of mass, His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate seating himself before the altar received the profession of faith from all the professors of the University, conformably to the canonical precepts of the Church.

At noon a banquet was given by the University in honor of Rev. Fr. Paillier. In accordance with the expressed wish of the venerable jubilarian, Monseigneurs Falconio and Duhamel along with several representatives of the different communities of the Oblates in Ottawa, were the only guests. Although the banquet had, consequently, a private character, we will not surprise any of Fr. Paillier's acquaintances, when we declare, that all those who were permitted to do him honor yesterday, united heart and soul in the toast proposed to his name by the Archbishop of Ottawa, wishing him many years more of a life entirely consecrated, as it had hitherto been, to the glory of God and the good of souls.

The recounting of a few details of Fr. Paillier's life, which we have secured from one of his fellow Oblates, will, we are sure, be a source of extreme pleasure to his many friends. Moreover, these details, offer us the best obtainable means of following him in his long career. To give them, is, to our mind, what may be called, relating the services of a valiant soldier, or rather, of a noble and courageous apostle of Jesus Christ.

Fr. Paillier was born Dec. 6, 1827 at Pompée near Nancy in that part of Lorraine which was left to France by the treaty of 1871. At an early age he felt himself called to the sacred ministry. He was well advanced in his studies, in fact, had spent three years in the Grand Seminary of Nancy, when despite the obstacles that had discouraged many another, he decided to enter the Oblate Novitiate at Nancy, Sept. 6, 1848. On Sept. 8th of the following year he made his religious profession. He then went to Marseilles to finish his theological studies. Sept. 21. 1850 he received ordination at Aix, in Provence, from the hands of the venerable founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate Mgr. de Mazenod. It was in the chapel when the first Oblates made their vows in 1816, and which is therefore regarded as the cradle of the Congregation, that Fr. Paillier had the happiness of being raised to the priesthood and of saying his first mass.

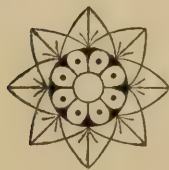
In March, 1850, the young priest, in company with Rev. Fr. Laverlochère who was already renowned as a missionary among the Indians of Hudson Bay, set sail for Boston *en route* to Canada. Father Laverlochère had gone to France for a recruit, and immediately obtained Fr. Paillier as the companion of his labors. In the spring of 1851 Fr. Paillier passed through Ottawa (then called Bytown, a place of five or six thousand souls) on his way to Hudson Bay. During the whole of the following summer he initiated himself in missionary labor among the savages and engaged himself in acquiring the Algonquin tongue.

Fr. Laverlochère on his return from this laborious mission, was stricken with apoplexy so that when Fr. Paillier returned the following year he had another co-laborer, in the person of Rev. Fr. Garin, who was at that time in the Hudson Bay Mission. This year was the termination of such kind of work for Fr. Paillier. His superiors though it better, considering their want of subjects, to assign him to duties for which he was better fitted.

It was then only ten years since the Oblates had come to Canada. There was a demand for them on all sides, and as they were few in number, Fr. Paillier was, for more than sixteen years, called upon to exercise duties of diverse kinds. In a short time he was sufficiently familiar with English to speak and write it with remarkable ease. His superiors took advantage of this to send him as curate to south Gloucester in 1851 and again in 1852. During the winter of the latter year he preached a mission to the shantymen in the district of Maniwaki. In 1853 he was made parish priest at Gloucester. The following year he crossed over to Buffalo where he taught dogmatic theology in the seminary. He remained there only one year. We next find him in 1855 at the mission of the Iroquois of Sault St. Louis near Montreal. Here he had as companion, Rev. Fr. Antoine who died recently in the office of first assistant to the Superior General. From 1855 to 1857 Fr. Paillier was connected as a missionary with the house of Montreal. In this last year he went alone on a tour of missions along the whole coast of Labrador. After his return from this difficult mission he attained permission to retire to the house of the Trappists in Kentucky, where he wished to live thenceforth the monastic life of penance and austerity. But after a conscientious trial of this austere life, the zeal for the salvation of abandoned souls brought him back to the Congregation where he was awaited and received with open arms. For the next ten years he remained for a comparatively short time in the different houses where his religious obedience sent him. We see him in 1858 at Désert acting as curate : towards the end of this same year he was a missionary and curate at Buffalo. In 1860 he was a missionary at Quebec ; and in Sept. of this year he was appointed chaplain of the Mother House of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa also bursar of the Oblate community at the episcopal palace. Two years later he was raised to the superiorship of the same community. In Sept. 1863 he was sent to Plattsburg to take charge of the missions of Redford and Danemora. In Nov. of the following year he returned to the episcopal house of Ottawa, thence he went to Buffalo.—to the Church of the Holy Angels in the month of August, 1865. Finally, on the 27th of August 1868, he returned to Ottawa. But this time he was assigned to the College, there he has remained

for thirty-two years. From 1868 until 1894 he held the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church. It was especially in the direction and administration of this parish, which always remains most dear to his heart, that Fr. Paillier evinced those grand qualities with which he was endowed, viz. zeal, prudence, love of souls and of the Church, constant sacrifice of himself for the welfare of his parishoners both rich and poor and particularly the sick, in a word, for the welfare of all, without exception. It was not without regret that in 1894 he was removed from his beloved parish, but his religious obedience demanded this sacrifice of him and he made it without a moment's hesitation just as he had done all through his long career.

From 1874 till 1877 he had been Rector of the College as well as Pastor of St. Joseph's Church. In 1894 he became for three years chaplain to the Good Shepherd Sisters. In 1897 he was given the chair of sacred eloquence in the seminary. Finally in 1898 he was appointed chaplain of Rideau St. Convent. He has always shown himself, in whatsoever charge has been confided to him, the good and faithful servant to whom a reward has been promised by Him who does not deceive but is faithful to all his promises. "Fidelis est enim qui repromisit."



University of Ottawa Review.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Vol. IV.

PROLOGUE.

"Men may come and men may go but I go on forever." In this heartless spirit the REVIEW begins another year of its existence. Of last year's editorial board only a few members remain, the greater number having passed into the wider world beyond the University. The places left vacant have been filled by newer men, whose spurs are yet unwon. But youth is hopeful and talent is ambitious, and youth and talent (let us write it without blushing) are heirlooms in the sanctum of the REVIEW. The departure of Father McKenna from our midst leaves a void that is not easily filled. Whether as a student, or as the Managing-Editor of this organ of the students, Father McKenna was ever ready with his pen, and his loss will be keenly felt. We entertain the hope that

the good Father will not consign his well-trained pen to ignoble inactivity among the Western pines, and that the REVIEW may occasionally have the benefit of his literary taste and ability.

To the student body we have a word—or rather two—to say. Our first word is one of welcome. To all the students the REVIEW extends a hearty welcome. Welcome, old acquaintances; welcome, ye new-comers, our acquaintances to be. Our second word is one of advice. Write for the REVIEW. Let not the labor terrify you. The reward is worth the pains. Facility of expression, grace of diction, and precision of ideas all come by writing; and these are prizes worth winning. Nor need your writing interfere with the work of the class-room. Put more labor into your compositions for class. Read beyond the text-book; collect, compare, and sift; study and assimilate; then write, and class distinction and the fame of authorship are yours at once,—to say nothing of a prospective place on the editorial board of THE REVIEW.

A DUTY OF OURS.

We suppose that every student who follows the University Course, aims at a professional career. Now, upon the Catholic professional man of the present day, devolves a serious duty, the duty, not only of living up to the faith that is in him, but of being ever ready to defend that faith, ever ready to do battle for the cause of truth and for the rights of the Church. This duty has been more than once plainly inculcated by our Holy Father the Pope. In his great encyclical "On the Duties of Christian Citizens," Leo XIII touches upon the Church's office of teaching, and immediately adds: "Let no one imagine, however, that all participation in this work is denied to private individuals on whom God has bestowed talents with zeal for doing good." "Among the duties," says the Holy Father, "which unite us to God and to the Church, this one holds a foremost place—namely, that each one should strive with might and main, to propagate Christian truth, and to banish errors." Now one of the most effective means for the propagation of Christian truth and the overthrow of

error, is a thorough acquaintance with the history of the Christian era and particularly with the history of the Church. The importance of this study cannot be overrated. The dense ignorance concerning Catholic doctrine, that generally prevails among non-Catholics, and keeps many aloof from the Church, is based in great part on the most absurd historical fallacies. If there is any domain of learning into which the Catholic should fearlessly enter, it is that of history. It was no other than the great Newman who said: "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." The day has gone by when the field of history was an exclusively Protestant reserve, cultivated by Protestant hands and yielding an artificial product for Protestant consumption. The great conspiracy against truth inaugurated by the Magdeburg Centuriators and continued to later times by such writers as Mosheim, Neander and Hallam, has been at length discovered, and the conspirators relegated to the limbo of obscurity. Janssen, Hergenrother, Hefele, Pastor, and Gasquet—these are names of credit in the realm of history, these are the dealers in facts who have displaced the inventors of fiction. But "the evil that men do, lives after them;" and so, the work of the dead conspirators is still potent to lead incautions minds astray. With the steady light of history in our hands, our duty is, to aid, when the need arises, those who have been deceived by the *ignis fatuus* of historical romance.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The Catholic press of Ontario has lately been reminding the Catholic parents of the province, of the serious error they commit by sending their sons to educational institutions outside the province. In this the Catholic press has done its duty, and the timely admonition will no doubt bear abundant fruit. When parents realize that by acting in this manner they may retard considerably, what they have most at heart to promote, their sons' success in life, there will be an end to the evil. In his address at Commencement last June, the very Rev. Rector of the University alluded to this matter, and his words put the case so plainly and concisely that we cannot do better than reproduce them.

"All are aware that special examinations must be passed, that special certificates are absolutely required, for young men that wish to become candidates for the study of medicine, of law or of pharmacy. The certificate of matriculation is by far the most common, because it may be obtained in a shorter time. This certificate, given by our University, entitles its holder to register as a student at law or in pharmacy, whilst the same certificate with one year's additional attendance in the arts course, admits him to the study of medicine.

This certificate of matriculation is not given by Catholic colleges outside of Ontario ; hence we have often seen young men that spent long years in colleges outside of this province, altogether unable to enter upon the study of medicine or law. The doors of these two learned professions were closed against them because they had not fulfilled the provincial requirements, by matriculating from some chartered institution of learning in the province of Ontario. This is a matter that is deserving of the most serious consideration of Catholic parents.

I might perhaps add that our University is the only chartered Catholic institution of learning in which young men may matriculate and then proceed to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Science and Literature, or Master of Arts. These degrees grant special privileges not only to students residing in Ontario and in other English Provinces of the Dominion, as well as in the neighboring Republic, but also to those that reside in the province of Quebec.

Our University is bound by its charter to adopt in its examinations, the standard of the University of London ; it is for this reason that our academical degrees are an indication of true merit ; they always represent a standard of learning equal to that of the best Universities in the United Kingdom.

It on this account, because of the great work that we have carried on so successfully for over fifty years, and also because this is the only chartered Catholic College in Ontario, that the Holy Father Leo XIII some ten years ago, signally honored us with the title of Catholic University, thus making Ottawa University the centre of Catholic education in Ontario. As a result of this special distinction—a distinction that is enjoyed by only two other institutions on the Western Continent—Laval and Washing-

ton—not only does Ottawa University confer all the degrees of a State University, but, moreover, it confers all the degrees usually given in Roman Universities to students in Ecclesiastical sciences. Every right thinking person will conclude from the above facts that we are well within the mark when we claim that we offer to Catholic young men altogether exceptional facilities for the requirement of every branch of learning.”

We have no word to add that could strengthen this eloquent and convincing statement of the case.

VARIOUS.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Father Paillier, O.M.I., was being celebrated as we went to press. The Reverend Father's well-known humility obliged the promoters of the celebration to conduct the preliminaries with the greatest secrecy. So well did they accomplish their object, that even our sharp eared reporter failed to discern the slightest whisper up to the last moment.

The Review joins its congratulations to the many pouring in upon Father Paillier, and entertains the fervent wish that the Reverend Father's old age may be filled with the gladness of youth, and that his morning prayer up to the end may be—*Introibo ad altare Dei, ad Deum qui lactificat juventutem meam*—"I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth."

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We print in this issue a translation of two documents of the Roman Congregation of Sacred Rites, which cannot fail to be of interest to all our readers. The latter of the documents is another, and a remarkable, manifestation of the kindly regard which Leo XIII entertains for the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Holy Father recognises the great work which the Oblates are doing for the Church in their educational institutions and their missionary enterprises.

Russia is advancing towards a milder civilization. An imperial ukase recently abolished almost entirely the punishment of exile to Siberia. The lot of home criminals has also been ameliorated. Till now a sentence of imprisonment was tantamount in its civil effects to a sentence of death. The condemned man's property went to his heirs, and his wife was free to marry again. Henceforth the convict loses his freedom for the term of his sentence and no more. When he comes out of prison he will resume the ordinary relations of life.

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Vessels of 2,000 tons' burden can now sail up to Brussels in the very heart of Belgium. Previous to this improvement, says *Current History*, ships could ascend the Scheldt to its junction with the Ruppel at Willebroeck, from which point there was navigation by canal to Brussels only for vessels of 300 tons, burden. The cost of widening and deepening the nineteen miles of canal was \$7,000,000. Did anybody say that Catholic countries are unprogressive? Ireland under Home Rule would be another Belgium in point of prosperity.

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There are ten Universities in the Russian Empire including one at Tomsk in Asiatic Russia. On the 1st Jan. 1895 the number of students in these Universities was 14,817 of whom 1,803 were Roman Catholics.



DECREE OF THE CONGREGATION OF SACRED RITES.

[Translation.]



THE festivals of religion unite admirably with the holy sacraments in fostering within the hearts of men the divine charity diffused by the Holy Ghost. Among these festivals is the solemnity instituted in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This solemnity not only sets forth for adoration and glorification the Heart of the Incarnate Son of God, but renews at the same time, the memory of that divine love through which the only begotten Son of God became man, and, obedient unto death, manifested unto men, examples of all virtue and proved Himself meek and humble of heart. But the eager piety of the faithful found out other means of spreading the devotion to the most loving Heart of Jesus, a devotion that is fertile in sweet and abundant blessings. Among many there has prevailed, and still prevails, the pious and praiseworthy custom of wearing on the breast, as a scapular, an emblem of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This custom, which has been enriched by the Apostolic See with partial indulgences, dates from the time of Blessed Margaret Alacoque, who lived illumined by heavenly lights. And since this devout custom flourishes and daily grows more popular in France and in the adjacent countries, humble and fervent petitions have been addressed to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, praying that, for the greater glory of the reign of Christ and for the increase of divine love, he would deign to approve the scapular known as that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, together with the accompanying rite and formula for the blessing of the same. This scapular consists of two ordinary pieces of white woollen, connected by a double cord ; one of which pieces bears depicted upon it the usual image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the other a representation of the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title *Mother of Mercy*. His Holiness, graciously hearkening to these petitions, and having consulted the Congregation of Sacred Rites, has deigned to approve the above mentioned scap-

ular, which is to be blessed and conferred according to the rite and formula mentioned in this decree, and by those only to whom the faculty shall have been granted by the Holy See. Whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding.

Caj. Card. Aloisi-Masella, Pro-Datarius,
L.xS. Pro-Prefect of the Cong. of S. Rites.
April 4th, 1900. D. PANICI, SECRETARY.

[Translation.]

THE FACULTY OF BLESSING THE SCAPULAR OF THE SACRED HEART IS GRANTED TO THE SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE OBLATE CONGREGATION, TOGETHER WITH THE POWER OF DELEGATING PRIESTS TO IMPART THE SAME BLESSING.

As the scapular of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, together with the rite and formula of blessing the same, was approved by the Holy See on the 4th of April of this holy year, the Very Reverend Cassian Augier, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, has presented to our most Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, an humble petition, earnestly praying, that to him and to his successors in the supreme government of this Congregation, be granted the faculty of blessing and conferring the aforesaid scapular, and likewise of delegating the same power to the priests of this Congregation and to all priests of the secular and regular clergy. This petition, presented by the undersigned Cardinal of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, His Holiness has graciously received, and has deigned to grant forever, to the Superior-General of the above mentioned Institute of the Oblates, the privileges requested, without the expediting of any Apostolic Brief, whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding.

Cajetan Card. Aloisi-Masella, Pro-Datarius.
L.xS. Pro-Prefect of the Cong. of S. Rites,
S. PANICI, ARCHBP. OF LAODICEA, SECRETARY.

May 19th, 1900.

[EDITORIAL NOTE. The above faculty has also been granted to the rectors of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, to those of the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, and of the church *della Pace*, Rome.]

Notices of Books.

QUELQUES LETTRES PASTORALES : The Ottawa Printing Co., Ltd.

This is the unpretentious title of a handsome brochure of some 170 pages, containing a translation into French of six letters addressed, between the years 1894 and 1899, by His Excellency Monseigneur Falconio, now Apostolic Delegate in Canada, to the members of his flock, both clergy and laity, in sunny Italy. The translator is the Rev. Dr. Lacoste, O.M.I., of the University, than whom no one could be better qualified. The letters are important as showing the condition of affairs in Italy under an irreligious government. They reveal to us a people and a country brought to the brink of ruin by laws subversive of morality and by an entirely secular system of education. From the first letter, written while His Excellency was Bishop of Lacedonia, and which is entitled "The Evils From Which We Suffer And Their Remedy" we select a few passages. "Once admit that religion is indispensable to the good government of people, to the tranquillity of families, to the well-being of the State, and it necessarily follows that religion must be known ; since without the knowledge of it, its teachings cannot be accepted nor its precepts observed. *Going teach ye all nations* : this is the commandment of the divine Master to His Apostles ; and He immediately adds, "Who heareth you, heareth Me," to indicate to the faithful the obligation that rests upon them of learning the Christian doctrine. But, alas ! what attention do people pay to-day to the acquiring of religious knowledge ? Are there not in our day Christians who deserve the reproach which St. Paul addressed to the Athenians, that they worship a God whom they know not ? Of how many Christians can one say, that they truly possess a knowledge of God, that they have sufficient acquaintance with the mysteries of religion to believe in them, or of the law of God to observe it, or of the sacraments of the church to receive them with benefit ? If it is true, as St. Paul assures us, that the science of a Christian should consist in his knowledge of Christ crucified, of the Christian mysteries and

the Christian religion, what a terrible responsibility do not they assume, who being bound to learn these things, learn them not, or who, being bound to teach them, teach them not." This logical and vigorous style of writing is well sustained throughout every letter. But we have not yet done with the first. "That which above all saddens us," continues the Bishop of Lacedonia, "and forbodes a future far other than promising, is the sort of education which is given to our youth. Men despise the divine oracle which makes the fear of the Lord the foundation of all learning. Hence, education without religion, that is to say, without morality." The pastoral goes on to point out the remedy, simple but radical, to this irreligious education, viz., the teaching of the catechism. A loud cry was raised not long since in the neighboring republic, against the negligence of ecclesiastical persons in Italy in the matter of imparting religious instruction. That the accusation was not altogether unmerited, the concluding words of this pastoral would tend to show. "Let us undertake this work of salvation (i.e., the teaching of the catechism.) *Si usque nunc somnolenti amodo vigiles*. Let us throw off the enervating lethargy which else will prove our very undoing. Let us put up school for school, according to the word of the Sovereign Pontiff. To the Godless education which propagates vice and ruins the country, let us oppose religious education which fosters virtue, and is a source of life and prosperity. Let us unite in the brotherhood of Jesus Christ, as children of one family ; let us form a holy league against the attacks of those impious men, who, in their folly, fear not to set themselves up against the principles of the Gospel ; and who aim at depriving society of its firmest stay, and of leading it little by little into barbarism."

These letters reveal the soul of a true pastor. Being the work of one who is now the Apostolic Delegate in Canada, the letters have a special interest for Canadians.

THE PEOPLE OF OUR PARISH. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Price \$1.00. Marlier Callanan & Co., Boston., Mass.

This very desirable volume purports to be the chronicle and comment of Katharine Fitzgerald, pew-holder in the church of St. Paul the Apostle. It is in reality a collection of essays on various important questions concerning the rules and discipline of the Church and on other topics of general interest to lay Catholics. In a singularly pleasing style she inveighs against the greater offences of Catholics, makes no apology for the foibles of fashionable church attendants, and thus by her forcible and often original treatment of familiar topics affords not only a pleasant relaxation and diversion from weightier volumes but often pointed explanations of our rights and duties as Catholics. In fact the author but employs those twenty-two chapters to throw the flash light of a generous, sharp and pithy criticism on the social and religious status of the American church-goer. The moral lessons concerning parental responsibility in the matter of our Catholic Schools and Colleges, and the clever demonstration of the ill results of the public school system, commend the work to the discriminating parent, while the tone of reverence and admiration for everything Catholic is most edifying. The chapter entitled "A National Catholic Truth Society" outlines in brief the plan of work which originated with, and has since been adopted by Dr. W. F. McGinnis the founder of the I.C.T.S., (an explanation of which with its aims appears in this issue of our magazine). The work, however, is redolent of that Americanism which can find the realization of its ideals only south of the boundary, for the author seems to be totally oblivious of the fact that many of her hopes and aspirations find realization in that land which has been so inaptly termed "Our Lady of the Snows." To our conception it is rather indulgent and certainly extravagant to call Miss Repplier "the cleverest of American essayists." The talented author of "Essays in Miniature" is certainly one of the cleverest of American Catholic essayists. If the book is not striking it is not lacking in qualities of its own for considerable skill has been shown in the delineation of character, in analysis of motive and in depicting human nature.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Of last year's graduating class the majority are going to study Theology. Messrs. J. F. Breen, P. J. Galvin, and T. W. Albin have entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal, while Messrs J. A. Meehan and W. P. Egleson will be found in the eastern wing of their old Ottawa home. Mr. M. J. O'Connell will, it is reported, join some of his former classmates at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. The only members of the class to engage in the study of Law are Mr. C. E. Langlois, who has entered the office of a well-known Montreal legal firm, and Mr. M. A. Foley, who is attending the Syracuse Law School.

* *
*

Besides the graduates, several others of our late fellow-students have donned the soutane. Three of our famous football stalwarts, whose absence this year will prove a serious loss to the team, have begun the study of Philosophy in different Seminaries. These are Messrs. J. J. McGuckin, P. J. Murphy and A. J. Morin, who have gone to Rochester, Brighton and Montreal, respectively.

* *
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The colony of ex-Varsity students at McGill is increasing. Among those who will this term begin to study Medicine there are Messrs. J. E. Doyle '99 and S. M. Nagle ex-03.

* *
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Wedding bells pealed more than once during the summer vacation for sons of Varsity. From Okanagan B. C. comes the pleasant news of the marriage of Dr. Jno. Tierney, a matriculant of '93, to Miss M. E. O'Keefe. Both bride and groom have many acquaintances in Ottawa and vicinity.

* *
*

In the latter part of July Dr. E. J. Quesnel ex-92 of Sudbury Ont. was united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss J. Fortier, one of Pembroke's most accomplished young ladies.

The latest one of our friends to enter the matrimonial state is Mr. Thos. Hogan of Westport who was here in '99. His bride is Miss M. Healy of this city. The ceremony was performed on Tuesday Sept. 12th in St Patrick's Church by the pastor, Rev. M. J. Whelan.

To all three newly married couples the REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations.



Of Local Interest.

On their return, the former students regretted to learn of the departure of Rev. Fathers Patton, Flynn and McKenna for other fields of labor, Rev. Fathers Patton and Flynn have gone to Buffalo while Rev. Father McKenna has been appointed Rector of St. Louis College at New Westminster. Rev. Father Cornell, on account of ill-health, has also been obliged to give up teaching and is now enjoying a rest at the Scholasticate. But the students, one and all, extend a hearty welcome to our new professors among whom are Rev. W. B. Whelan who comes to us from the far West, Rev. Dr. O'Boyle '95 of Rome, Professor Horrigan of Antigonish College, and Mr. A. Belanger of the class of '97.

* *
*

The Reading Room has again been opened and this year is under the following management:—President T. G. Morin; Secretary-Treasurer, J. R. O'Gorman; Librarians J. Lynch, W. Collins; Curators, J. King, J. Dowd, U. Valiquette. We are glad to hear that the membership of this society is already large and it is to be sincerely hoped that every student will consider it an obligation to help along this society which is such an important factor in a thorough education.

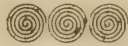
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During the summer months the Rev. Bro. Roy was raised to the dignity of priest by the Right Rev Bishop Dentenwill of New Westminster. Congratulations, Rev. Father, and may success ever attend your efforts in the service of the Lord.

At a meeting of the students the Altar Society was re-organised for the coming term. The following officers were elected.—President J. T. Warnock, First Vice-President R. Carey, Second Vice-President J. Lynch, Sacristan J. F. Hanley, Masters of Ceremonies C. Fallon and J. King.

* *
*

On the 19th inst. the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin united to appoint a committee of management for the year 1900-'01. Those elected were,—President J. R. O'Gorman, Vice-President W. A. Martin, Lectors, J. Gookin and J. King ; Secretary-Treasurer J. McS. Harrington.



Junior Department,

At the close of the scholastic year last June, the Junior Editor, with a sigh of relief, wiped the dark fluid from his well-worn goose quill, and laid the flattering unction to his soul that never again should he appear in the junior journalistic arena. He entertained higher ambitions than penny-a-lining for nothing, and so sought an honorable and lucrative connection with some notable magazine in Canada. His success up to the present has not been instantaneous ; but the Canadian magazines are proverbially behind the times, utterly unprogressive, and blind to the interests of the struggling journalist. Of the whole tribe of magazines we are now happily independent. Owing to the influence of a friend in foreign diplomatic circles the Junior Editor, that is, our noble self, has been appointed Royal Historiographer to the Court of Timbuctoo. We propose to leave for the scene of our new duties by the first Canadian caravan that starts for the Sahara. Our affection for our youthful brethren has compelled us to make this last appearance in the humble capacity of Junior Editor before entering upon our royal historiographical duties. We are filled with grief at the thought that the editorial chair which we have filled well, worthily and with entire satisfaction to ourselves, must pass to another whom we know not. Our heart is rent when we con-

sider that the small boys may be destined to become the prey of some guileless scribe who will misrepresent and perhaps malign them, which we, with all our ability, have never done. Our conscience is our witness that we have ever written the truth, when we tried to, and we challenge anyone and everyone to say that we never tried to. But enough of this ; let's to our work for the last time, with a light heart.

*
* *

Quite a few changes have this year been made, which either directly or indirectly concern the small yard. On reaching the college the older Juniors learned with regret that their beloved Prefect of last year, the Rev. Father Henault, was to be with them no longer. The voice of obedience has called him to new fields of labor. Whilst we regret the distance that separates us from such an esteemed friend, we at the same time bow in submission to the order that has summoned him and extend to him our heartiest wishes for a long and prosperous career in his new portion of the Lord's vineyard.

*
* *

To the Rev. Father Benoit, the newly appointed Prefect of the Junior Department, we offer a heartfelt welcome. His past valuable services in our midst augur well for the success of the coming term. We shall always look upon him as a friend while we esteem him as a master. Another change in the staff that caused genuine feelings of sorrow among the Juniors was the sudden departure of the Rev. Father McKenna. The kindness, generosity and sympathy that he always manifested towards the small boys have won for him a warm place in their youthful hearts. His host of friends wish him every success and happiness in his new sphere.

*
* *

From our elevated observatory we notice that the new editor's duties for the coming term will be more than usually increased owing to the host of new names that appear on the register. Quite a large number of familiar figures grace the ball grounds,

hand-ball alley and plank walks. These short panted microbes are filled with the spirit of college boys. We note particularly that many of the new-comers display a great love for foot-ball. We therefore advise the members of the J.A.A., to waste no time to select a strong rugby contingent to represent the small yard. There is sufficient material. It remains for the Association to mould this material into shape by immediate and persevering training.

* * *

According to old customs many there were that revealed tear-dimmed eyes in the beginning of the term. Happily the tears have been wiped away by stress of active engagements.

* * *

Accompanied by the President of the A. A. the Junior Editor payed a flying visit to the Dark Room and the Recreation Hall. Much to his surprise he met perfect order in both places. In the Dark Room unusual cleanliness was the salient feature. Next we passed to the hall of amusements. The spacious hall bore an air of attraction. On the four walls that surround the room hang souvenir groups of the young athletes that in former days won laurels for the victorious brow of Lilliput. Again, variously arranged, are large artistic paintings portraying some quiet scene in nature. With these and several other new equipments, the hall displays a more comfortable and inviting appearance. We congratulate our new perfect for these improvements.

* * *

The famous S. Himmel, who last year refused to encounter the Junior Editor on the handball alley, has again returned to hold his old seat in the refectory. They say that he is a frequent visitor to the sanctum.

* * *

The Irish Chief of the Blackfeet forwards a telegram from a hotel in Calgary informing us that the College will have to do its best without him.

They say that there is a McCarthy in the small yard. A rich reward at the candy store awaits the happy discoverer.

* *
*

Under the maple trees there will be constructed a wheel of fortune. All who turn around ten times on their head will get—a fall,

* *
*

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Signed and sealed tenders for the exalted and honorable position of Junior Editor, will be received at the Sanctum up to the 15th prox. With every tender must be enclosed a photograph of the aspirant to literary fame. Over this photograph, will be held a solemn wake, in case of the sudden and unprovided taking off and incinerating of the original. The successful candidate must deposit bonds for good behaviour to the amount of twenty-five cents ; if he can't behave twenty-five cents' worth his bond will be forfeit. Rejected candidates, in compensation for their disappointment, will have their photographs published in the advertising pages. No one is allowed to send in any other photograph than his own—whether father's, or mother's, or sister's, or brother's. The penalty for an infraction of this rule will be a lawsuit against the REVIEW. Now, ye juveniles, make one supreme effort to look qualified for the position of Junior Editor.



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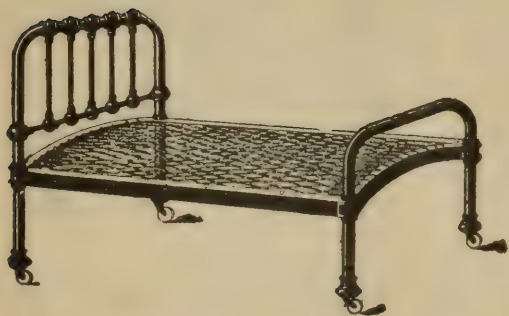
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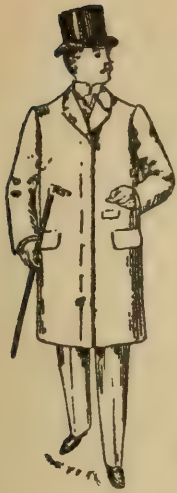
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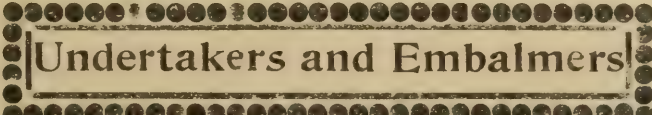
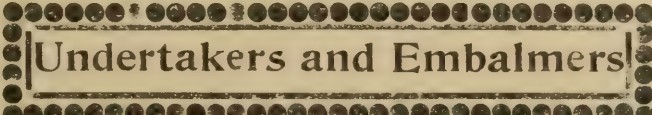
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The First Leo.....	43
Poetry:	
The Happy Coming Years.....	50
The Crusades.....	51
Poetry:	
To Canada.....	60
A Forgotten Industry.....	61
Poetry:	
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii, Ora Pro Nobis.....	64
The Tribune Rienzi.....	66
Higher Commercial Education.....	72
Editorials:	
To Subscribers.....	75
Commercial Education.....	76
About Football.....	77
Various.....	78
Notices of Books.....	79
Among the Magazines.....	83
Exchanges.....	86
Athletics.....	88
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	93
Of Local Interest.....	94
Junior Department.....	96

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 2

OCTOBER, 1900.

Vol. IV

THE FIRST LEO.



THE name of Leo undoubtedly carries with it more weight of majesty, and high authority, and is more immediately suggestive of a beneficent and far-reaching influence than that of any other leader, religious or political, known to the civilized world to-day. So much has been wrought for it not alone by the reflected glory of the vast spiritual sovereignty vested in him who bears it ; nor yet by the lustre it inherits from bygone ages when other Leos lived to do it honour ; but also, in great part, be it said, by the blameless life, the uncommon capacity, and the unequivocal political pre-eminence of the present illustrious Roman Pontiff. Not Catholics alone, but all classes of Christians, and even infidels have obeyed an irresistible impulse, during the course of recent events, by publicly manifesting their respectful admiration for this great central figure of our times.

The numeral after the present Leo's name, informs us that he shares it with a goodly number of predecessors, and naturally excites a certain degree of laudable curiosity concerning the first prelate who introduced into the chair of Peter, a title destined to be so much favoured, and always honourably borne by later successors to the dignity of the Pontificate. We must travel back

over many buried ages before we reach the one across which the name of Leo I. stands written in the bold broad type of his immortal deeds. The world and the church were younger by thirteen centuries when St. Leo I. afterwards surnamed the Great, was chosen to fill the high office of Christ's vicar on earth. That the choice of the Christians should have fallen on such a man, at such a time, to guide the helm of the struggling church, is indubitably a striking evidence of Christ's watchful care of her, and a partial fulfilment of His promise that the gates of hell should never prevail against her. In order to form a correct conception of the critical emergencies which Leo I. was called to meet in his new character of Roman Pontiff, and adequately to estimate the splendour of his political genius, and his heroic devotion to the church, it will be necessary to take a brief survey of the world as it unrolled itself before the eyes of the new prelate when he first took his seat in the chair of Peter.

The Roman Empire was on the verge of dissolution. By the foul aid of the assassin's dagger, cruel and incapable men succeeded one another in the imperial throne. The people groaned under the tyranny, the insolence and insatiable greed of the demoralized upper classes. Added to this, the successful irruption of the northern barbarians under Alaric and the fearful devastation committed by them wherever they appeared, had filled the entire south with the utmost consternation. The world was, as it were, only waiting for the crash of falling empires to reconstruct new races and kingdoms out of the mighty ruins of the old. The church, having passed through the crucial trials of bloody persecutions, had, to the discomfiture of her enemies, only drawn fresh vitality from the life-stream of her martyrs. Her triumphs over Paganism had been nothing short of a stupendous miracle. But now other equally threatening dangers surrounded her. Heresies were springing up on every side, creating divisions and dissensions, which the imperfect organization of the hierarchies, and the difficulties in the way of speedy communication rendered it exceedingly hard to settle, before much mischief had been worked among the faithful.

Such was the general aspect of things in the year 439 A.D., when death closed the Pontificate of Sixtus III. When this event took place, Leo, then an archdeacon was absent in Gaul, whither he had been sent by the Emperor Valentinian III. on a mission to the renowned general Alarius. A deputation was sent to him to inform him of his unanimous election to the Pontificate and the holy man returned to Rome where he was received with the greatest joy and reverence. He lost no time in entering upon his arduous duties, the most important of which was the suppression of heresies that were ravaging the churches in various parts of the world. He was successful in combating the Arians in Africa and Sicily, the Manicheans who were threatening to infect Rome, the Priscillianites in Spain and the Nestorians in the east. In the work of preserving the integrity of the faith St. Leo found powerful auxiliaries in St. Hilary of Arles, who made Gaul the field of his unwearied labours, and SS. Germanus and Severus whose preaching and miracles succeeded in uprooting the heresy of Pelagianism in Great Britain.

The most noted heresiarch of Leo's time was Eutyches, the Superior of a monastery at Constantinople, who fell into the error of denying two natures in Christ, admitting only His divinity. Persisting in his heresy, he was excommunicated by the Patriarch of Constantinople, but by some influence or craft, he induced the weak Theodosius to convoke an Ecumenical Council for the purpose of deciding on his case.

The Pope was consulted on the subject by the Court of Constantinople and he sent legates bearing written instructions, establishing the Catholic dogma concerning the two natures in Christ. The Assembly consisting of one hundred and thirty Eastern bishops resolved itself into a mere cabal. Dioscorus appointed to be the presiding officer was a tool of Eutyches. He overlooked the papal legates, refused to read the letters they carried, and absolved Eutyches from sentence of excommunication after merely requiring of him to sign the Nicene Creed.

Not content with this arrogant assumption of authority. Dioscorus proceeded to denounce St. Flavian who had been the accuser of Eutyches. But here at least, the bishops refused to follow him. Angered by their resistance, he caused the Church

to be surrounded by armed troops and a scene of violence and disorder ensued. Finally having wrested from the unfortunate bishops, the signatures of one hundred and thirty, Dioscorus proceeded to pass sentence of excommunication against St. Leo himself. Thus closed this disgraceful council known in history as the Latrocinale of Ephesus. St. Flavian died of the wounds received at it, and Dioscorus profiting by the sad event, named Anatolius, one of his deacons from Alexandria to fill the vacant see. The weak Theodosius lent the confirmation of his authority to all these scandalous proceedings, and further, deposed several holy bishops distinguished for their attachment to the Catholic faith.

As soon however, as Leo I. was informed of these unparalleled acts of violence, he took immediate steps to punish the offenders. He wrote a stirring appeal to Theodosius to disengage himself from complicity with Dioscorus and Eutyches.

Providence interposed in an unlooked-for manner. Theodosius was killed by a fall from his horse and was succeeded by Marcian, an officer distinguished for his talents and virtues.

The first act of the new Emperor was to convoke a council for the condemnation of Dioscorus and Eutyches. The banished bishops were recalled and the remains of St. Flavian brought back to Constantinople. Leo I. approved all these acts but in addition, desired to convoke a general council, which vested with his authority could finally settle the question at issue and restore peace to the world.

This, the Fourth Ecumenical council, took place at Chalcedon in the year 451. Five hundred bishops attended it. Dioscorus was banished, the error of Eutyches condemned and the dogma of the two natures of Christ clearly defined.

While thus engaged in protecting the interests of the Church in the East, St. Leo had need of all his courage and energy to save the West from falling into the hands of the barbarous Huns, who under their formidable leader Attila, self-styled the Scourge of God, had overrun the Eastern Empire and were now extending their ravages to the very gates of Rome.

There are few pages in history so suggestive of sublime reflections as the one which describes the encounter between St.

Leo and Attila. Consider the characters and *rôles* of these two men; the one, the champion of religion and civilization, the counsellor of kings, the arbiter of nations, the father of Christendom, the Vicar of Christ; the other, a fierce ruler of barbarian hordes, knowing no law but the law of might, a pitiless mower of men, and yet moved by a spirit of divine origin, as he dimly felt in that wild strong soul of his, proclaiming himself the avenger of a God. They were not wholly enemies, this priest and this pagan; he who came to destroy, and he who tried to save. Call them rather co-workers in a sense. Leo, divinely ordained to save all that was good and fair in the civilization of a corrupted world; Attila divinely led to destroy the abuses of a power that had turned to tyranny and a luxury to lust. And so face to face they stood one day, the warrior Hun in full armour of battle, the Roman prelate in robes of peace. Might not heaven itself be conceived as growing silent to hear what these two might have to say?

History tells us that Attila was at the gates of Rome. The last hour of the empire was at hand. The panic-stricken people were seeking refuge in the marshes of Venice from the anticipated violence of their dread invaders. Resistance were worse than useless as the stoutest-hearted knew. Hope was dead in every breast. But no! There was one among the trembling nation who had not lost a hair's breadth of his manhood under the shadow of impending annihilation. St. Leo, with sublimest courage, goes forth in the name of God, and fearlessly confronting the formidable barbarian, boldly offers him propositions of peace.

The sequel is common matter of history, but who, looking through other medium than the light of faith shall attempt to furnish an explanation thereof? A mighty duel was fought without shedding of blood. Was it with the "cross-lightnings" of their eyes, or the magic power of words, or the still more mysterious clashing of soul on soul which comes when two mighty natures meet, striving for mastery, and the greater, in a breath's time shows forth its power over the less without making any sign. Who shall say? We only know that the lion in Attila crouched as before his keeper in the calm majesty of Leo's presence. Italy was saved. Attila withdrew his troops across the Danube and there, shortly afterwards met his death.

Returning from his successful embassy, Leo, in triumph re-entered Rome, and was saluted by the enthusiastic people with the title of the Great.

Along with all these important public cares and anxieties, St. Leo found time as well, to attend to some of the interior regulations of the Church. He set about directing the time of the Paschal celebration. By his orders, Victorius of Aquitaine undertook to draw up a Paschal Canon, more exact, extensive and scientific than any yet adopted. The cycle of Victorius published in 457, became the standard of the Latin Church and served as a basis for all future undertakings of a like nature.

The office of papal nuncio is said to have been originated by St. Leo. Julian of Cos was sent by him, to reside at the Court of Constantinople in that capacity. The credentials of Julian are the first trace we find in Church history of the existence of such an office.

A custom had begun to prevail in some churches, about this time, of reading aloud the sins of those who were subjected to canonical penance. St. Leo thought proper to abolish it and declared private confession to an approved priest sufficient to the worthy reception of the sacrament of Penance.

The office of deaconesses, instituted by the early disciples was also abolished during the pontificate of St. Leo, probably on account of abuses.

The condition of Rome, already precarious enough, was at this time rendered still more so, by the ingratitude of the Emperor Valentinian III, who with his own hand, slew the brave general Altijs on a charge of pretended conspiracy. No one now was left worthy to command the army.

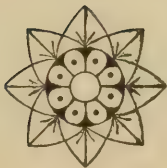
Valentinian himself perished miserably a few days later at the hands of assassins hired by senator Maximus, who immediately assumed the purple, and forced the wretched Empress Eudoxia, to receive his hand. The unfortunate woman thinking to avenge her husband's death by sacrificing the interests of her country, invited Genseric, king of the Vandals to take possession of Rome. The barbarian readily acceded to her request, and immediately set out on the journey. The whole of Italy was convulsed with

terror at the tidings of his approach. Maximus prepared to fly from Rome, but before he could accomplish his purpose, was murdered by his attendants and his body thrown into the Tiber. St. Leo the Great was again the only man whose courage did not forsake him in this dreadful emergency. He confronted Genseric as he had formerly confronted Attila and though this time, the barbarians could not be induced to relinquish their determination of taking the city, he obtained of them a promise to save the lives and honour of the Romans and to protect the public monuments.

To follow up the whole career of this great Pontiff, and to enumerate all his splendid achievements, would take a wider space than the limits of this paper allow. It will suffice, for our present purpose to have shown that he was undoubtedly a worthy and glorious representative of Christ on earth ; that by his wise and peaceful policy, he was successful alike in combating the invader of his country and the heretic in his fold ; and that his labours as a holy priest, an eloquent apostle, and the spiritual and temporal sovereign of the Christian world, had in them all a germ of immortality.

M.

Ottawa, Oct. 1900.



THE HAPPY COMING YEARS.



OPES, dazzling hopes, ye now before me rise
Radiant as sunlit clustering golden-rod,
Kindling my heart and lighting up mine eyes,
When tracing where the foot of June hath trod
And idly musing, for my spirit hears
The story of the happy coming years.

Bright as the promise of a cloudless day
Borne on the breath of rosy-fingered dawn ;
Glad as fruition and the roundelay
And frolic dance, when night invades the lawn,
So glad, so bright in prospect now appears
The glory of the happy coming years !

Ah ! sweet and joyful as the earliest note
Of the brown, merry harbinger of spring,
Or as fair summer and her songs that float
O'er all the land in joyous gladsome ring,
Methinks I hear the music of the spheres,
And life one song thro' all the coming years.

Full as the bosom of the ocean-tide,
Lighted by love in home's hallowed rest,
Faithful for aye—O, hopes, ye will abide,
And be fulfilled as now ye are confest
But as sweet and holy joys —perchance in tears—
We may recall the happier *vanished years*.

M. L. M.

THE CRUSADES.



GOOD history is a treasure. It seems so difficult to find a man uniting in his person those qualities of head and heart—science and impartiality—so essential to the truthful statement of historical facts. The two extremes, distorting facts on the one hand, and on the other, keeping them in the background, seem to be the Scylla and Charybdis of modern historians. Be they Protestants, they seem to take special delight in blackening the Catholic Church, its men and measures; be they Catholics, they try to upset the misstatements of the former and dreading lest the knowledge of certain facts would prove pernicious to the cause of their religion, they minimize or conceal altogether many historical facts. Inexcusable, however, as are both of these parties, suffice it for the present purpose to refer to the second alone. It is to these would-be apologists, that our Holy Father Leo XIII. addresses the following words of fatherly advice, found in that passage of his recent letter to the clergy of France, where speaking of the study of Church History, he says: "Because the Church which is the continuation among men of the life of the Incarnate Word, is composed of a divine and a human element, this latter must be expounded by the professors and studied by the pupils with great probity. As it is said in the Book of Job, 'God does not need our lies.' The more loyal the historian of the Church will have been in dissimulating none of the trials, that the evil deeds of her children, and sometimes even of her ministers, have caused this spouse of Christ in the course of ages, the more clearly will he be able to show her divine origin, superior to every consideration of a purely earthly and material order. Studied in this manner the bare history of the Church constitutes a magnificent and conclusive demonstration of the divinity and truth of the Christian Religion."

And of this, the Crusades is a question at point. Catholic historians in fact have no reason to avoid discussing this question, for the stability and divinity of the Catholic Church in nowise depend on the issue. For, indeed, the failure of the Crusades—supposing for the moment that such failure can be proved—is not,

and cannot, serve as an argument against the infallibility and divinity of Christ's earthly spouse. The Pope did not sanction and inaugurate the Crusades in his quality of spiritual father of all the faithful, but his being spiritual father, gave him a temporal power and influence, which in his wisdom he thought proper and just to wield in the cause of threatened and oppressed humanity. Not even as statesmen can any reproach be levelled against the popes of that time. They acted prudently, as their acts testify ; they had a just cause, as the history of the times tells us : so that any possible failure must be attributed, not to them, but to the neglect, on the part of the kings and princes allied together, to enter into the enlightened views, to adopt the policy and carry out the wishes of the Roman Pontiffs. Moreover far from throwing discredit on the wisdom and statesmanship of the Roman Pontiffs, the crusades rather redound to their honor and glory, as will be shown by this short discussion of them in their causes and in their effects. Surely to explain the marvellous phenomenon of an entire continent sending forth its marshalled armies to a strange, far-away land, there to meet a cruel and spiteful enemy, to risk starvation, or death upon the battlefield, or slavery in the dungeons of some fiendish caliph some cause is needed. The Crusaders set out for Asia with the prospect of never returning to their native land, to the endeared scenes of their childhood, to the fond embraces of loved ones at home. To explain this phenomenon no trivial causes can be assigned. Thus, to say that the crusades were the issue of foolish ambition, sordid avarice or vain curiosity is to forget the proportionate correlation of cause and effect.

True, many of the princes who went on the Crusades, may have been animated by such motives, and history says not the contrary, but that proves nothing against the necessity and advisableness of the undertaking. They could be fit instruments for good in God's design as well as others and, if anything, their ambition would induce them to expose themselves to greater hardships and privations. And of this Richard the 'Lion-hearted' is a striking example. Though full of ambition, yet none was so dreaded by the Moslems. After a great battle in which he had taken part and in which his personal valor had greatly contributed

to rout the Saracen troops, Saladin reproached his officers for having fled before a single man : " Nobody," answered one of them, " can withstand him ; his approach is frightful, his shock is irresistible, his feats of arms are superhuman." And, it is said, that a century after, his name was used to check the impetuosity of the Saracen horse, and quiet the restlessness of the Saracen child. But were they ever so ambitious, those kings and princes and knights and soldiers. were they ever so covetous and curious, is it likely they would start on so great, so momentous an expedition without some greater provocation than the desire to seek an uncertain satisfaction for their own natural propensities? No, the true and proper cause of the war cannot be found on the side of the Christians, it must then be sought on the side of the Saracens. Nor is it a very difficult task to prove, that the Saracens, by their outrageous moral maxims and their unrelenting oppression of the people of the East, as well as by their aggressive attitude towards Christendom, forced the nations of Europe to buckle on their armor and to go forth to battle. Their religion was a monstrous compound of Judaism, Christianity, heresies and fancies. Mahomet used to say : " The sword is the key of heaven ; one night spent under arms is worth two months of prayer. He who falls in battle is absolved ! The heavens are open to him ! His wounds are as bright as vermillion and sweet-smelling as amber." Moreover he taught his followers to believe in fatalism or absolute predestination. Of what efforts then were not men capable whose minds had been thus impressed with the dogma of absolute predestination, whose souls had been inflamed with all the ardor of religious fanaticism, and who, in fine, had been taught to look upon themselves as bound to conquer or die on the field of battle for the propagation of their sect ? And, without knowing a word of history, does it seem probable that such men as they would be content with the possession of Asia and Africa, when there yet remained the rich domains, the opulent states and the wealthy castles of Europe to goad on their ambition, to excite their sensual appetites and to enkindle the flame of their religious fanaticism ? No, the love of plunder and murder had sunk too deeply into the heart of the Saracen to permit

him for a moment to hesitate within sight of the riches of Europe. Nor did he ever spare man or money to accomplish the subjugation of that country.

Witness the numberless armies that overran and subdued Spain, the enormous forces that penetrated to the very heart of France throwing the whole country into a panic, the repeated descents upon the coasts of Italy and the Adriatic. In presence of such facts as these, who will dare to deny that Europe had reason to fear invasion and the horrors that accompany it? When Saracen aggression was growing every day more intolerable, did not the European nations do well to rise as one man, and shake off the blood-besmeared monster of the East, did they not act wisely to beat off from their territory those frantic, immoral hordes, who had a holy detestation of work, and for whom gross and filthy sensuality was the ultimate end of human aspirations? Would life be possible, would civilization be a reality, if polygamy had been introduced into Europe? Their principles had already ruined everything in the East would they not have produced similar results in Europe? And was it not the sacred right and duty of the nations of Europe to take up arms the only resort possible to avert such a calamity?

Self-defence, then, is the real motive of the Christians taking arms. "The object of the Crusades," says Father Fredet, "was to protect Europe from threatened invasion." The same idea is thus expressed by Father Jenkins: "The object of the crusades was to repel the onward strides of Islamism." And the Abbé Darras, whose authority in historical matters is incontestable, claims that the Crusades were a struggle between the East and the West to preserve Europe from the shame of the Mahometan system, to avert the degradation of her women, to prevent the abolition of family ties and to shut out organized inertia, stagnation, and effeminacy." "The Crusades," he affirms, "were the reaction of the Catholicity of the West against the repeated incessant and simultaneous attacks of Islamism."

Quotations to the same effect might be made from the Count de Maistre, from Wouters, from Rivaux, from Chantrel and from Chateaubriand. Suffice it here to produce the testimony of the last mentioned. "To perceive in the Crusades," says he, "but

armed pilgrims who run to deliver a tomb in Palestine, indicates a very restricted insight into history. It was not merely a matter of delivering the Holy Sepulchre, but also of deciding which was to be master of the world, whether a worship hostile to civilization, systematically favorable to despotism, ignorance and slavery ; or a worship which has revived among moderns the genius of learned antiquity and has abolished slavery."

But if the preservation of their national existence was of itself a sufficient motive to determine their undertaking the Crusades, it was not the only one which influenced the people of Europe. Public indignation was aroused throughout Christendom by the accounts received of the sufferings inflicted on the Christians who lived in Asia Minor, or who were there as pilgrims to the places sanctified by the presence of our Divine Lord. It is to the accounts given on their return by these pilgrims, and especially by Peter the Hermit, of all they and their fellow-Christians had to suffer in the East, that is due the great enthusiasm that took possession of men's minds and hearts, and which found vent in the Crusades. Such, then, are the causes of the Crusades. It now remains to consider what were the effects, and whether Europe today has cause to regret or cause to rejoice for having undertaken this long war. The total gains and total losses must be submitted to examination, and then, and only then, can we hope to arrive at a fair conclusion.

To say many lives were lost, and that several nations had to moan over the death of their able-bodied men, that little children were robbed of their fathers, sisters left to mourn the sudden taking off of their brothers, wives parted forever from their husbands, and that the national debt weighed heavily upon the masses, is but the statement of what naturally follows every war. The history of the Crusades, however, reveals for our consideration more distressing disadvantages. The seat of war is over a thousand miles away, the roads leading to it are difficult of access, and pass through the possessions of the deadly enemies of the soldiers ; slight and slender are the means of communication and no steam-boats nor steam engines exist, to lighten the fatigue or hasten the advance of the multitudes ; sultry and unhealthy climates beset

them and long before the Holy Land is reached many a soldier of the cross has fallen a victim to the cause he espoused. The number killed during the Crusades is undoubtedly something calculated to stagger humanity. As stated by Fredet it would attain the enormous total of two million men. To refer to this frightful cutting off of the flower of Europe's manhood, however, as an argument to prove the evil effects of the Crusades certain considerations must not be forgotten. Had there been only one state or nation, which in fifteen or twenty years lost two million subjects, as happened when Napoleon Bonaparte ruled the destinies of France, then certainly could we proclaim the war disastrous. But writing four nations instead of one, and one hundred and seventy-five years in the place of fifteen, is not the face of the problem changed? That which, if absolutely taken, looked startling, dwindles into mere insignificance when viewed in the light of accompanying circumstances. An arithmetical illustration may help to make this plain. In 175 years 2,000,000 lives were lost, what was the loss for one year? for one month? for one day? Eleven thousand, four hundred and twenty-nine would have fallen in one year, nine hundred and fifty-one in a month, and thirty-two in one day. Thus all Europe lost by this war thirty-two men in a day, or reckoning on an average of four nations each lost about 8 men a day. Quite an argument surely to prove that the Crusades were disastrous to Europe.

Of similar force and cogency, is the argument based on the vast sums of money required to meet the war expenses. Absolutely considered, the burden of taxation must have been very heavy, but taking into account the long intervals between the successive Crusades, and the number of nations among which the debt was parceled out, we should not hesitate to set aside this item as altogether insufficient and undemonstrative. But even allowing the supposition, who will undertake to show, that poverty, under Catholic rulers, with the inestimable blessing of freedom of conscience, is not a boon—a priceless boon—and much to be preferred to the insupportable lot of those who were mercilessly ground under the iron heel of Mahometan despotism? For, be it remembered, the sons of Islam, had they entered and overrun Europe, would have pillaged and ransacked it from pillar

to post, divided the spoils among their coreligionists and left the christians to bewail the loss of their possessions and their freedom, the desecration of their shrines and the profanation of their churches. Surely the people of Europe might prefer utter vagrancy and dire impoverishment, rather than suffer the domineering and degrading rule of ignorance, immorality, cruelty and laziness, so perfectly personified in the Mussulmans

Thus, the very fact of having been the means of keeping the Mohamedans from occupying the fair provinces of Europe, must strike the unbiassed reader as a benefit which far outbalances the sacrifices and losses suffered in the undertaking. Nor does it affect this conclusion, to say that the Arabs were never able to take Europe, and that it had been a sparing of Christian blood, to let them into the country and then overwhelm them as was done before at Soissons. A charming plan, indeed! Besides, the dispute is not about the means most proper to keep the Saracens from despoiling Europe but to know if the means taken did or did not accomplish that end. A gift bestowed, is none the less a gift, if bestowed by a foe.

Another equally specious objection sometimes alleged, is that the Saracens in spite of the Crusades, did finally get a foothold on the soil of Europe, which they hold even at the present day. Yes, undoubtedly, they got into Europe at last, but when? In 1453, just one hundred and eighty years after the last Crusade. One would think that the Saracens could in that space of time have recovered from the disasters of the Crusades, and recruited anew their armies.

Another happy effect due to the Crusades was the abolition of the Feudal System. This mode of land tenure, really excellent in itself, had become by abuse of power on the part of the seigniors, wretched and oppressive. During the war, a strong feeling of sympathy grew up between the serfs and their lords, who learned on the field of battle and in adversity to forget their old animosities, and the inequality of their social rank. Besides, many feudal lords, before setting out to Jerusalem, allowed their serfs to buy back their liberty.

By means of these wars, Europe rid herself of many petty lords and princes, whose presence at home served mainly to foment

quarrels and anarchy. By going to the East, they did but accomplish the behest of Urban the Second who, addressing the knights of Europe at the Council of Clermont, said : " Turn against the enemy of the Christian name the weapons which you unjustly turn against one another ; redeem by this war, which is as holy as it is just, the pillages, the burnings, the murders of which you make one another suffer." Thus the uncontrollable energy of the fiery and restless warriors, was by a happy diversion directed against the common enemy of the civilized world. Nor should it be objected that this good effect would have been brought about by the civilizing influence of the Catholic Church, which had already done so much to soften down the rude nature of the Europeans. Certainly the Church would finally have succeeded in reducing the warring elements to peace and order, and would have done it better than the Crusades did it, but the point at issue is not to know what means were best adapted to the end, but simply to find out what was the result of the means used.

Moreover, the Crusades stimulated commerce and elicited a spirit of industry, enterprise and invention. Swift sailing ships were built to hasten communications. Numerous maritime cities—Pisa, Barcelona, Venice, Genoa and Marseilles, sprang up and flourished. New products were brought into Europe which have since developed into special branches of industry—the sugar-cane and the silkworm. In fine the Crusades were a powerful means of reviving literature, the arts and sciences. Before this epoch the people were in a kind of intellectual lethargy. ' 'T is as the general pulse of life stood still and nature made a pause.' They were too much engrossed in their petty wars to allow time for study. The expeditions to the East, with their exciting scenes, thrilling deeds and knightly feats of arms, enkindled in the hearts of the European population a spirit of adventure and aroused them to desire the scenic reproduction of the prodigies performed in the East. The applause awarded to the most successful minstrel created a spirit of rivalry which inspired the competitors to greater efforts and consequently to greater success. It is to this time, also, that is traced the foundation of some of the great Universities of modern Europe. Mention may be made of Padua (1218), Naples (1224), Vienna (1365), Rome (1245) and Cambridge.

Even then, in this necessarily brief sketch, enough has been said to evidence that the Crusades have proved a blessing to Europe. Of the still incredulous reader, if there be any such, I beg that, having first reconsidered the arguments adduced in this essay, he meditate seriously on the words of Father Browne. "They who died during the crusades," said he, "are not honored as martyrs, but the memory of their noble life and death is yet a solace and an inspiration to those who reflect thereon. . . . We who are of the same faith as they, who admire their heroism, ought we not to honor their lives and their martyrlike devotion?" Or on those of Palmes: "The Crusades, far from being considered as an act of barbarity or foolishness, are justly regarded as a masterpiece of policy, which, after having assured the independence of Europe, won for the Christians a marked preponderance over the Mussulmans. The military spirit grew and got stronger by means of them among the European nations; these nations all conceived a feeling of brotherhood which transformed them into one people. The human mind developed under several aspects; the state of the feudal vassals was bettered and feudality was pushed almost to complete ruin; a navy was built; and commerce and industry thrived. Thus society made rapid strides in the way of civilization- In a word there does not exist in the whole range of history an event so colossal as is that of the Crusades."

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I.



TO CANADA.

(Written for The University Review.)

ON scenes so fair that few flaws mar
I often gazed in climes afar,
But from the view, or lawn or foam,
I turned away to think of home.
No land's proud worth
Can equal thine,
Queen of the North,
Sweet home of mine.

Thy fruitful sward and blue above,
Like rival eyes, divide my love,
Dear Canada ! Straight to my heart
These music sounds in rapture dart.
Loved Canada !
These winning words
Melt on my ear
Like song of birds.

Good men and true in hut and hall
Thee brightest, best and happiest call,
Since smiling round thy seat they see
Peace, wealth and joy, boons of the free.
Dear Canada !
Long as I live
To thee shall I
Heart homage give.

MAURICE CASEY,

Ottawa, Ont.

A FORGOTTEN INDUSTRY.



THE majority of the youth of our country know very little about the customs and life of our pioneer forefathers, who carved their homesteads out of the unbroken forests which at one time covered Ontario and Quebec. Fortunate are the few who have heard from the lips of a grandfather or great-grandfather a description of that life! They will certainly cherish the memory of those unselfish men and appreciate, more than others can, their early struggles. A few authors have given us in their stories a pretty good idea of life in those early times, but much more could be written, which would make very profitable reading, and serve to inspire the rising generation with a greater reverence for their ancestors. In those early times there were no luxuries. Men had to work very hard to raise enough on their small "clearances" to sustain their families, to say nothing of making improvements on their properties. Money circulated very slowly, as the requirements of life were so few that they could all be supplied from the characteristic village store, and purchases there were mostly made by barter. However, there was one industry, a natural one, which gave the farmer the opportunity of acquiring a little ready money, and that was the manufacture of potash, pearl-ash and saleratus from crude ashes.

There was no loss to the farmer in this industry; it was all clear profit. He was under the necessity of clearing his land for cultivation, and the operation placed more wood at his disposal than he needed for his own use, while for the overplus there was no market as the lumber trade had not developed sufficiently. The farmer burned his overplus of timber and in the ashes thereof he found a means of gain. Later on, when a demand for timber arose, only the branches and such wood as could not be sold were burned to produce the money-making ashes.

The market for this product was usually the nearest village. Here some wealthy man had located, in what he considered a promising business locality, and had erected what was called an "ashery." The ashery proprietor was an all-round business man, in Lower Canada he was generally the seigneur; he owned a

large farm, and kept a store out of which he paid his workmen. In the winter, the season when travelling was most convenient, he sent out men through the neighborhood to buy the ashes. Each man had a team and a sleigh on which was a large box. The price paid for the ashes was about ten cents a bushel, and considering the little trouble in making the ashes, and the worthlessness of the wood to the farmer, these sales were the most profitable, from a pecuniary point of view, of any on the farm. Very often, in summer, a settler requiring a little ready money, hauled a load of ashes into town with his team of oxen over the corduroy roads and made a speedy sale. The importance of this industry can be understood from the fact that the export of the manufactured articles—potash, pearlash and saleratus—amounted to about two and a half million dollars annually, at a time when the population of the country was very small. The principal buyer was England. Much of the manufactured products were put to use in this country. There were three stages in the process of manufacturing the three articles made: potash was obtained from the crude ashes, pearlash from the potash, and saleratus from the pearlash. Potash had to be made before either of the others could be produced.

For the manufacture of potash the ashes were put into large wooden cisterns, with a quantity of quicklime and covered with water. The whole was well stirred up and then allowed to settle; the next day the lye was drawn off and evaporated to dryness in iron pots, whence the name, "potash." The solid substance left was called black salts. This was preserved in a tank until a sufficiency of it was obtained to fill a five hundredweight cask. Then it was put into an oven and fused at a red heat. After cooling it had a greyish color and it was then ready for shipment as potash.

Its uses were many. As a fertilizer it was in great demand by the landowners of England. When the manufacture of potash had almost ceased on account of the great demand for wood, a substitute was found for it in phosphate, and later in the guano of South America. Potash is indispensable to the soap-boiler and glass-maker. It also enters largely into the manufacture of gunpowder. In obtaining the pearlash from the potash, the latter was again treated with cold water in a wooden cistern, having a

perforated bottom covered with straw, through which the liquid filtered. The carbonate was dissolved and the clear liquor was then evaporated to dryness in iron pans. As it approached dryness it was stirred with iron rods, which broke it up into round lumpy masses of a pearly white color. This was the pearl-ash of commerce. It was used in pharmacy and for various purposes where the potash was too impure.

The saleratus required a more careful and tedious preparation. The manufacture of it was carried on in a separate building from the "ashery." One apartment of this building was made air-tight, and was fitted up with shelves. The pearlash was crushed with iron beetles until very fine, and then put into little boxes, which were placed on the shelves. Carbonic acid was heated in the oven of a furnace, usually outside of the main building, and the only exit for the carbonic acid gas from the oven was through pipes which led into the air-tight chamber. This gas acted upon the pearlash. After about a week's exposure to the action of the gas, the substance in the boxes was again exposed to the effects of the gas. This operation was repeated several times, and then the material, now termed saleratus, was packed in small airtight boxes for local use, or for shipment. Its principal use was for making bread, where it took the place of baking soda, which was not then known.

The "ashery" of early days was a profitable and interesting establishment, both to the settler in the country and to the village inhabitant. To the former it afforded a market for an otherwise useless product, and to many villagers it gave employment; to all it was a place of special interest, being in those primitive times the only manufacturing establishment outside of the city. Thus we see that an industry, which is now almost forgotten, was at one time a means of giving our ancestors great aid, at a time, too, when they most needed aid, that is, in the days of the opening up this country.

THOS. E. DAY. '03.

REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARII, ORA PRO NOBIS.

By JEAN B. U. NEALIS in the *Rosary Magazine*.



prayer above all prayers excelling,
Priceless, precious treasury ;
Blessings guard each heart and dwelling
Faithful to the Rosary.

Through Pope Leo's aged fingers
See the Beads slip lovingly ;
As his great heart, yearning lingers
O'er each Holy Mystery.

For the whole world interceding,
Grieving o'er its misery ;
For his faithful children pleading
Through the Holy Rosary.

To no other prayers are given
Such a power and majesty ;
Chain that bindeth earth to heaven
Is the Blessed Rosary.

Orphan children cease their weeping,
Lisping it at Mary's knee ;
Mourners, lonely night-watch keeping,
Find strength in their Rosary.

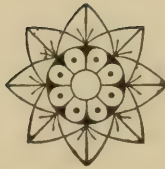
No request is disregarded,
Humbly proffered through the Beads ;
But our trust is swift rewarded,
In the answer to our needs.

For the sick, too weak for praying,
Just to clasp that blessed chain ;
One dear Decade, softly saying,
Bringeth sweet relief from pain.

On our hearts what comfort lingers
As we lay our dead to rest,
With the Beads wrapped round their fingers
And the cross upon their breast.

While the Rosary ascending
Day and night unceasing rolls
Purgatory's penance ending
For its patient Holy Souls.

Holy Mother, thou hast never
Failed one heart that called on thee ;
Endless praise be thine forever
Through thy priceless Rosary.



THE TRIBUNE RIENZI.



COLA di Rienzi, the famous Roman tribune, was born at Rome in 1313. His parentage was humble, his father being a tavern-keeper and his mother a laundress. He lived among the peasants of Anagni until his twentieth year and during this time he was made familiar with the olden heroes of Rome. When he had grown to manhood he returned to his native city. There he studied grammar and rhetoric and read and re-read the writers of the day.

All this reading, all this studying, impelled him to an attempt which would make Rome again the head of universal empire. By constantly poring over his books he had gained the idea that the government should again be under the rule of a concordant Pope and emperor. As he was one of that class of men who push every idea to its extremity, he was bound to be a revolutionist. Then, too, he possessed those qualities so useful to men of his fashion. His figure was beautiful and majestic, his voice sweet, and his conversation passionate and entrancing. It is thought that the assassination of his brother by a Roman noble, whom he found it impossible to bring to punishment, finally determined him to wage war on the barons as a body.

It was in 1343 that Rienzi, then only thirty years old, made his first appearance in public. He was appointed spokesman of a deputation sent to ask the Pope to protect the citizens from the tyranny of their oppressors, the barons. At the papal court at Avignon he met Petrarch, the noted Roman poet, and through his assistance obtained a favorable hearing with his Holiness. Clement VI. was so well pleased with Rienzi that he offered him the office of notary of the Apostolic Chambers. In April, 1344, he returned to Rome and tried to win the magistrates over to his ideas of reform. He exhibited pictures before the Capitol, showing the woes of Rome and the imminent justice of God. At a banquet in which he appeared he declared his intention of yet becoming emperor, and of sending all barons to the scaffold. Such tricks excited the multitude, but the reason why the barons took no steps to crush him was because they thought him mad.

In truth, his enthusiasm for a nobler and juster government, was showy and vain.

At last, when Rienzi thought he could depend on the support of the citizens, he summoned them together on the 20th of May, 1347. There being a scarcity of food in the city, most of the barons had left in quest of corn, and thus was afforded an excellent chance for the "liberator" to put his scheme into execution. Accepting this chance he surrounded himself with one hundred horsemen as a body-guard and marched to the steps of the Capitol. Here he delivered a magnificent discourse, proposing a series of laws for the better government of the community. The people gladly welcomed this change of government, and acclaimed the provisions proposed. The two senators holding office under the barons were then driven out, and Rienzi, joining himself with the papal legate, at once assumed a sort of dictatorship, taking as title "tribune of liberty, peace and justice." The barons were immediately notified to retire to their castles in the country, a command which they very obediently accepted after they were compelled to swear faithfulness to the "good estate." Rienzi then notified the pontiff, the emperor, the king of France, and the Italian powers of his accession to the tribunate. The Pope, although confirming the new constitution, condemned its irregular and revolutionary origin. "All Italy rejoiced in the success of the tribune, and foreign lands, even warlike France, began to dread the reviving majesty of the Eternal City."

Rome was now in a comparatively contented state, and justice reigned supreme, for crime was punished without respect of persons. A "chamber of justice and peace" was created and its judges were among the irreproachable of the class known as plebeians. The ancient law of retaliation was enforced. Once more the fields were cultivated in security and the pilgrim's journey to the tomb of the apostles was continued unmolested. Rienzi, however, would not content himself with the tribunate of the city. He continually dreamed of the unity of Italy with Rome as the chief city and the seat of government. He therefore notified every independent city in Italy that he had conferred Roman citizenship on its inhabitants. The messengers whom he sent were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm.

They called the people to exercise their right of suffrage, and to elect an emperor. This was an ignoring of the pontifical authority which Rienzi had started out by recognizing. On the feast of the Assumption, 1347, two hundred delegates assembled in the Lateran Church, where Rienzi, in an impressive speech, again declared that the choice of an emperor of the Holy Roman Empire belonged to the Roman people alone, and he urged them to make use of their power. He next issued a pompous summons to Ludwig of Bavaria and Karl of Bohemia, rivals claimants of the imperial dignity, and bade them appear before him at Rome. Rienzi had been raised by Fortune to a position for which he was unfitted, and now the fickle dame that elevated him was about to hurl him down. It became evident even to the populace that Rienzi was ambitious and—unlike Brutus—not an honorable man.

The Pope was indignant at this transference of authority from himself to his subjects. The good impression which the tribune had made on the pontifical court was dispelled. In a vain effort to recover the former amiable relationship, Rienzi made all sorts of reformatory pretences and swore fidelity to the new Pope-King, whoever he might be. But even a Pope sometimes loses patience and Clement II, at last, ordered the "liberator" to be more respectful in his dealings with the papal vicar, and to protect the barons as well as the people. To this Rienzi replied in an insolent manner; whereupon the Pope, from his residence at Avignon, issued an excommunication against the tribune, and exhorted the people to throw off his yoke, branding him at the same time an adventurer and a rebel.

The barons now had an opportunity to recover the reins of government and they were not slow in grasping it. They knew, from the diminished popular regard for Rienzi, that they could depend on the support of the people. On the night of December 16, 1347, they renewed their old-time devastations. Crowds of men, armed and unarmed, paraded through the streets crying "Long live Colonna! Death to the tribune." Then Rienzi knew the end had come and he lost all heart. Still he retained his impressive appearance and attempted to go through the farce of resigning his office. With tears in his eyes he addressed the faithful few, telling them he had governed justly and that it was

envy that forced him to his present position. After a few endeavors to regain the popular favor he fled to Monte Majella where he found refuge among a community of Franciscans.

Rienzi, regarding his deposition as a just chastisement of God for his love of worldly vanities, spent two years in piety and penance. Still his ambition to play a distinguished part never left him, and he continually dreamed that he would one day regain his lost honors and dignities. This mania for posing as a ruler caused him to drink in every word pertaining to Rome's future state and government. One, Friar Angelo, a brother monk, finding the ex-tribune so easily beguiled, declared that, according to certain prophecies, Rienzi was destined to revolutionize the world. In this great work, the prophet declared, he was to be assisted by the Emperor Karl IV. This information so impressed Rienzi's vivid imagination that in a short time we find him at the emperor's palace, where he announced a new hierarchy in the Church, and a new Pope under whose favor Karl would reign in the West and Rienzi in the East. Of course all this was news to the emperor, and, not knowing just how to reply, he thought the most satisfactory manner would be to put the "prophet" in jail. In the meantime the Pope had determined to open proceedings against the prisoner in reference to his unlawful exercise of tribunitial power. In July, 1351, he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die. He owed his life to the clemency of the Pope.

Meanwhile at Rome everything was fast resuming its former state of anarchy. The leading families were more factious and riotous than ever before. The papal legate had instituted a sort of government but this had soon vanished and the city was, again a prey to brigandage. Innocent VI the new Pope tried hard to remedy this state of affairs. Investing Cardinal Albornoz with extraordinary powers, he despatched him to Rome. The Cardinal was "to repress heresy, restore the honor of the priesthood, elevate the dignity of worship, banish political and social disorder, succor the poor, force a restitution of all territory stolen from the Holy See, and restore its sovereign and suzerain authority." Though it was a tremendous undertaking he finally succeeded after a struggle of fifteen years. Rienzi, was released from prison and accompanied the cardinal. He was not allowed

however to visit Rome but was given a residence at Perugia and allowed a comfortable revenue upon which he lived. But the old flame was not yet dead. He made the acquaintance of a wealthy religious whose favor he so far won as to secure a loan of some seven thousand florins. With this sum of money in his possession he determined to regain, if possible, his lost laurels. Furnishing himself with rich robes and gathering a few hundred soldiers as a body-guard, he made a sort of triumphal entry into Rome. Here he was received with universal acclamations. The citizens seemed to remember only the favorable side of his character and he was immediately made senator. Nearly all the inhabitants turned out to meet him on his march to the Capitol and the entire route was decorated, while the way along which he rode was strewn with flowers. No ruler ever had a brighter prospect open before him than that which now confronted Rienzi. But in a few days he showed that he was nothing more than what the venerable Clement VI. had declared—an adventurer and a rebel. What good character he ever had was impaired and debauched ; he abandoned himself to good living, soon becoming a glutton and a drunkard. Ere long he became a hard, mistrustful, and cruel despot, and, for safety, was compelled to surround himself with armed guards. By profuse expenditures he exhausted the treasury, and to remedy this levied exorbitant taxes and duties. No one dared to expostulate through fear of the block. Every day some victim lost his head or his fortune.

Such a state of affairs continued for two months ; at last, the exasperated people rose in their might to administer punishment. A great crowd of citizens gathered around the Capitol on the morning of October 8th, 1354, while the tribune was yet in bed. Hearing the demonstration outside and the cries of " Death to the traitor Rienzi," he realized his great danger. Rising immediately he donned a suit of armor and determined to make a speech to the crowd. Whether it was true courage or love of effect that inspired him to attempt such a thing it would be difficult to say. But the multitude did not take kindly to his remarks, for he had hardly commenced when a shower of missiles fell around him. Returning to his room, he threw off the coat of armor, cut off his

beard, and so disguised himself that even his body servant did not recognize him. In the meantime his palace had been set on fire, and was being overrun by a crowd of pillagers ; the ex tribune threw a mattress over his shoulders and mixed with the crowd. He had reached the street and was in a fair way to escape when he was recognized by means of a pair of gold bracelets which he wore. He was dragged to the steps of the Lion, where for an hour he was exposed to the scoffs of the crowd. Finally, one of the mob plunged his sword to the hilt into the abdomen of the prisoner, and another with a single stroke cut off his head. Then the crowd fell upon the body and cutting it into pieces, cast them into the flames. Thus died Rienzi in his forty-first year. He was one of those characters whom a season of disturbance brings to the surface of affairs. He possessed none of the qualities which go to make a good ruler. He always seemed to be acting a part; he sought popular favor, and when he could not retain it he became unreasonable and revengeful. His pretensions were unsupported by real worth, and he owed his downfall to his arrogance.

CHARLES DOWLING,
Second Form.



HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.



FOR the benefit of our students who are following the Commercial Course, we publish the following article, with a few abridgments, from *The Book-keeper*. We direct attention also to our editorial "Commercial Education."

"Commerce to-day is playing a larger part in the life and movement of the world than ever before. Trade is being opened up with foreign countries, communications by land and sea have swelled the volume of trade far in excess of the growth of the population. Wealth, luxury, power, depend more upon trade than on any other one cause. Competition is keener than ever before.

Business men are aware of this, and hence the clamor for technical instruction, Commercial education is a branch of technical instruction in general. Only a few years ago, people looked upon commercial education as something "cheap and useless," as an education beneath the notice of a gentleman. This is no longer true to any great extent. We say a commercial education is just as essential as are special schools for physicians, ministers, lawyers, engineers. Germany, France and Belgium give such an education to their young people. We English-speaking people are slow to admit that the Germans are making rapid progress by this means, as we have always considered ourselves the first commercial people of the world.

The first question I wish to consider, is whether a special commercial education is really of any practical value at all. Frequently, business men say that they would not employ any person from any of the schools, believing that business is a thing which can only be learned in an office, where all previous training will be worse than useless. This objection can be answered by reference to Germany, France or Belgium, where special commercial training is valued so highly that great trouble and expense are endured to provide it. This objection deserves to be dealt with.

First of all it is not true that the advocates of commercial education expect to turn every boy into a competent business man. No education can, nor ever will do this. Special training

only makes those better who are capable. Some men will never succeed, no matter what their opportunities are, others will, even if their advantages be of a meagre sort. The difference which special training may make is sufficient to cause us to give it.

Another misunderstanding some have, is, that when a young man completes his special training, he ought to be as useful as if he had entered the office earlier. But this is not what is claimed. Suppose John and James at the age of seventeen decide to enter business, and suppose they have equal advantages. John decides to take special training and James enters an office. At the end of one or two years John completes his course and then comes to the office and begins work with James. John will not be as useful as James, as he does not know the routine work of the office, and so far John will not be worth as much to his employer. Two years later we will look in at the boys. We now see that John has learned the routine work and is able to use his specially trained mind and is becoming more and more useful to his employer. John will succeed, but James's skill will always remain inferior. Special training does not bear fruit till after some time, but it so surely brings ultimate success that time and money spent in special preparation are a paying investment.

There is quite a difference between the special training of a business man and that of the doctor, clergyman or lawyer. Business covers all sorts of avocations. There is the wholesale, retail trading, shipping, banking, finance, railroading, etc. How then can any scheme of commercial education be devised with so many kinds of work, and how is it possible for a boy in his school years to know what he wants, or into which business branch, circumstances will lead him. There are several answers to this question, but I will give only one in this paper. It is true that a certain kind of knowledge is needed for a certain business, a different kind of knowledge for another business, yet it is true that there are branches of study that will be of value in each and every form of trade, viz : rapid calculations, calculating without the use of paper, bookkeeping, ordinary operations of trade, bills of exchange, notes, invoices, etc.

Of what should a commercial course consist? In large cities

like New York or Chicago, special courses of railroading, stock broking, banking, etc., would be advantageous, where there would be sufficient demand. I wish to write, however, of a general commercial education. Granting that students have a good English education, I would suggest English composition, such as practice documents, reports, etc., short-hand, bookkeeping, commercial geography, commercial law, business practice, rapid calculation, good buyers, good sellers, organizing, etc. After all it is only the man of science, trained in the technical schools of the highest grade, that finds his opportunity and is imperatively needed, and the same is true of the commercial man.

A great step forward has been made when the N. A. A. B. has taken the subject of higher commercial education in hands and is demanding attention by its home study course. How many of our young men are standing on the street corners idle all day ! Some will tell you that they have a good commercial education. Some of them have held positions. Why is this ? There are many reasons, but we will dwell on one, that is, insufficient training. Some of our business schools are no good. They are giving our young men, who are soon to shoulder the responsibility of the nation, an education that is worse than useless. They have not been taught the principles of trade. Ambition, energy, pluck have been discouraged. How can we expect these young men to hold responsible positions ? They have never been prepared. They have tried and made a successful failure and their hopes are blighted on account of it. We have some of the finest schools in the world, but we must have more of them. Take care of the boys and the nation will take care of itself. Our most successful men are those who have had the most and best training.

How shall we have a more thorough course of commercial training ? Never ! Never ! until the business public demand it. The demand is beginning to be made and it is driving into retirement some of our so-called commercial educators. It is a mistaken idea that all positions are filled, on the contrary, merchants are looking for young men to fill positions of trust, and can't find them. One merchant told me he could scarcely find a young man whose training was sufficient. The world is calling more than ever before for well-qualified young men."

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The mailing of our September number was considerably delayed owing principally to the loss during vacation of our mailing list. It needed the united intelligence of the entire editorial board to invent a new one; we will not guarantee that the joint production of our memory is faultless, although we have ventured to stereotype it in print. We invite our subscribers to examine the date printed with their address on the wrapper of the *Review*. That date signifies the time when your subscription expired, or when it will expire. Those in arrears are cordially invited to send their over-due contributions to our depleted treasury. It will not suffice to resolve to pay up some other time; these resolutions are not acceptable in the realm of coin. It is not resolves that will discharge this obligation, but deeds, sterling silver, or golden deeds.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

The article on Higher Commercial Education on another page well deserves a careful perusal both on the part of those whose way lies amid the flowery meadows of the classics as well as on the part of those who are training for a manly strife in the commercial arena. Too many indeed are those, even among men of learning, who look upon a commercial education as an accomplishment unworthy of a gentleman, as a thing fit only for the common herd. Yet, happily enough for the growing generation, those foggy notions are fast vanishing before the rising sun of the twentieth century. A solid commercial training must be, and is now, the basis upon which rests the edifice of social prosperity. Nations go to war ; senates and council halls echo forth the loud clamors of political strifes, and that fever of excitement is brought on by the sole ambition to gain commercial supremacy. Trade ! Trade ! is the cry of leading nations. Hence the necessity of having our young men well prepared for a commercial career. But how is it that so many honest young men wreck their brave little bark on the shoals of failure ? How is it that so many diploma-clad graduates are adorning the corners of our metropolitan thoroughfares ? It is not because there are too many business colleges, but rather because there are too few good and honest ones. Let the world do away with those "Business Colleges" where a diploma can be obtained—not for a smile, but for a specified sum. Let our legislators make laws, just and wise, to render powerless those hawkers of diplomas, those self styled specialists who have the audacity to guarantee that after six months, a boy, whether a blockhead or a genius, will graduate from their schools fully equipped for the highest commercial pursuits. No wonder that thinking business men will not consider, will even spurn a diploma. No wonder that intelligent people will look upon a commercial education as something for the poor and needy classes. In the awful presence of such a state of affairs, something must be done if a commercial course of education is not to become a byword. The reputation of genuine commercial graduates is at stake ; upon them devolves the duty to show that commercial graduates are not an inferior class of beings. On the part of those who con-

duct Business Colleges, let examinations severe, just and honest be the order of the day. Let a diploma be awarded to merit and not to the "Mighty Dollar," and then will business men have more faith in commercial graduates and in diplomas.

ABOUT FOOTBALL.

We regret very much to note that our football team has already meet with some reverses. Hard luck seems to have settled on the garnet and grey thus far this season, and two defeats mark the opening of the Quebec series. Nothing daunted, however, the boys are still chasing the pigskin with all the vigor of the old days and it will not be surprising if Ottawa College has something to say before the championship of 1900-01 is decided. All that is now required is good and faithful practise on the part of those who compose the team. Championships have found their way to Ottawa College in former years but they did not come unsought, and those who won them underwent long and faithful training. The same conditions exist to-day and good earnest practising will go a long way towards helping the team to the front of the procession. Before this is published we trust that the boys will have got down to hard work, and if so good results will certainly follow.

While on the football question we should perhaps say a word or two about the manner in which some of our graduates have acted towards this year's team. We do not wish to become personal in the matter—indeed there is no necessity that we should—but we cannot help referring to what seems to us, to say the least, very shabby conduct on the part of some of the graduates and former students of Ottawa College. If the present students of Ottawa College have no right to expect allegiance in the matter of Athletics, from those who have worn the garnet and grey in former days, they may at least be pardoned if they do not look for obstacles to be placed in their way by men who at one time were proud to be numbered among the wearers of our College colors. Time, however, in some cases, has brought its changes and for various reasons, which would not look well in print, some of our gentlemen graduates are now quartered in snug positions in the enemy's

camp. Such conduct really affords matter for much regret, not of course for ourselves—because we shall move along just the same—but it is sad, very sad, to think how easily some poor fellows are led astray. As stated above, the gentlemen referred to are not by any means numerous and we are glad to note that several graduates are rendering us valuable assistance on the football field. Prominent among these are Mr. William Lee, '96 and Mr. Thomas F. Clancy, '98, both of whom have, on more than one occasion, shown their loyalty to Alma Mater. The time will yet come when the gentlemen, who are to-day forgetful of their duty to Alma Mater, will regret deeply the part they are now playing.

VARIOUS.

There is no accounting for the vagaries into which the English language *will* run, even in the hands of a master. In his book *The Map of Life*, published last year, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky produces this tid-bit for the delectation of his readers: "Habit will make a Frenchman like his melon with salt and an Englishman with sugar." We should like to see statistics of the number of Englishmen our Gallic friend has eaten in this way.

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* *

The French government recently conferred on Archbishop Ireland the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor. The Roman correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* reports that His Grace's elevation to the cardinalate is talked of in Rome. We have heard this rumor before, and it is a safe thing to say that no promotion would be received with greater satisfaction throughout the English-speaking world.

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* *

France holds first rank for the high average speed and the great number of its long-distance express trains. It has, in fact, thirteen expresses which are scheduled to run at average speeds of 51.3 to 57.7 miles per hour, stops included, over distances of 123 to 486 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The two Philadelphia and Reading trains, in

the United States, travel between Camden and Atlantic City, a distance of $55\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at the rate of 66.6 miles an hour. This is the fastest train in the world.

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* * *

England's total naval estimates for the year 1900-1901 amount to \$137,000,000. As it is well known, England acts on the principle that her navy must be more than equal to any two navies combined. France, if we add together the cost of the old programme of 1896 and that of the present year, will spend, for the navy, \$142,440,000. Italy, for the year 1900-1901, will spend \$26,435,000. The activity of Japan in the same line is extraordinary. The naval programme of 1895 called for 117 warships. These are either all completed, or under construction. For the present year, the budget is \$46,946,000. Russia, the ally of France, increased her budget from \$29,000,000 in 1897 to \$45,000,000 in 1900. Moreover it is understood that she is about to formulate a new programme for the increase of her fleet.



Notices of Books.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock. London: Adam & Chas. Black.

This book purports to be an inquiry into the intellectual position of the Church of England; and is calculated to make, not only the adherents of that church, but those of all the dissenting bodies as well, pause and think. The inquiry is thoroughly exhaustive, logical without a flaw, and never tiresome. Recognizing the differences of belief on points of doctrine, that exist within the Church of England, the author points out that the origin of these differences is the fact that the Anglican Church has outgrown its traditional reliance on the doctrines and formularies of the Reformation, and now appeals to ultimate proofs and authorities. No one of the four parties within the Church of England agrees with any other as to what the final authority is on which the body of Christian doctrine rests. They all indeed agree that "one

of the authorities for Christian truth; and one of the proofs of it, is the Bible"; but they all differ on the question of the interpretation of the Bible. The Ritualist would interpret it by the unanimous consent of the Church through all periods of its existence; the moderate High Churchman, by the doctrines and practices of the Church during the earliest periods of its existence; the Low Churchman and the Broad Churchman would constitute each individual Christian the interpreter of the Bible. These theories of interpretation are taken up one by one, discussed at length, and found wanting. The claims of the Catholic Church to be the infallible interpreter of the Bible are next brought forward and examined. Here we cannot withhold a lengthy quotation: "When we examine this claim of Rome to be that one Catholic Church to which Christ promised the infallible and unending guidance of the Spirit, and when we analyse the assumptions and principles of which this claim is composed, we shall find that these assumptions and principles are precisely those which are logically required in order to enable a church to sustain this unique character; and that all the other churches, which have either lost or rejected them, are logically unable to make the least pretence to it. Rome, in fact, in its capacity of the one infallible teacher, resembles a sailor in a shipwreck, who, alone of all his companions, has retained the swimming apparatus with which all were originally provided, and who, when derided by his companions for boasting that he alone can swim, answers them by continuing on the surface, whilst they, one and all, go under it. The very fact, therefore, that Rome is able, with the most rigid logic, to offer itself to the world as an infallible teaching body, whilst none of the churches that have seceded from it can even pretend to do so, is in itself evidence of a very striking kind, that if any church had ever any teaching power at all, the claim of Rome to represent that church is sound. And this evidence, drawn from the vitality of the Roman principle, from the manner in which we may actually see it working, is all the more remarkable, because at the critical time when the great secession from the Roman Church took place, it was impossible that anybody could have foreseen the full importance of the part which this principle of infallibility would be one day

called upon to play. The Protestants rejected it, with no suspicion of what they were losing; the Roman Church retained it, imperfectly comprehending what it retained. It is only now, when the rains and floods of criticism descend and beat on the whole doctrinal edifice, washing away the sands on which Protestant thought rested it, that the true functions of an articulate and infallible church, of a church always the same and yet always developing, become apparent. It is only now, when men find themselves planted by modern knowledge in a new world unknown to the theologians and the apologists of the past, that desiring still to retain the heritage of their ancient faith, they realise the full necessity for the guidance of a living teacher, whose authority is not indeed opposed to that of science, but is independent of it, and though not contradicting anything which science demonstrates, is able to assure us of the truth of events and things which scientific evidence alone could not even render probable."

We do not agree with Mr. Mallock that the Roman church "imperfectly comprehended what it retained" when it held fast to its principle of infallibility. The reader of this wonderful book is not surprised to read its summing up, which is, that if the claims of the Catholic Church are illusory, then, "all doctrinal christianity—the miracle of Christ's birth and death, the miracle of the Resurrection and of the Atonement, regarded as objective truths, are equally illusory." The reader does not need to be reminded that Mr. Mallock is not a Catholic. May the prayers of many souls soon win for him that priceless grace.

Studies in Poetry. By Thomas O'Hagan. Marlier, Callanan, and Co.

This is a small volume of short essays which purports to be a critical and analytical examination of nine of the masterpieces in English poetry. The judicious selection of poems reflects great credit on the judgment and literary acumen of the author, but the incompleteness of these studies render them mere introductions to the works recorded on the table of contents. If "the chief purpose in the study of poetry is exalta-

tion and inspiration," certainly this short treatment of such masterpieces does not attain the object in view. Doubtless, we may expect in the near future from this gifted author a work which will aim at giving a more extended study of these favourites in English poetry than the present brief but ably edited volume.

In his study of "In Memoriam," Dr. O'Hagan is of the opinion that the beauty and charm of the poem are of prior importance to the study of the thought. Here he is at variance with a host of critics who rightly, it seems to us, claim that the literary study of the poem should claim first consideration rather than its aspects as a work of art. The charm of "In Memoriam" is the thought itself, for in fact the charm grows out of the thought. It is claimed for this poem that it is "the record of a soul growing through doubt into faith." This is not the portrayal of a true soul, and inasmuch as the presentation lacks truth it is wanting in beauty. With "In Memoriam" compare Aubrey de Vere's study of the soul of St. Patrick and it becomes evident Tennyson at least in this respect is infinitely surpassed by De Vere. Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," receives excellent treatment and the poet and his work receive their proper estimate from this judicious critic. The undercurrent in the literature of the century is undoubtedly atheistical. Shelley, Elliot, Swinburne, and a galaxy of other lights pour out their thoughts in this atheistical strain, and their baneful influence is found in the corrupted literature of our day. Against this force Catholic truth must be an instrument in the hands of Catholic writers, hurled with relentless vigor. Such is the work being accomplished for the Catholic cause in literature by Dr. O'Hagan. The present work is an excellent presentation of his method of studying these masterpieces, and will serve to give us a clearer appreciation and interpretation of them. Our appreciation of Dr. O'Hagan's work is tinged with an extravagance of pleasure, for the gifted author is an alumnus of the University. The *Review* has long recognized his merits as a literary artist, and appreciated his untiring zeal and fidelity in his noble efforts to have current literature raised and guided by high Catholic ideals.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Canadian Magazine* for October the place of honor is allotted to Principal Grant, who, in an article entitled "The Jason of Algoma," gives us a description of the character of Mr. F. H. Clergue who is capturing the Golden Fleece of prosperity in the once despised region of Algoma. Until 1894 many thought with Henry Clay, the great American statesman, that the district of Algoma or New Ontario was "beyond the furthest bounds of civilization—if not in the moon." Mr. Clergue, however, is forcibly demonstrating that far from being outside the limits of civilization, it is becoming a permanent centre of industry and prosperity. The lesson Dr. Grant wishes to inculcate to his readers may be summed up in this—that Canadians must awaken to the fact that capital is not the only requisite for the development of the vast resources of their country but that there is also need of "properly educated brains," as is evidenced in the success of Mr. Clergue. *Parent and Teacher* in the same issue has a refreshing odor of good healthy conservatism. This article, we are sure, will cause many a parent and educator to stop for a moment in order to find out where they are at and whither the turmoil and eagerness that characterize our age are leading them. The writer makes a just plea for the co-operation of the home in training the young. She also takes occasion to deplore the fads and theories that are fast supplanting the true and tried methods in the educational world. In an article entitled *Manual Training*, Sir Joshua Fitch offers a clear and calm exposition of the advantages of manual labor study. He adduces two forcible arguments in favor of handwork in our schools: 1° It gives a better chance to different boys in cultivating their varied aptitudes; 2° It tends to destroy the revulsion that is at present felt towards physical labor.

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"England's Conversion and the Hierarchical Jubilee," forms the theme of a strong and timely essay by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.

C. in the current issue of the *Catholic World*. In this paper, the writer discusses the three-fold problem, viz. the hierarchical, social, and intellectual, that is presented by the reconversion of England to Catholicity. In the same number, Pres. Elliot's address before the American Unitarian Association receives a very caustic criticism from the pen of Rev. Geo. McDermot, C.S.P. Dr. Richard E. Day contributes an article on "Authority in Religion." Although presenting nothing new or striking, the author is to be commended for making this old subject very readable. In "The Catholic Missionaries from France and Germany," Dr Shahan of the Catholic University pays a glowing tribute to the apostles from Catholic France. Among other things, he remarks: "The missions of Catholicism have been always our pride, but we too often forget that they are almost entirely the creation of the Church of France. Her sons and daughters founded them, bedewed them with their sweat and blood, spent themselves on them." A striking characteristic of this number is the quantity and quality of its fiction. There are three delightful stories; "The American Mail" by Katharine Roche, "The Honor of Shaun Malia" by John A. Foote and "Near Bladensburg: A War Tale" by J. O. Austin.

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In the *Cosmopolitan* for October there is an article that will certainly arrest the attention of many of the thinking readers of that magazine. It comes from the pen of a West Point graduate and is entitled "How Honor and Justice may be Taught in the Schools." This may be effected, the author maintains, by applying in our schools the methods which have obtained in West Point and Annapolis since the inception of these institutions. It is indubitably true that the system of education and discipline in the American Military and Naval Schools is endued with no small amount of perfection, still it appears to us that the motives which are placed before the young men in these two institutions are not sufficiently elevated and hence these schools do not offer the perfect ideal. It is to be regretted that the author is unacquainted with our Catholic Colleges, for in them he would surely find the true training in ethics, the training that gives the Catholic schools pre-eminence in the pedagogical world.

The October number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* opens with the first installment of a sketch of the life and labors of Fr. Eymard, whom the author, Miss E. Lummis, styles "A Nineteenth Century Apostle." Three serials are concluded in this number, viz. "The Life of Mary Baptist Russel," "A Pilgrimage in the Olden Time" and "Vancouver Island and its Missions." In the Reader's column a very adverse criticism is passed on "Quo Vadis," and in this the editor of that column is certainly to be praised, for no thoughtful person will hesitate to pronounce this book to be extremely pernicious especially for the young, who form the vast majority of its readers.

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Benziger's for October contains a liberal supply of fiction. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's serial, "Her Father's Daughter," is brought to a close. Anna T. Sadlier contributes a delightful short story, "The Red Sorceress." There is also a short story by Magdalen Rock. The history of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, that most impressive ceremony of modern times, is narrated in this number.

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A very welcome visitor has come to our sanctum this month in the September quarter of *Canadian History*. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on this little work. As a means of elucidating obscure points in Canadian History and as a work of historical reference it will prove to be almost invaluable to Canadians. In the issue at hand, Rev. Mr. Harvey, L.L.D., contributes an article, "The Newfoundland of to-day" contrasting the present condition of that colony to its condition at the opening of the 19th century. In "The Geological History of the Bay of Fundy" much will be found to interest the students of the natural history of Canada. But particularly noticable among the contents of this month's number are the sketch, "The First Martyr of the Canadian Mission," by Rev. W. O. Raymond, M.A., and a short poem, "The Death of De None" by W. O. Raymond, jr.

Exchanges

It is with much pleasure the ex-man renews his acquaintance with the old friends of last term. Familiar faces are recognized with recollections of many enjoyable hours spent in their company. Not all have reached us yet, however. We have received a few September issues, but most of our exchanges seem to delay publishing their initial number until October. Such as have arrived display an uniformly good table of contents.

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Some exchange editors begin the year with bits of advice for the benefit of others, and good resolutions for their own, in the matter of conducting this department. The *St. John's University Record* asks other editors "to bring to our notice what they find blameworthy in us, so that we may make amends. A brotherly correction will be accepted by everyone whose heart and head are not bloated with pride." True enough, brother *Record*. But have you ever noticed how many accept that "brotherly correction" and "make amends"? Have you never been pained to witness an attempt to "get back at the other fellow?" We ex-men must be a very proud class. Seriously, however, the desire for retaliation is, as a rule, too much in evidence among our fraternity. There would be no need for it at all if everyone would confine his efforts to honest criticism. But in avoiding the course of the carping fault-finder, we should be careful to not incline to the other extreme of "mutual admiration."

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A writer in the *St. Vincent's Journal* takes to task one Poultney Bigelow for a recent magazine article entitled "Missions and Missionaries in China," wherein he indulges in the usual sneer at "Jesuit methods," but extolls the work of the Bible Societies. In view of the late outcry against Catholic missionaries, who were charged with being the main cause of the "Boxer" trouble, this contribution furnishes interesting reading. Mr. Bigelow's statements with regard to Catholic missions are of such ridiculous and

very doubtful character that they need little comment. As for his description of the evangelical work of Dr. Corbett & Co., the writer sensibly concludes that "the Chinese must be convinced that protestantism has fairly succeeded in investing the Apostolic vocation with the attributes of comedy."

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An article worth reading in the *Fordham Monthly* is that which compares the theories of Matthew Arnold and Aubrey de Vere on "The Function of Poetry." The modern, infidel idea of Poetry usurping the place of Religion is artistically contrasted with the great Catholic poet's consoling picture of Literature as the "handmaid of Faith."

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There are some very readable "Letters from Afar" in *The Young Eagle*, descriptive of striking scenes in such historic old-world cities as Edinburgh, Naples and Rome. "A trip to Alaska," also gives a brief description of places of interest in the gold-country which will be enjoyed very much.

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The *Xavier* is one of the largest of our exchanges, and also one of the best in point of numerous well-written essays. But herein, it is our opinion, lies its one fault: it is a trifle too dry. One of the most important rules for any publication is to make its contents interesting. This purpose is well served by inserting bright short stories to relieve the monotony of the more elaborate articles. Six of the latter to one story is scarcely a proper proportion, however, especially when there are two on philosophical subjects and two more on the Greek Theatre. So many deep, heavy essays crowded together will not appeal to many readers. Why cannot lighter and more interesting topics serve as well, at least occasionally, for the essayists of the *Xavier*?

Athletics.

The prospects of foot-ball at Ottawa University at the beginning of the season was anything but promising. To begin with, only three of last year's Executive returned to their Alma Mater. This obstacle was easily surmounted as there were many in our midst capable of fulfilling positions on the Executive Committee. But to be confronted with the fact that only six of last year's Quebec Champions were available, — this it was that darkened the hopes of Ottawa Varsity's foot-ball team. However, we had been taught by past experience, never to doubt of our final success on the gridiron because humiliated by defeats at the beginning, and all that was left for us to do was to imitate the examples of our predecessors.

Accordingly, a meeting of the Association was held to fill vacancies on the Committee. It is now constituted as follows:—

<i>President</i>	- -	Jas. E. McGlade
<i>1st Vice-Pres.</i>		T. G. Morin
<i>2nd " "</i>		J. J. Cox
<i>Treasurer</i>	- -	A. P. Donnelly
<i>Cor.-Sec.</i>	- -	W. A. Martin
<i>Rec.-Sec.</i>	- -	J. F. Hanley
<i>Councillors</i>	{	J. W. Lynch
		H. H. Fay

The Executive at once realized its position, and aided by the spirit of union so characteristic of our association, soon placed on the field a team that promised to uphold the past glories of the garnet and grey.

Mr. T. G. Morin, who managed the team last year, was called upon to fulfill the same duties this year. Mr. Thomas F. Clancy '98, better known to the foot-ball world as "King" Clancy, was the unanimous choice for coach. Under his experienced eye the team, formed mostly of new material, soon played a championship style of foot-ball. Nevertheless, no matter how well they played in practices, no idea of the team's strength could be obtained before it had played at least one Championship match. This took place on October 6th when the team lined up against our old rivals the Montreals. The following account taken from the "Ottawa Free Press" will show the result.

MONTREAL WON THE GAME.

The height of the ambition of the Montreal foot-ball club for many years was to defeat Ottawa College on Ottawa grounds, and

Saturday afternoon they succeeded in accomplishing the feat by winning a hard fought match by a score of 8 points to 7. Victory was their just reward as they proved themselves a better team at nearly all stages of the play. The ease with which the M. A. A. wings broke through caused them to be offside repeatedly, and they were usually penalized when within easy scoring distance of Varsity line. The play was for the greater part of the time within Varsity territory.

College was painfully weak in the forward line at the outset of the match, and this combined with the stage fright of the backs enabled Montreal to secure a lead of seven points in the first fifteen minutes, a lead which was never overcome, and enabled the men of the winged wheel to score a victory.

Afterwards the play was more evenly divided, and the advent of "Tom" Clancy in a uniform after Halligan's injury imbued new life into the Collegians, and they made a noble effort to recover their laurels.

After a series of plays in the second half that culminated in O'Doherty's flash across the Montreal line for a try which Callaghan afterwards converted, the score was even up, and on the

form then displayed Ottawa Varsity looked to be certain winners. Once victory was within their grasp when a free kick was allowed Callaghan just outside the Montreal quarter mark. A kick for a touch in goal meant victory, but Callaghan's effort was into playing territory and Henderson put the ball into touch near the goal line ten yards out. This was Varsity's last chance.

A HEART-BREAKING CONTEST.

The match in spite of the general raggedness of the play was heart-breaking in the intensity of the excitement. The match was won and lost twenty times during the play and there was scarcely a brilliant run or play accomplished, the effect of which was not almost immediately destroyed by some horrible blunders. Both sides erred often, but the visitors had more steadiness than the locals and their mistakes when made were not at critical times.

From the first fifteen minutes, when Montreal scored seven of their eight points, College can ascribe their defeat to the fact that for twenty-five minutes of the second half and the ten minutes that were required to decide the tie, they were playing

with one man less than their opponents.

MCCREDIE RULED OFF.

McCredie was ruled off shortly after the half started for some foul which no one but the referee saw, but which must have been serious, or Mr. Mason would not have been so severe. Up to that time the Montreal wings were more than holding their own, but the removal of McCredie gave them almost open opportunity to charge the College backs and down them in their tracks for big losses. College struggled manfully under the heavy handicap, and succeeded in keeping the Montreal stalwarts at bay until but two minutes more remained of the saw-off time.

Then Montreal scored their winning point on a play of the fluke order. From a scrimmage at centre the ball was passed out to Suckling, who was downed, but the ball went to Henderson, who in turn gave it to Craig. The latter ran straight across the field and when near the touch line made a low punt that was out of reach of the college backs. The ball bobbed along the ground and into touch in goal, while the College backs made a futile effort to capture the leather.

It was all over then but the cheering.

The match was not a particularly rough one, but the forwards showed a tendency to claw each other, and as a consequence a large number of players decorated the side lines. At one time there were five men on the side.

THE PARTICULAR STARS.

There were two stars of almost equal magnitude in the play. These were Callaghan, of the College, and Craig, of Montreal, both half backs. The latter distinguished himself by making several of the prettiest runs ever seen on a football field, and these he accomplished without any apparent effort. Callaghan worked like a Trojan and performed splendid work for Varsity. His punting, catching, and breaks through the line were features that called forth bursts of applause. O'Doherty shared his honors by making the only touch down of the home men after a pretty dash.

In fact, the Ottawa College men put up a fair article of ball after the new men became accustomed to the play, and the hopes of Ottawa College to again land the Quebec Championship are not altogether dispelled. The

scrimmage outclassed the Montreal trio and with two or three changes in the wings and a new quarter back the team will probably show to the front. Richards and Gleeson showed up in good form in their first match.

JUST A LITTLE TRIP.

A trip by one of the Ottawa College men robbed Montreal of victory just after play of the saw-off commenced. A muff by the college wings lost the ball when play was on Montreal's ten yard line. Henderson pulled in the leather and passed to Suckling, who ran nearly the entire length of the field by breaking the College tackling. Just as he passed the last College man and was heading for the goal line, he was tripped up and lost the chance. The referee allowed a penalty kick, but the ball was returned without a score. Montreal kicked loud for a further infliction, but the referee could do no more.

There were about twelve hundred persons in the grand stand when play started.

THE PLAY—MONTREAL WON THE TOSS.

Montreal won the toss and chose to kick with a fairly strong wind at their backs. The visi-

tors pressed the play from the start and after five minutes of play they worked a dribble to College quarter mark. Henderson punted high and the College half backs did a dummy act and let the ball drop untouched. Halligan made a poor attempt to relieve and kicked into touch in goal. Montreal 1.

Callaghan kicked out to W. Murphy, who punted to Gleeson. The latter fumbled badly and Moore secured. He passed to Burton who went over for a try. Suckling failed to convert a difficult kick.

Montreal 5.

A couple of minutes of desultory play followed until Craig made a splendid run of 40 yards. Henderson placed the rubber to Callaghan, who fumbled and on the next play Eves was forced to rouge.

Montreal 6.

A moment later Halligan kicked into touch in goal.

Montreal 7.

Halligan was hurt and Clancy came on. McCredie and Meigs were ruled off for five minutes each. Harrington was injured and O'Brien came on for College. Craig made another dash of 40 yards and in tackling O'Doherty, Parr was hurt. Fred Reid replaced him.

SECOND HALF.

Varsity showed better formation and held their own at the start. Gleeson punted to Montreal 25 and Craig ran the ball to College 30 yards where he kicked. The College backs did not touch the ball and the Montreal wings made a touch, but were called back for off side play. College gradually forced Montreal and a fumble by Russell allowed College to kick over the line. Henderson tried to run out but was downed by Cox behind the line.

Montreal, 7. College, 1.

At the kick off College made a misplay and the ball was held within their 25. McCredie fouled his cover and was sent off for the match. Callaghan got a series of kicks that brought the ball to Montreal 25. Craig made a brilliant run to College 25, but an offside pass spoiled the play. Liffiton was ruled off for five minutes and while he was off College took a race. Meigs and Fay, Reid and Filiatreault, were ruled off for five minutes each for scrapping. Callaghan punted to Russell, who fumbled and carried the ball into touch at Montreal 20 yards. Billy Murphy made a long throw in but the ball was nailed by O'Doherty, who went

over for a try. Callaghan converted amid the joyous cheers of College supporters.

Montreal, 7. College, 7.

Craig, whose running at all times was splendid, made a burst for 60 yards and a free kick given to Suckling would have netted a score, but for the Montreal man's indecision. He dropped the ball as he tried the kick. Time was up with the score a tie.

College understood that McCredie would be on for the concluding play and elected to have the draw played off.

Referee Mason refused to allow him. The story of the next ten minutes' play has already been told.

The officials were very impartial and penalized both sides when occasion demanded.

The teams were :

M. A. A. A.		College
Russell	Full Back	Halligan
Suckling	Half Backs	Richards
Henderson		Gleeson
Craig		Callaghan
Liffiton	Quarter	Eves
Ayerst	Scrimmage	Cox
Manning		Boucher
Davidson		Harrington
Parr	Wings	Devlin
Meigs		McCredie
Lewis		Fay
Moore		Lee
Murphy		O'Doherty
O'Brien		Filiatreault
Burton		Fahey

Referee—G. Mason, Montreal,

Umpire—Dick Kenny, McGill,

Our second scheduled game was played on Oct. 13th, on Brockville's famous "cabbage garden," where we met more than our match when we lined up against the "Island City" team. Their forward line was much heavier than ours, and this, together with the novelty of playing up and down hill, conspired to defeat us by the generous score of 45 to 0. There were few brilliant plays, as most of the game consisted of a series of mass plays, in which the weight of the home team proved the more advantageous. In this

game "King" Clancy, Westwick and O'Brien were obliged to leave the field from injuries received. Callaghan showed much pluck in playing the whole game with a sprained ankle. The game was anything but gentle.

The College team was as follows: Full-back, O'Brien; half-backs, Richards, Gleeson, Callaghan; quarter, Westwick; scrimmage, Cox, Clancy, Codd; wings, McCredie, Filiatreault, Fay, Slattery, Fahey, Lee and O'Doherty. Referee, Dr. C. Jack, of Montreal.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Rev. I. A. French '93, for the past three years secretary to his Lordship Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, has charge of Douglas parish in the absence of the pastor, Rev. H. S. Marion.

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Mr. Geo. J. Hall ex-'02 spent a few days in the city this month renewing old acquaintances.

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The many friends of 'Sandy' Ross ex-'01 will regret to hear that he is a patient in the Ludbury Hospital. 'Sandy' is still suffering from the effects of his trip to the gold field

Mr. T. J. Costello ("King") ex-'03 has begun the study of Medicine at Queen's University. His numerous O. U. friends wish Tom unbounded success in his chosen profession.

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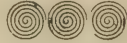
Rev. D. A. Campbell '93 of Dickenson's Landing has been transferred to the parish of St. Raphael.

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As usual a large number of ex-students are figuring on various foot-ball teams throughout the country. S. M. Nagle-ex '03, and J. E. McCosham ex-'04 are with

McGill; Alf. Tobin ex-'00 and W. A. Kingsley ex-'01 are following the ball for the Granites; D'Arcy McGee '97 is with the Rough Riders; and W. Lee '96 is ren-

dering out own team valuable service. T. F. Clancy '98 has also donned a garnet and gray uniform and is playing his usual good game in the scrimmage.



Of Local Interest.

We are pleased to note that the movement set on foot last year to obtain new books for the Student's Library has not been entirely unsuccessful. About one hundred and fifty volumes have been added to the French portion of the library and it is reported that a good collection of English books is to arrive in the course of a few days.

* *

The "Grasshopper and Cricket" Comedy Company will present "The Little Green Waggon" in the Academic Hall on Monday evening next. Being a *horse-play* they will likely have a *rough house*; the audience will certainly be *rickless*. One of the specialties will be a cake-walk by the famous Runt Bros., "Ric" and "Dic."

* *

Our Dramatic Society is again under the able management of Rev. Father Lajeunesse. The Rev. Director intends presenting

the play "Memoirs of the Devil" in the near future. We wish the society every success.

* *

The foreign representatives who have already arrived amongst us are Hong Lee of Peking, China; the young Duke de Kakyak, who comes from Austria-Hungary; Mr. J. O'Malley Mulcahey, straight from Ireland; and Aristotle Kari, of Athens, Greece. Others are expected from Borneo and Egypt.

* *

Prof. (as D-n-ly and G-l-g-h-r arrive five minutes late for class)

"Say, what's the matter this morning, Mr. D-n-ly?"

D-n-ly—"We're very bad with *room-mate-ism*, Father."

So substantial was the applause that D-n-ly had to be carried off for repairs. His recovery is doubtful.

* *

The annual three-days retreat of the students commenced on

the 8th inst. This year Rev. Father Emery conducted the Retreat for the English students while Rev. Father Déguire preached to the French-Canadians.

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Rev. Father Lambert has once more accepted the directorship of the choir and it is to be congratulated for having secured such an able leader. At present some fine selections are being prepared and thus far the choir bids fair to equal if not eclipse any of its predecessors.

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On the 11th inst. the students attended a meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary Society and an excellent programme was presented. The chief number was a lecture delivered by Professor Horrigan, M.A., on "An Evening With Favorite Authors." The able manner in which the Professor dealt with his subject proves that his ability as a lecturer is something quite above the ordinary. The selections from the poets were especially well rendered.

* *

An excursion cannot be called delightful when one who is without both hat and overcoat is compelled to ride most of the way on top of a box-car at least so say "Bobby" and L-nch.

Cops have respect for nobody, no not even Presidents.

* *

The fashion—plate of No. 1 objects to coffee-colored linen.

* *

The Galveston Cyclone was nothing to the *whirlwind* that has struck the Big Yard

* *

Grasshopper,—“I can't get that Dan out of my head.”

Aristotle,—“What Dan?”

Grasshopper,—“Why, Dan-druff.”

* *

The Raglan, the Raglan, Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* *

Angus,—“That quarter back can't play foot-ball a little bit.”

G-l-g-n,—“Why?”

Angus,—“Because he's always taking the ball away from the scrimmage.

* *

Said Richmond G. to “Slippery”

While in his *auto* sat he:

“Come here me bye

And of that pie

Give one wee (?) bite to “Gibby.”

* *

A forced ride,—That of G-bl n and Sappho in the college automobile.

A striking feature,—McSwiggen's punt.

On the stump,—M. E. C.

A bread-destroyer, — Jerusalem.

Force a rouge, — Killaloe's whiskers.

Junior Department,

Introductory Remarks. — The response to our call, made last month, for signed and sealed tenders for the office of Junior Editor, has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Every visit of ours to the Sanctum after the issue of the September number found the letter-box filled with applications, made out in every due form of irregularity, and accompanied with the requisite photograph. Day after day our collection of letters and photographs kept on increasing; early in the second week, we were almost driven to pray that there might be a falling off in the inflow of correspondence, but the mere fact that we contemplated such a course of action had its effect; the tide slackened and soon abated altogether. Now began our weary work of selecting the right man. We did it thus wise. All letters we disregarded, as time would not permit of their perusal, and, besides, many of them were written in Assyrian hieroglyphics—a learned style of writing no doubt, but one requiring a tedious process of deciphering. We determined to violate the old rule and to judge by appear-

ances; in other words to decide the issue by the photographs. A special meeting of the Editorial board was summoned, the photographs numbering 191, were produced and after a great deal of psychological discussion a choice was made. The columns of the Junior Department for the future, must decide the wisdom of our choice. In accordance with our promise to publish from time to time the photographs of the disappointed candidates, we sent down half-a-dozen pictures to the Federal Press Co. to be engraved. The engraving of the first photograph proved disastrous to our plan; the F. P. engraving plant collapsed, whether from fright or fear, it is not known—the difference, of course, is more than that 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. We can only publish the one engraving that was completed when the accident occurred, and this one (whose is it?) will be found, with a double pair of pants on, in a portion of McCracken Bros.' advertising space.

Having made these necessary remarks we leave the rest to the new Junior Editor.

Oct. 2nd, the Sodality of the Holy Angels, under the direction of Rev. Father Benoit, held its first meeting in the University chapel. On the occasion of this assembly Rev. Father Rector addressed the young members a few words on the noble end of the society, and at the same urged those who were not as yet enrolled among its ranks to join as soon as possible.

Oct. 16th, Rev. Father Emery who preached the retreat to the students, delivered a short instruction to the Sodality. After speaking of the duties and nature of the Angels he compared the life of young boys to the state of these ministering spirits.

We thank the Rev. Father Emery for his kindness, and we hope that we shall again hear him speak from the pulpit of Ottawa University chapel. A large increase of membership is expected at the next meeting.

* *

The ex-editor of this department must have been in a state of great mental confusion—if, indeed, that was not his ordinary state—when he failed to chronicle an important item last month. We hasten to fulfil the omission. On September 18th the election of officers for the

Junior Athletic Association took place in the small boys' study hall. The following Juniors were chosen to fill these respective places :

<i>President</i>	- -	G. Leonard
<i>Vice-President</i>		A. Groulx
<i>Secretary</i>	- -	N. Bawlf
<i>Treasurers</i>	{	P. Brosseau
		A. St. Pierre
<i>Councillors</i>	{	R. Byrnes
		Z. Charbonneau

In the same day the above mentioned officers assembled to elect a captain for the football team. N. Bawlf was appointed to fill the onerous charge. If the seniors read this department of the *Review*, and we know they do, though they might scorn to acknowledge it, we wish to direct their attention to the fact that the Junior A.A. employs two treasurers. No impecunious set are we.

October 5th was a red letter day for the first team of the small yard. They met and defeated the fourth football contingent of the senior department by a score of 7 to 4. Brilliant combination work, hard tackling, and the staying qualities of the players brought victory to the juniors.

The game was very evenly contested. The only feature in which the seniors excelled their

opponents was their rough-playing. We cannot, however, lay this charge against the whole senior team. Sheridan and Smith are responsible for all the unsportsmanlike play. The former graced the touch line for the greater part of the game, whilst the latter used his unmanly tactics in a secret way, and therefore remained longer in the field.

The concensus of opinion was that Smith is responsible for the score. He was tackled hard whenever he received the ball; he fumbled it when it was passed to him; he kicked poorly (except with his tongue;) he fought his opponents and even the spectators; he insulted the players and the officials; he tore up the sod in his mad efforts to kick the ball or his man; he lost his hat, his patience and the ball—he does not know the first thing about football.

Nick Bawlf was the star of the game. He outplayed every man on the field.

Sloan is a good natured fellow and plays well his part in the scrimmage. He was a tower of strength to the team.

Rheume and Philips played the whole game for the seniors.

The Two teams lined up as follows :

Juniors.		Seniors.
Charbonneau	Back	Smith
McGee	Halves	Fortin
Bawlf		Donovan
Freeland		Aubry
Slattery	Quarter	Rheume

Girouard	Scrimmage	O'Keefe
Sloan		Philips
Thibault		Sullivan
Hugg	Wings	Donahue
Groulx		Donahoe
Carrier		Foley
Clouthier		Harvey
Lapointe		Sheridan
Leonard		Gonzalez
Dion		Meagher

The Juniors are in search of more laurels and would like to meet St. Joseph's Tigers.

* *

The Junior scribe regrets that on his first appearance in the *role* of editor he must apply the rod of blame to the shoulders of some members of the small boy fraternity. We observe that certain small boys are vulgarly inclined to pick a quarrel with their fellow students for trifling reasons. No later than Oct. 14th, several of these wingless, but not stingless, mosquitoes, assembled and proceeded to buzz, buzz, furiously. Further warlike developments were prevented by the arrival of a prefect. Now such conduct has rarely disgraced the Junior department and we seriously warn all who feel inclined to indulge therein, that the respectable portion of the small boy community will not tolerate these disgraceful exhibitions. We have heard a rumor that this quarrel sprang from the disputed identity of the Junior Editor. Now a more vain motive for a quarrel could not be imagined. Our identity is a problem which no small boy can solve; indeed it is a puzzle to ourself,

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Poets of the Oxford Movement.....	99
Poetry:	
All Saints' Day.....	104
A Notable Catholic Layman.....	106
The Pastoral of the Irish Hierarchy..	110
The Thousand Island.....	118
Poetry:	
Lines on O'Connell.....	121
Precocious Geniuses.....	122
Poor Cholly!.....	124
Editorials:	
Has it Been Progress?.....	125
Taste for Reading.....	127
Various.....	128
Notices of Books.....	130
Among the Magazines.....	133
Exchanges.....	136
Athletics.....	139
Of Local Interest.....	140
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	143
Junior Department.....	144

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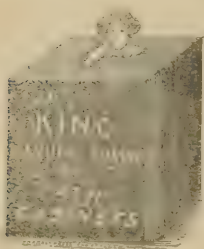
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Vol. IV

THE POETS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.



THE principal actors in the famous revolution of English thought and religion known as the Tractarian Movement, were not only profound thinkers—in the theological and scientific sense of the word—but many of them were besides sweet singers. Can a man of deep thought be otherwise than a poet? The profound thinker being one who seeks truth, and who finds it, then must he also recognize its beauty; and if Beauty be but the splendor of Truth, so the poet is the lover of Beauty in Truth. We can thus understand how such earnest and grave and learned men as John Henry Newman, Frederick Faber, and John Keble found in poetry their true element. These are the three men whose names are most prominently connected with the great religious transition of the nineteenth century. From similarity of taste and themes, Cowper and Wordsworth might also be placed in this group, for, although not of the Oxford agitation, they have much in common with the brilliant trio. They all speak in the same strain; gentleness, simplicity, naturalness, and deep, quiet feeling, characterize them all. As a contrast to this group of poets, there is another equally famous, possessed of equal, if not superior, genius—Shelley, Keats and Byron—the poets of passion, of intensity and of un-

trammelled liberty. If the first group can be called quietists, the latter can as justly be called reckless, turbulent, restless. Faber and Keble impart peace and tranquility to the soul ; Byron and Keats give only unrest. Their writings, especially Byron's, are strangely contradictory, reflecting at once belief in God and utter unbelief, love for humanity and hatred of all men, admiration of virtue and contempt for all that is good and true and honorable in life. Byron in his sane moments was not an atheist. No more than Newman "could he root from his heart the innate consciousness of God." Keats and Shelley undoubtedly were complete infidels. All three of them are pantheists worshipping God as nature; they have an intuitive perception of the beautiful, but they have so broken the limits between freedom and sacred principles that the beautiful becomes tainted by their touch. The Oxford poets, too, are lovers and worshippers of nature; but theirs is the Christian pantheism adoring God through the works of His hands, the Creator through His creatures ; read Keble's hymn for Tuesday in Easter week *To the Snowdrop*, or the one for Sunday after Ascension *Seed Time*, or for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity *The Flowers of the Field*, or for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity *Forest Leaves in Autumn*. A critic, lately speaking of Matthew Arnold's writings, says : " In addition to the admirable workmanship of his poetry, it has the touch of genius that informs it with the flavor which can never come from the highest art alone." This is a flattering but hardly truthful estimate of Mr. Arnold's verses. The praise could be appropriately applied to Wordsworth and perhaps to Cowper. Their poetry is always artistic because perfectly natural; it seems often so very natural that only the flavoring touch of genius saves it from insipidity ; yet it has the repose and the truth that make it always interesting. This appears to evidence in Wordsworth's simple verses " The Cottage Girl"; it is his quite child-like faith in the reunion in heaven that speaks through the maiden's " And, master, we are seven," though she tells how her sisters and brothers sleep in the churchyard hard by.

The mission of all these gentle poets seems to have been that of consolation ; this we cannot say of Byron nor of those who resemble him. In reading Cowper's *Task* one would expect to find

upon it the shadow of the despairing gloom that had darkened his own life, but it is not so ; all is tranquil and cheerful. The ballad of *John Gilpin* shows that he was sometimes even more natural and realistic than Wordsworth. The Oxford trio excel both of these writers in style and in theme ; their classic elegance and polished beauty command admiration. Of the three Keble was perhaps the greatest poet ; Newman the most argumentative, logical reasoner ; Faber the best loved as a man, the holiest, above all he is deservedly the most popular spiritual writer of the century. In outward expression Keble in his poetry is the most deeply religious of the three. It is hardly possible to believe that some of his hymns to the Blessed Virgin are the work of any save a Catholic mystic. Both Keble and Pusey were men of strange dispositions. Pusey was not a poet ; his character was too hard and practical, too unsympathetic for that. He started the famous Tractarian Movement in the final result of which he was so deeply interested, yet in the thick of the battle, after Newman's unexpected resolve, he paused irresolute and for nearly forty years he maintained a position that causes our generation to suspect that the Reverend Doctor's life was all a grand humbug, unless it is possible for a soul to be content with a shadow for the substance, the dream for reality. Fortunately for Keble he died too soon to have this imputation cast upon him. In his hymns there is so much sweetness and depth of devotion that it is easy to believe he did not write for fame. We know for a certainty that it was only the efforts of Mr. Gladstone that induced him to publish his first volume of poems. It met with a most flattering reception, it was such a change from anything the English world had known for years. For the same reason Faber's poems were very popular. Both of these singers give us a more satisfactory view of life than Byron or Shelley or Keats ; after reading them one has no thought of suicide, one is urged to live and work to the full ; they seem to give a new purpose in life ; we almost feel, as they say, that earth is overflowing with heaven.

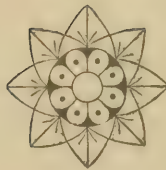
Newman is different in some respects from Faber and Keble ; he is intensely subjective. Every line he writes is the expression of whatever feeling is uppermost in his own heart. Like Dante he is highly imaginative and always philosophi-

cal ; the land of eternity, theologically and practically, seems as well known to him as all terrestrial concerns. He shows this in his beautiful *Dream of Gerontius*, after reading which one cannot fail to place him among England's noblest poets ; nor would one change this opinion after listening to his widely known hymn—only a few lines—*Lead, Kindly Light*, justly called “one of the poetical gems of our language.” Bulwer Lytton rather oddly defines the difference between talent and genius as existing in the heart rather than in the mind. We might find the same difference between Newman and Faber ; both had genius, but one suffers through the intellect, and thus with his strong, logical intelligence consoles, strengthens, convinces the minds of those who cannot, like Dr. Pusey, halt half way ; he leads them from fear and doubt and darkness to the haven of rest where he himself is sheltered. Faber, on the contrary, speaks to the heart ; he himself, when wavering between Anglicanism and Catholicism, found a vent for the love that welled in his heart towards the Saviour and Lover of all men by his kindly devotion to the poor of his parish, and by the religious poetry that his pen almost unconsciously wrote. The personal fascination that Father Faber had for all with whom he came in contact seems to be in all his books. His poetry and his prose devotional treatises are read and loved everywhere. It was the divine sunshine dwelling always in his heart that gave the magnetic charm to his manner. The same irresistible charm is felt in his books. How will it be in the future ? Will his books be still read ? or will they be classed among the things on upper shelves that have had their day ? Idle questions. The St. Bernardine of the nineteenth century cannot cease to be needed. It is safe to say that years hence every line he has written will be lovingly perused, and will still be potent to cheer, arouse, and urge the Christian soul ; for no one can read these beautiful things and remain a mere Sunday church-going Christian ; one longs to be all for all as Father Faber was ; one yearns to lure all the world to the “easy ways of divine love,” to grasp the relation between “the Creator and the creature,” to see life from “the foot of the Cross,” to do and to be “all for Jesus” ; in a word, to give love for love, life for life, as Father Faber did. Doubtless the respectable, humility-scorning class of Christians, who seek a circuitous

route to heaven, are always with us, like the poor, but with such as these Father Faber could have had but little sympathy. Such Christianity was not possible to him ; he seems to hope all things and believe all things of good repute of all men ; and to be always whispering : Love God, love Jesus, love one another because Jesus has loved us all, and wants the love of all of us. Through all these weary ages heed the voice that says : "Take up thy cross and follow Me" ; never lose sight of that Eternal Love ascending Calvary's cruel steep.

M.

Ottawa, Ont.



ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(FROM KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.)



HY blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
 Now every leaf is brown and sere,
 And idly droops, to thee resign'd,
 The fading chaplet of the year?
 Yet wears the pure aerial sky,
 Her summer veil, half-drawn on high,
 Of silvery haze, and dark and still—
 The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!

Each flower and tree, its duty done,
 Reposing in decay serene,

Like weary men when age is won,
 Such calm old age as conscience pure
 And self-commanding hearts ensure,
 Waiting their summons to the sky,
 Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace

God's unseen armies hovering round,
 We should behold by angels' grace

The four strong winds of Heaven fast-bound,
 Their downward sweep a moment stay'd
 On ocean cove and forest glade,
 Till the last flower of autumn shed
 Her funeral odours on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armoury, Lord,

The lightnings of the Judgment Day
 Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,

Till willing hearts wear quite away
 Their earthly stains; and spotless shine
 On every brow, in light divine,
 The Cross, by angel hands impress'd;

The seal of glory won and pledge of promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls,
Whom Empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree :
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild,
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

On, champions blest, in Jesus' Name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lighten'd of the World's mis-rule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.



A NOTABLE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.



HERE passed away recently at his home in Scotland a Catholic nobleman whose name has long been held in respect by the learned world, and whose conversion to the true faith some thirty years ago caused no little surprise in the higher circles of society in Great Britain. Himself a learned man and a generous patron of university learning in his native land, John Patrick Crichton Stuart, Marquis of Bute, K.T., LL.D., deserves more than a passing notice in the pages of a university REVIEW. Born in 1847 the Marquis received his early education at Harrow School, whence he proceeded to Christ Church College, Oxford. Memories of the Tractarian Movement still hovered around the great university and the young Scottish nobleman found himself wrestling with the questions which Newman and Manning and Ward and Faber had faced. In his twenty-second year he was received into the Catholic Church. His conversion was the subject of universal comment throughout Great Britain, and is said to have inspired Disraeli to write his novel *Lothair*, wherein the character of the Marquis is strangely distorted and the motives of churchmen are assumed to be avarice and greed. The sordid soul of the Jewish novelist could not appreciate anything above pounds, shillings and pence. From the day of his conversion the Marquis was an earnest and devout Catholic; he practised his faith in the face of much personal obloquy; and he practised it, in no half-hearted way, daily and continuously up to the end. Some have said that the Marquis's conversion and life-long adherence to Catholicism were largely a matter of antiquarian and ecclesiological taste. An antiquarian and a universal delver into ecclesiastical black-letter lore, the Marquis certainly was; but, supernatural causes aside, it was not taste but conviction that led him into the Church and kept him there. He was profoundly convinced that there was only one true Church, and that that Church was the Church of the Sacraments, of the Real Presence, and of the Roman Primacy. The Marquis's sincerity of purpose and his noble qualities of mind and heart gradually won recognition, and honors came thick and fast upon

him. In 1875 he was created a Knight of the Order of the Thistle. The universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrews recognized his learning by an honorary LL.D. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews in 1892 and again in 1895. He received also the Order of the Grand Cross of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the Grand Cross of St. Gregory. In November, 1893, the Marquis delivered the customary rectorial address to the students of St. Andrews. I cannot forbear making an extract which shows in an amusing way the impartiality of his scholarship. "I have always desiderated that history should be written with only an impartial statement of absolutely certain facts, so that the reader may be able to take one view or the other, just as the contemporary did. The ideal history of Mary, Queen of Scots, composed upon this principle, certainly never has been written, and I strongly doubt whether it ever will be written. I myself have tried to deal thus with smaller matters, in my own small way, and I think not altogether without such success as I really coveted, namely, a testimony to my absolute impartiality. I once wrote an essay on the so-called Prophecies of Malachi of Armagh, in which I did my best to put the arguments both for and against their Divine inspiration as strongly as I could. Some of my friends said to me afterwards, that they wondered how I could believe in such rubbish. Others told me that, however I might believe these prophecies to be a forgery, they thought I might have done better to attack in less violent language a thing in which so many good people believe. A third friend told me that I had displayed an absolute impartiality, which deprived my essay of all interest. Then I wrote another essay upon the question whether Giordano Bruno was burnt or not. I put the historical arguments both ways as well as I could. My own impression at the time was that he really was burnt. But a newspaper critic remarked that I had strained every nerve to make out that he was not, and I had finally a sort of triumph over myself, because, when I re-read the article some years afterwards, I found myself a good deal shaken in my opinion of my own arguments."

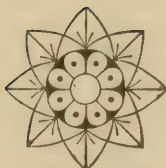
In the world of authorship the Marquis was not unknown; his themes were always either national or religious. One of his first works, if not the very first, was entitled *The Early Days of*

Sir William Wallace; he is the author also of *The Arms of the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland*, a work of great archæological interest. To Catholics he is best known for his translation of *The Roman Breviary*, on the preparation of which he spent nine years and which the *Dublin Review* characterized on its appearance as "a worthy tribute of a cultured Catholic to that Church which he has had the gift to recognize as his mother." The Marquis's liturgical and linguistic abilities were next displayed in his translation entitled *The Coptic Morning Service for the Lord's Day*, the purpose of which was to enable English-speaking travellers in Egypt to follow intelligently the Mass and the rest of the Sunday morning service of the native Christians. Other works of Lord Bute were *Essays upon Christian Greece*, and *The Altus of St. Columba*, a magnificent edition of a Latin hymn composed by St. Columba and beginning with the word *Altus*. The last work which came from his pen, *A Form of Prayer*, was written for the use of persons unavoidably prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays.

The Marquis was a generous benefactor of the Scottish universities—of three of them at least. He built, at immense cost, the Great Hall of Glasgow University, and only a short time before his death established a chair of anatomy at St. Andrews with an endowment of \$100,000. His archæological bent of mind led him to undertake the restoration of some historic churches and castles. On a visit to Brittany some years ago he purchased the ruins of the chapel which Mary Queen of Scots had raised in commemoration of her first landing on the shores of France, and thus saved this historic movement from effacement. Many charitable institutions in Scotland owe their foundation and maintenance to the deceased Marquis, who also defrayed the expenses of the education of a number of poor children. He was a liberal supporter of many learned societies, and contributed largely to explorations in the Holy Land. For the land blessed by the Saviour's presence he entertained a deep affection, and manifested the same in his dying injunction that his heart should be taken to the Holy Land and buried on Mount Olivet: an injunction which the Marchioness of Bute is now carrying out.

In politics Lord Bute belonged to the Tory school, of which however he was not a very active supporter. He is said to have been in favor of Home Rule for Scotland but opposed to it for Ireland. This was one of the Marquis's idiosyncrasies of character; and these I do not propose to discuss, believing that people should hear *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

M.



THE PASTORAL OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY.



QUARTER of a century ago the Bishops of Ireland met for the first time in a national synod to consider various important matters of policy and discipline which claimed their attention. Since that date many changes have occurred, and the Ireland of to-day is not that of '75. The questions which then engaged all minds have either become dead issues, new ones springing up in their places, or have been so modified as to now present a totally different aspect. Thus it was necessary, the Bishops saw, that another convention should be held to deal with these topics, old and new, which affected the well-being of the Irish Church, and accordingly the second national synod was called to meet at Maynooth in September. The result of its labors has now been given forth in Pastoral form, and it is a document which will be read with lively interest by Catholic Irishmen the world over.

One point in connection with it that we may notice here is the praiseworthy action of the hierarchy in issuing the Pastoral in Irish as well as English. At a time when the lovers of Gaelic are struggling to keep that tongue alive in the hearts of the nation, this patriotic recognition of its importance by the episcopate cannot be over-estimated. The example set by the Bishops will be followed by all the clergy, and a powerful impetus will be thereby given to the revival of interest in the national language. The Irish press refers to this occurrence as "an epoch-making event," and it characterizes the spirit animating the synod as "enlightened and truly national."

Needless to say, the Pastoral displays remarkable ability. It is comprehensive in scope, thoughtful in tone, and impresses upon us the wisdom and sanctity of the framers, who with Apostolic zeal and solicitude set before their people the highest ideals of Christian life. In terms of unbounded praise it dilates upon the spiritual progress of the past twenty-five years. The "Land of Saints and Scholars," consecrated with the blood of countless martyrs, still keeps true to St. Patrick's priceless heritage, and the fervor of her children's faith is as undimmed to-day as it was in

her Apostle's lifetime. This zealous piety of the Irish people manifests itself outwardly in the erection of religious buildings of all kinds, cathedrals, churches and convents, and upon a scale of magnificence strangely at variance with their limited means. Considering the well-known poverty of Catholic Ireland, desolated by the scourges of landlordism and famine, we can form some idea of the boundless generosity and love for the adornment of God's temples which prompted this people in the sacrifices they must have made to bring about such grand results. The Pastoral does not exaggerate when it refers to their efforts as "unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by those of any other people in the Church."

Nor are there wanting evidences of a more spiritual nature to prove the deep-rooted religious fervor of Irish Catholics. The Holy Father's oft-repeated desire for the propagation of various public and private devotions has been met by them with a touching readiness. The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has spread with wonderful rapidity over the whole country, and the practice of First Friday Communion has become almost universal. A remarkable increase in external reverence and homage towards the Holy Sacrament of the Altar has been its first fruit. Hitherto, the Bishops remark, there have been shortcomings in this respect, "an unhappy survival from the penal times," when there were but few opportunities for public adoration. But now ample atonement is being made for the lukewarmness and negligence of the past. Other exemplary practices inspired by the great Vicar of Christ, which have become firmly implanted in the Irish heart, are those of consecrating families to the Holy Family of Nazareth, ("the means, we trust, of planting and cultivating in their hearts those domestic virtues which lie at the very foundation of all human society") and of reciting the Rosary in common in all households. The Irish as a nation have ever been noted for their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this daily recitation of her particular prayer in the bosom of the family has a special attraction for them. And all these pious exercises are crowned by that which above all distinguishes the fervent Catholic—frequent approach to the sacraments. "It is questionable," says the Pastoral, "whether it has ever been exceeded, in proportion to the popula-

tion, in any country, or at any period, since the Apostolic times." What a consolation it is for the devoted Irish pastors to see their labors thus rewarded, to note the elevated spiritual condition of their flocks and mark their progress from year to year. With grateful hearts they return thanks to God for "the faith and labor and charity" shown by their people, who have proved to be for them indeed "their joy and their crown."

The social condition of their flock, however, as well as the spiritual, appeals to the hierarchy, since it presents many features which have an important bearing on the welfare of the Church. In this connection the Pastoral discusses such leading public questions as education, land tenure and local government. It recalls the numerous reforms obtained and the great victories already won, thanks to the nation's steadfast loyalty to its pastors in the fight for Catholic interests. But at the same time it reminds the people that there must be no cessation of the strife until all their grievances have been fully redressed, and it outlines the issues involved in a manner so clear and decisive as to leave no room for doubt concerning the attitude thereupon of the episcopate.

To impress upon Catholic parents the great importance of the educational question, and the necessity of denominational schools, the Pastoral goes to the very bottom of the matter and shows the vital interests which are at stake. The different views of education arise from a diversity in the conception of man's life-work. The secularist is actuated solely by the desire for worldly advancement, and religious instruction in school seems to him, therefore, a mere waste of time. But, for the Catholic, spiritual welfare is of more importance than material prosperity. "All education is holy. There is no more sacred duty than the development of a young mind and soul." Religious schools are necessary if the youth of Ireland are to be brought up true to the faith of their fathers. It would be well for many in other countries to take to heart these thoughtful words of the Irish Bishops. The efforts of Irish Catholics in this direction during the past twenty-five years have indeed been crowned with a great measure of success. Today their primary and intermediate schools are all that could be desired. The system of national primary education established

sixty years ago has undergone a complete transformation in all except name. As then constituted it pretended to provide for separate religious instruction in the public or "national" schools, although its founders, the Secularists, really aimed at undermining the faith of Catholic youth. But now these schools are in most districts virtually Catholic institutions. However, the law with its usual lack of reason still makes believe to consider them undenominational, and forbids the use therein of religious emblems. This obsolete enactment and the continued maintenance of the useless and costly model schools are two features of the primary system unjust to Catholics, and which they should endeavour to have removed.

With regard to the teachers in these primary schools, the Pastoral makes some very practical and timely suggestions. The solemnity and importance of their duty in the education and character-moulding of the young is commented upon. They are exhorted to show a good example to those under their charge by always manifesting the spirit of faith in their conduct, "especially in their relations with their spiritual guides and superiors." But it adds that while the majority of them are individually members of the fold, their organization, the Teachers' Association, has recently shown a decidedly anti-clerical and un-Catholic disposition, for which a certain few were alone to blame. What the other members must do is to sever their connection with the Association unless it assumes a proper attitude towards the Church.

Intermediate education has also made rapid progress since the date of the first national synod. At that time Protestant schools alone received any public grants. This state of affairs has been thoroughly remedied by the Intermediate Education Act. The beneficial results of also endowing the more numerous Catholic schools are seen in the annual examinations, when the students of these institutions carry off the highest prizes. This marked success reflects great credit on their teachers, who are for the most part members of different religious communities.

But if the Catholics of Ireland have received justice in the matter of primary and intermediate education, it only emphasizes the importance of their grievance concerning a university. Catho-

lic students are as a body debarred from the advantages of a university education, although they are far more numerous and generally better prepared for it than those of other beliefs. They are forbidden by the Church to attend Trinity or the Queen's Colleges for fear of endangering their faith. Thus through the lack of a university supported by the state which would prove acceptable to them as well as to other denominations, Catholic parents have, at the cost of many sacrifices, to send their sons to private colleges of their own persuasion, and unfortunately none of these can afford an adequate substitute for a regular university course.

It is evident that the stand taken by the Government upon this question is as unwise as it is unjust. The triumph of denominational principles in the intermediate schools illustrates "the obvious truth that if educational or any other laws are to be a success they must be framed in accordance with the convictions and feelings of the people for whom they are made." Why then does the Government persist in refusing the unanimous and just demand of Irish Catholics for a University such as they desire? They are supported by many prominent statesmen of England as well as Ireland, and also by the representatives of the great Protestant Universities in both countries. These able and enlightened men can speak with authority on the question, and they consider it "narrow bigotry and unwisdom to lower the whole educational status of a country because its people will not renounce in education the abiding principles of their religious belief." The opposition comes from that limited but bigoted body of English and Irish Protestants which has always opposed every proposal to concede to Irish Catholics their rights. And it is to conciliate this ignorant and prejudiced body of followers that the Government ignores the claims of Catholic Ireland, although well-known public men, who know whereof they speak, unite in asserting their "justice and expediency." What clever and honest statesmanship!

The day will yet come, however, when British statesmen will have to concede this measure of relief, as they have formerly had to grant others which for a long time they had likewise delayed. All that is necessary is uncompromising and unwavering agitation by Irish Catholics until victory is theirs. Repulses are nothing new; their chief effect seems to be the infusing of a more determined spirit into the people. The Catholics of Ireland are bound to

receive the same treatment as their Protestant brethren. One denomination, and that the largest and poorest, should not be excluded from endowments belonging to the nation at large. There are two means of remedying the situation, "levelling up" or "levelling down." If Catholics cannot have a University for themselves, one great National University could be established to preside over all higher education. Then if the present endowments of Trinity College, the Royal University and the Queen's Colleges were turned into a common fund, as they should be, this could be divided by the National University among all the different colleges of the country according to their necessities. There can be no other alternative, however. Either a Catholic University or a National University, is the ultimatum of the Bishops.

In the recent enactment which for the first time since the Union gives the Irish a chance to show what they can do towards governing themselves, the Pastoral sees "the seeds of great developments." It expects that this welcome, though tardy and incomplete, act of justice by the Government will not only serve to firmly unite the national party, but show the opponents of Home Rule that Irishmen are perfectly capable of self-government. The Bishops also declare themselves to be entirely in sympathy with the new Agricultural Act controlling technical instruction, as a means of repairing the impoverished resources of the country. They are not, however, in favor of residential colleges of agriculture unless under the control of religious communities, for obvious reasons.

But while believing that the results of this Act will be most beneficial, the Bishops do not by any means wish their people to consider the social question as settled. To ensure prosperity and prevent emigration the system of land laws now in vogue must be radically altered. As the matter stands at present, "rents are periodically made a matter of litigation before a tribunal in which neither of the litigants has confidence," and, while extensive grass plains are left uncultivated,—of little value to their owners but no small economic loss to the country,—"the peasants are driven to starvation on miserable holdings." Such a state of affairs cannot be tolerated. What should be done, and quickly, is to establish a class of peasant proprietors who will be allowed to till the vast

districts now lying idle. An agitation for this purpose is advised by the Bishops, but with characteristic prudence they also warn their flocks that it must be conducted "on just and orderly and constitutional lines," and not with "violence or injustice or any other means condemned by the laws of God."

Having reviewed the progress of the past and taken note of the present condition of their people's affairs, the hierarchy turn towards the future with mingled hope and fear. Judged by the past it promises well, but there are many new dangers to be avoided. The nation was shielded from the spirit of irreligion, which destroyed less favoured peoples while persecutions lasted. But now that the day of toleration has followed, the Irish race may lose sight of its spiritual interests in the turmoil of worldly cares. To prevent such a terrible misfortune the Bishops advocate the fervent practice of religious exercises, commending in a special manner to the educated, hence more exposed, classes, co-operation in the noble work of the St. Vincent de Paul and Catholic Truth Societies. The former is, in the words of the Holy Father himself, "peculiarly suited to the needs of our times," as encouraging charitable works. The latter is also doing invaluable service in circulating among the people good, interesting literature to counteract the evil influence of the spread of immoral, irreligious newspapers, magazines, and novels.

A scarcely less dangerous evil is the drink habit, "that blot upon the fair fame of our Irish Church." Here also the Pastoral is glad to note progress. Through the organised action of the pastors intemperance has been much abated in late years, and perseverance in the crusade against this terrible vice will do much to encourage sobriety among the people. The Bishops also appeal to their people not to countenance the scandalous practice of Sunday horse-racing, and to keep away from secret societies. They furthermore make a formal protest against the treatment of Catholics in the British Navy, who are allowed no chaplain and no opportunities of fulfilling the duties of their religion.

The Pastoral concludes with a particularly fitting reference to the Jubilee which has been proclaimed, and to the Irish pilgrimage to Rome. The occurrence of two such notable events as the promulgation of this Pastoral and

the pilgrimage in the Holy Year, "when the thoughts of the faithful throughout the universal Church are turned, at the invitation of the Supreme Pontiff, to Rome," is surely a splendid testimony to Ireland's Catholicity, to its "unfaltering loyalty, under all circumstances, to the Vicar of Christ." It is this admirable spirit of fidelity that animates the Pastoral throughout, evidenced by the nation's activity in spiritual matters, and breathed forth in the wise and pious counsels of the Bishops. Considered in every light this pastoral is a document worthy of "the best traditions of the Irish Church," that noble hierarchy "which is spoken of in the whole world."

J. R. O'GORMAN, '01



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



It seems to me quite impossible that anyone can have studied Canada and not have acquired some definite ideas of the St. Lawrence River ; but to possess even a slight knowledge of the St. Lawrence necessarily involves some degree of familiarity with the Thousand Islands. Yet hearing of them, reading of them, or even carefully collecting the most illustrative photographs or sketches, cannot do more than awaken the desire to some day behold in very truth the happy reality. And this is right ; no one can presume to say he has enjoyed Nature at her best unless he has visited the Canadian archipelago ; nor shall I attempt a description of these wondrous islands, rather let me set forth a few considerations which may assist the imagination to conceive their unspeakable beauty, or to awaken in those who have beheld that beauty fond memories thereof.

First, let us take a hurried glance along the river's course to get a general idea of the location of the islands. Grouped where Lake Ontario narrows into the St. Lawrence, affording a safe harbor for Kingston, and protecting it from the fierce lake gales, are a number of large islands, one of which, shaped like a triangle with its base towards the lake, extends in the direction of the current, gradually narrowing until it forms a slender apex twenty miles down stream. On either side of this we find solitary islands which seem to have strayed away from the parent isle ; but, bravely accepting their lot, they stand amid the waters as if awaiting patiently a future re-union. We now find ourselves nearing two noted little towns, Clayton, on the south or United States side, and Gananoque on the Canadian side. These towns really mark the place where the Thousand Islands begin. For the next forty miles the river is literally studded with islands as if an angel's hand had dropped them there. The further end of this maze of narrow channels and winding waterways is marked by another pair of towns, on the American side the city of Ogdensburg, and on the Canadian side the quiet town of Prescott.

Having taken our bearings let us now consider some of the attractions of the islands themselves. Taking passage from any river port on one of the "White Squadron" steamers—those floating palaces which have done so much for the renown of the islands—the excursionist is soon feasting his eyes upon a scene which surpasses his fondest dream of scenic beauty. He is first struck by the teeming fertility of the rock-bound islets; trees, grass and flowers, fruit and vegetables testify to the fecundity of nature. As the vessel rapidly continues on her course, the excursionist, with no little uneasiness, watches her swerve from side to side, now turning sharp corners, barely escaping a mischievous rock, and now heading straight into a cluster of islands where it would seem she must be imbedded as amid an arctic ice-floe. He forgets for a moment the beauties before him, and begins to think whether he is not in real danger; but a word from an experienced friend assures him that a skilful pilot is at the wheel and that no security could be more secure. Thus the traveller is once more free to enjoy his surroundings. But do not these surroundings become monotonous as he proceeds? On the contrary, even the extreme stoic is moved to increasing outbursts of wonder and admiration. As the merry steamer swiftly ploughs the whirling eddies, leaving a foaming track of surf and bubbles in her wake, as she darts through the narrow strait, or sweeps across a space of waters wherein is reflected the beauty all around, the traveller feels that man's inventive art can never equal the works of nature. Art and nature are here combined. Charming cottages, occupied and owned by American visitors from the Eastern States, are perched in the loveliest situations. The variety in the style of the architecture is very noticeable and adds a new charm to the scene. Almost every idea of shape and color is here represented. Not a few of these cottages have cost whole fortunes; they are real earthly paradises.

Let us examine one of those island summer homes. The proprietor will not resent our trespass. Consisting of perhaps an acre of fertile ground, at two hundred yards from the mainland and protected on all sides by walls of granite, is the cozy little island of "Columbus"; it is near the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence and not far from Rockport. Grouped about its western

end are five tiny islets, arrayed during the summer months with blossoming flowers, while its eastern guard is a pair of high projecting rocks, only a few yards distant from each other, but separated by a channel of unusual depth. Columbus island itself, having one side parallel with the Canadian shore, and the other, in the form of a semi-circle, facing mid-river, rises gradually from the water to a height of 30 feet. Its highest point is crowned by one of the prettiest summer dwellings that skill and money can produce. The main surface of the rising ground is covered by the freshest and greenest of grass, watered constantly by an air motor; paths with flower borders traverse the island; four of these connect the summit with the base in the direction of the four winds, while three circumscribe it at equal distances from one another. Along the paths at frequent intervals are shade trees, beneath the branches of which might be seen the favourite hammocks and lawn-couches. On the northern side are the boat-houses containing the skiffs and steam-launch—essential features in the equipment of the angler. Close by, at her moorings, is the handsome pleasure yacht, the pride of the family. It is used for excursions or picnics to distant points. This is but one of the many hundred similar summer homes to be found amid the Thousand Islands, and one certainly of only secondary magnificence when compared with many others.

To attempt to describe some of the larger islands, with the parks and gardens and gorgeous mansions which adorn them, to portray a night scene upon the river, where the concourse of excursion steamers, with their flashing search-lights, seems endless; to make the reader hear the tooting of the yachts and launches, to put before his eyes the illuminations that spell prominent names or show beautiful designs, all this is beyond my feeble power. If anyone would see for himself, if anyone would dwell for a while in fairyland, let him spend a portion of his summer holidays among the Thousand Islands.

L. M. P. STALEY,
Third Form.

LINES ON O'CONNELL.

[The following lines, written by the first Lord Lytton, after he had heard that prince of orators—Daniel O'Connell, are well calculated to bring home to the reader the charm and power of the human voice. The *Spectator* deemed these lines "all too little known."]



NCE to my sight the giant thus was given,
Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven ;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound,
Even to the centre of the hosts around ;
And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell.

Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went ;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice :
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes
Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES.

The musical world is all agog over the performances on the piano of a Spanish child Pepite Rodriguez Ariola. The young musician is three years of age, and, though he has never received a lesson in music, he not only plays like a master but composes as well. Pepite recently exhibited his extraordinary powers before a congress of French psychologists. Instances of genius so precocious are by no means rare, and the actual performances of this living child go far to win belief for former instances of a similar kind which we have been wont to smile at. In the *Introductory Memoir* to his life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, Dr. Russell (an uncle of the late Chief Justice) recounts the wonderful attainments of some youthful prodigies. One of these Jacopo Martino was born at Racuno in the Venetian territory in 1639. Between the age of three and seven he not only acquired a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, but made such proficiency in philosophy that when only eight years of age he maintained a public thesis in Rome. Jacopo died in his ninth year. A somewhat similiar child of genius was John Lewis Candiac, born at Nismes in 1719. This gifted child was able in his third year to speak not only his native French but Latin also. Before he was six years old he spoke with fluency Greek and Hebrew. He was well versed besides in arithmetic, geography, ancient and modern history, and even in the dry and difficult science of numismatics. John Lewis overtaxed his powers and died of water on the brain at the age of seven years. A still more wonderful infant was Christian Henry Heinecken whose attainments might well be deemed beyond belief. This child was born at Lubeck in 1721 and though he died in his fourth year his intellectual qualifications might put to the blush even our post-graduate readers. He was able to speak when only ten months old (of which of our B. A's can this be said?). At the ripe age of one year he had learned all the facts in the history of the Pentateuch, and when two months older all the leading facts of the Bible. At two-and-a-half years of age he spoke French and Latin fluently besides his native German. He was presented at the Danish court where he is said to have excited universal astonishment ; but on

his return home he fell suddenly sick and soon afterward's died, nor immaturally, for the wisdom of a man, and not grey hairs, is old age. More creditable but quite marvellous withal is the history of John Philip Baratier of whom an interesting memoir is to be found in Johnson's Works (vol. vi. p 368-74). When Baratier was only four years of age he was able to speak Latin, French and German. At six years of age he had added Greek to his stock and at nine he had acquired a thorough knowledge of Hebrew. The soundness of his attainments in this latter language is attested by a lexicon which he published in his eleventh year. He is said to have mastered elementary mathematics in three months and to have qualified himself by thirteen months' study for taking the degree of Doctor of Laws. Baratier was also well versed in architecture, in ancient and modern literature, in antiquities and in numismatics. He translated from the Hebrew Benjamin of Tudela's *Itinerary*, published a detailed and critical account of the Rabbinical Bible, and communicated to several societies elaborate papers on astronomical and mathematical subjects. Baratier died in 1760 at the age of nineteen.

I might add many other instances of precocious genius, but these I hope will suffice to stimulate the ambition of undergraduate readers, and to urge them to rival the achievements above narrated. Many of my readers are debarred from being able to compete with the child who spoke at the age of ten months, as also from entering the lists against those who died at the age of four or seven years; but if these accomplishments are unattainable there is a great deal in the life of John Philip Baratier which is certainly no fictitious one, that my youthful readers might emulate.

M. E.



POOR CHOLLY !

OR, ONE KIND OF WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

The dear boy is going through a soul-disturbing experience ; in a word, these are hard times for Cholly, outside of England proper ; radicalism on the rampage in the United States, and more or less here in this section of Great Britain. Cholly suffers because his element is in matters of aesthetic import ; he is devoted to matters of elegance, grace, beauty, and comfort. He resents the vulgar noise of elections ; he resents being disturbed as he muses over walking sticks, collars, and button-hole embellishments. It seems, indeed, a shame that he should be disturbed in his meditations upon trousers, boots, coats, and waistcoats. These are not days that allow a peaceful sucking of the knob of one's stick. Poor Cholly ! Well may he sigh for the return of peace and pink tea ; he is almost *agitated* over the present vulgar rush and tumble. Why should one lose tranquillity over free silver, expansion, or anti-expansion of realms already too broad for real exclusiveness ? And oh ! the horrid noise right here about prohibition, Yukon deals, and South African contingents ! Why should all this riot invade his perfumed sanctuary ? Ay, and make invidious attacks upon his *mind* ? Poor Cholly has really had to hear that preposterous Mr. Bryan, from the Wild West, spoken of as likely to preside at the social functions of the White House at Washington ! Just fancy the wagons, drawn by long-tailed horses hitched to the rails outside ! Here in Canada things are not quite so alarming ; no matter who is in or out, the *bon ton* of our society revels remains always pitched to the right key, and here one can find comfort within some heavy doors, no matter how things go in the House of Commons. But at Washington ! Ugh ! One can almost enter into Cholly's anxiety. The U.S. Cholly has, indeed, a dismal outlook ; he may well shiver at the prospect. Just think of the gingham umbrellas one may see flourishing on "the Avenue." Somebody may even shoot Cholly ! His very existence is threatened. Yes, it is sad, and why should Cholly be annoyed in this manner ? He would as soon have his collar turned the wrong way, his boots copper-toed, or his name taken off the list of the Four Hundred. Poor Cholly !

JOHN PLAINSTAFF.

University of Ottawa Review.

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HAS IT BEEN PROGRESS?

At the present time a great deal is being written and said about the spread of Catholicity during the present century in the various countries of the world. Naturally Catholicity within the British Empire comes in for its share of attention. Here our religion is supposed to have flourished with most success. Lands that one hundred years ago were uninhabited save by straggling bands of savages have been opened up and settled by English-speaking people (don't inquire, reader, about the fate of the savages); churches and schools have been erected, hierarchies established and nothing needful for the maintenance of the most fervent religious life is lacking. In view of these undeniable facts it is claimed that the Catholic religion has made wonderful progress within the British Empire. If the diffusion of religion over

a wider area means progress, then the claim must be allowed ; if the multiplication of churches and schools and bishops and priests be progress, then likewise must the claim be allowed ; but if an increase of the flock of Christ be necessary for progress, then the sad confession must be made that within the last sixty years, neither in the British Islands nor in the English-speaking portion of the Empire taken as a whole, has the Catholic religion made any progress. In the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Mr. Bryan Clinch writes that the Catholic population of the British Islands is now hardly two-thirds what it was some sixty years ago. "England, Ireland, and Scotland then had eight millions of Catholics in a total of twenty-five millions. To day they have five and a half millions in a total of thirty-three million." How many realise that the Catholics of the British Isles, from being one-third of the whole population of those islands some sixty years ago, have decreased until now they are only one-sixth of the population ?

Nor is the loss in the British islands made up by the gain in the colonies. Says the writer already quoted : "Adding in the whole Catholic English-speaking population of Canada, Australia, and all other British colonies, there are now a million fewer Catholics in the Empire than there were when Victoria came to the throne." It is an undoubted fact that large numbers have lost the faith both in England and Scotland in the present century ; in the colonies there has been a greater loss. It is comforting, (and in view of the extravagant talk of religious progress, I may add, *inspiring*) to contemplate the many evidences of our religion scattered over the British Colonies, but it must be born in mind that before there were bishops, or priests, or churches, or schools in those new lands there were Christian souls perishing for want of God's sacraments. Anyone acquainted with the early settlement of the colonies, knows that thousands of souls have been lost to the Church from the lack of religious aid at a critical time, at a time when the severance of ties of home and early association exposed the individual to hitherto unknown dangers.

If Catholicity has made some gains it has also sustained losses ; in view of those losses the boast of progress is not warranted. It may, however, be said that the present state of

Catholicity augurs well for the future, and that there is every promise that the coming century will make up for the losses of the waning one.

TASTE FOR READING.

One of the benefits which a student should reap from his college education is a taste for reading. The college graduate may pass from the classic halls of his *Alma Mater* with a wealth of learning duly designated by many capital letters, but if he goes not forth with a decided taste for reading, his education so far as it has gone has been defective. A house is not finished when its foundations are laid ; neither does a B.A. place the roof on the edifice of wisdom ; it indicates merely that a foundation has been laid. If a superstructure is ever to be reared on this foundation the college graduate must possess a taste for reading. The taste for reading here alluded to is not that mania with which so many otherwise sensible young men are afflicted, which seeks only the sentimental or sensational in literature, and the end of which is not to inform the intellect nor to purify and exalt the imagination, but to ruin the one by superinducing mental atrophy, and to defile the other. The taste for reading which beseems a student is identical with the taste for learning ; it seeks its gratification in serious topics, in matters of history and philosophy and religion, in works upon science and art.

It is sad to learn that to-day there is less demand for books on religion and philosophy than there was fifty years ago. Yet if the graduates of our Catholic colleges are to do the work which is waiting to be done, if they are to carry out their mission of leavening with truth the society around them, it is just such works they must read. Nay, more, if they are to preserve the faith intact, if they are not to be deceived by fallacies and sophisms, if they are to stand firm on the rock of truth amid the wild sea of error, they must be firmly grounded in philosophy and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. Let no student then be so foolish, aye so guilty, as to look forward to the end of his course as being a release from further study ; rather let every student make his plans for a line of study to be pursued through life.

VARIOUS.

From an article in the *Canadian Magazine* we learn that the largest University library in the Dominion is that of our sister Catholic University, Laval, which possesses 110,000 volumes. Laval's collection of early Canadian historical matter is said to be unrivalled. Toronto University is credited with 60,000 volumes, Queen's 36,000 and Ottawa University, 35,000.

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There is a noticeable tendency among literary Frenchmen of this *fin de siècle* period to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The gifted novelist, Paul Bouget is the latest to follow in the footsteps of François Coppee and M. Brunetière.

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Cardinal Respighi presided recently at the opening in Rome of a Commercial School, wherein the teaching of the English language is to be a prominent feature. The direction of the school is in the hands of the Irish Christian Brothers by whom it has been erected. Father De Mandato, S.J., paid an eloquent tribute to the Christian Brothers and to their native land. He said in part: "The Brothers had come from Ireland, that land so distinguished amongst the nations of the earth for its tenacious adherence to the faith brought to it from Rome by its apostle St. Patrick,—that land whose children are found in all countries as priests and religious spreading the dominion of God's kingdom, or, as members of the flock of Christ, leading to the true fold, by the example of their virtuous and God-fearing lives, their separated brethren amongst whom they live." The inaugural ceremony was attended by many Romans and English-speaking residents of the Eternal City. Among the latter the Irish element naturally predominated.

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Surgical tools have been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. It now appears that the instruments used by the surgeons of the year 79 A.D., are identical with those used by the experts of the present day. The only difference is that the modern tools are nickel-plated, while the old ones are polished steel, with a finish that reveals a workmanship equal to that of the 20th century.

Mr. Gilbert Parker dedicates his book, *The Lane That Had No Turning*, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In the dedicatory preface these words occur: I have travelled far and wide during the past seventeen years, and though I have seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians, I have never seen frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life; nor have I ever seen a priesthood at once so devoted and high-minded in all that concerns the home life of their people as in French Canada."

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Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist of Berlin, claims to have discovered means for preventing the spread of malaria in malarial districts.

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Mr. Raphael Dubois read, before the *Académie des Sciences*, a paper in which he describes his experiments with certain bacteria which have the power of emitting light. He cultivates them in a liquid *bouillon* of special composition. The development is rapid, with good microbes. With these, a room may be lighted with a luminosity like that of the full moon. The light has scarcely any calorific effect, and but feeble chemical properties; moreover, it may last six months.

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Plans have been adopted by the Rapid Transit Board for the extension of the New York tunnel from its present terminus at City Hall Park to Bowling Green, and thence, by way of Whitehall street, to the East River; then, crossing beneath the river, to the City Hall in Brooklyn; from that place to Flatbush and Atlantic avenues. The length of the Brooklyn extension is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It will take about eight minutes to make the trip from one city hall to the other.

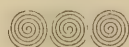
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Near the mines of hard coal, great heaps of anthracite culm—very finely divided coal—accumulate year after year. The market value of this culm is not sufficiently high to cover transportation charges, and the mine owners would gladly see it removed without asking any compensation. An enterprising manufacturer could,

with this material, produce water-gas—a mixture of hydrogen and carbon monoxide, both excellent fuels—and transmit the same through pipes to distant cities, at a handsome profit.

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Sir W. Preece stated, at a recent meeting of the British Association, at Bradford, that he had succeeded in transmitting articulate speech to a distance of three miles without the assistance of connecting wires. Wireless telephony seems, then, to be an accomplished fact.



Notices of Books.

ART OF STUDY : By B. A. Hindsdale.

THE CHARMIDES, LACHES AND LYSIS OF PLATO : By Barker Newhall, Ph.D.

ELEMENTS OF SPOKEN FRENCH : By M. N. Kuhn.

American Book Co., New York.

The matter of the *Art of Study* has been prepared primarily for the use of teachers but from it the general reader may gain stimulus and inspiration for study and a knowledge of the art itself. At the outset, it should be mentioned that the reader who opens this work with the hope of finding new theories advanced, or the splendid pile of old and accepted truths on education ruthlessly destroyed, or vast new systems proposed, is doomed to disappointment. With judicious wisdom the author has followed out the admitted principles of great authorities in the plan and exposition of the aims and objects of this art. Necessarily this work has entered into the domain of Psychology and while exception may be taken to some of his conclusions and definitions in this science it must be admitted that the author has kept well to his subject. Every topic is treated in a logical, thorough manner, evincing a comprehensive knowledge of the Art and a keen grasp of the difficulties which beset the student's path of knowledge from the primary school to the University. The subjects discussed are relieved by quotations from authorities whose dicta are generally

accepted by the teaching profession. One feature of the work can not merit our approval. In fact regret must be expressed that the author has so far forgotten the importance of religion as to totally ignore its influence on the child-mind. It is disregarded and is not a factor in education ; or if it is, it has a minimum value and does not deserve our consideration. With such a teacher the pupil would centre his thoughts on the passing shadows of the world as objects of knowledge while the higher spiritual life must remain unknown. This is contrary to the best interests of the child and our teachers must interest themselves in the moral development as well as the intellectual development of their pupils. Assuredly so, for religion and education must go hand-in-hand. The importance of the work centres on those valuable chapters which treat of Attention and Thoroughness. Every phase of these important topics is discussed with a breadth of power, directness in plan and an exercise of sound judgment which can only be obtained by a thorough, practical knowledge of the matter. The remedies for the evils resulting from lack of attention and inefficiency are such as will commend themselves to every earnest teacher and student. Many other features tend to emphasize its importance and value in the field it so well covers.

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With pleasure mingled with an apprehension of evil (for thoughts of past conflicts with Greek texts came rushing upon us) we opened this volume of Plato but soon any fear of evil vanished, for the eye glanced upon a volume in which are garnered three treasures from the master representative of Attic prose. Of these dialogues, the Charmides deservedly receives extended treatment, Laches is intended for more complete study while Lysis is inserted as most suitable for sight reading. These are preceded by a comprehensive well-planned introduction which embraces a short sketch of Plato and a critical analysis of the arguments pursued in the three dialogues. Among other features which will commend this volume of Plato to the student are its convenient form, clear open type and full ideas which make it attractive either for the class room or library.

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We learn from the preface of "Elements of Spoken French,"

that it is one of a series of text books which aim at completing the unfinished work of the readers and grammars now used by teachers and students of modern languages. That it is inefficient and incomplete for beginners must be affirmed but for advanced students it is an excellent work. A method of improving the reader's French pronunciation is given by the insertion of a progressive study of sounds while a carefully selected vocabulary also finds its place in this volume. To the busy student who wishes to return to his study of French this work is recommended for it is carefully graded, eminently practical, giving essential rules only and these in concise form.

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DETAILED REPORT OF THE INSPECTOR OF INSURANCE AND REGISTRAR OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES. Toronto · L. K. Cameron, Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

The nature of this volume of statistical lore is disclosed in its title. The utility of works of this kind is beyond question. "In no other way than by statistical investigation can we know accurately the condition of the social body,—whether it be its political, its economic, or its religious conditions that is the object of our solicitude." This report shows that there are no fewer than ninety-one Friendly Societies registered by the province of Ontario for the transaction of Insurance therein. The membership of the various societies is not given in every case; this is a drawback which might be supplied in subsequent Reports. The Sons of England number 10,236 in Ontario; the smallest membership of any society is that of the German Benevolent Society which amounts to only twenty-five. We looked in vain for the membership of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and that of some other Catholic societies. For information withheld by any society the printer of course is not to blame.

Books Received.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS. By Katherine E. Conway. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING. By Gilbert Parker. Geo. N. Morang & Co., Toronto, Ont.

JOURNALISTIC GERMAN. Edited by August Prehn, Ph. D. American Book Co., New York.

Among the Magazines.

The November number of *Donahoe's* maintains the usual high standard of that magazine. In the leader, *Boston of Other Days*, the slurs cast on the Irish race in *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, a recent volume by one Mr. Drake, are vigorously resented and are countervailed by a description of the remarkable progress made by the Irish in the New England metropolis. Rev. John Talbot Smith in a paper entitled *The Indirect Increase of Wages*, suggests a plan whereby every patriotic citizen can contribute to the solution of the puzzling labor question. Under the title of *An Illustrious Irishman* a succinct but deeply interesting character sketch of the much lamented Lord Russell is given. *The Sunday Side of School* by Rev. L. W. Mulhane makes a protest against the introduction into our Catholic schools of the neoteric fads that are perverting education in the public-schools. The fiction of this issue is of unusual excellence. *Borrowed from the Night* is proving to be one of the most taking stories published this year. *The Dawning of the Day* narrates a sweetly pathetic incident of the Irish Rebellion of '98.

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* *

Scribner's for November opens with the second number in Henry Norman's series of articles on Russia, that mighty empire of which the world at large knows too little. In *A Little Gossip*, Rebecca Harding Davis reveals a few phases of the home life of Hawthorne. One of the most notable features of the issue before us is the great number and high quality of its illustrations.

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*

In view of the recent strike in the coal regions Fr. Ryan's essay, *A Country without Strikes*, which is the opening article of the *Catholic World* for November, will prove very interesting reading. One of the most perplexing problems of our age is the labour question. The working-men are undoubtedly the most conservative of our population, and they submit to abuses until endurance is no longer possible. The only remedial measure they may then employ is the strike. But strikes are a bitter curse.

Hence there is need of some proper means of settling the grievances of the workingman, a means that will also respect the rights of the employer. This means Fr. Ryan shows us to be the law of compulsory arbitration, which has had such a satisfactory trial in New Zealand. In the same number the striking contrast between the ephemeral, fluctuating doctrines of Protestantism and the unchangeable, everlasting teachings of Catholicity are forcibly brought out by the Right Rev. Mgr. Campbell's paper, *The Catacombs were of Christian Origin*. Anna Blanche McGill in *The Possibilities of the Pan-American Exposition*, demonstrates how the coming exposition will aid in bringing the American countries into closer association whence shall accrue immense advantages to both halves of the western hemisphere. Dr. J. J. Walsh contributes a paper narrating the Passion Play of Oberammergau and also describing the simple, pious character of the peasantry that so religiously present it. The other articles of the magazine that offer very readable matter are *Old Spiritual Writers* and *Spiritual Element in Art*.

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* * *

The Canadian Magazine for November contains some interesting pages, and especially so those devoted to a paper entitled *A Visit to a Round-Up*. The *Story of Eight General Elections* is not an uninteresting epitome of the history of Dominion politics. The writer of *Book Reviews* seems to be very mild in his criticism of the latest, filthiest and most sacrilegious production of the unfortunate Marie Corelli. The tremendous sale of *The Master Christian* he attributes, and perhaps wisely, to the greed of the populace for all that is defamatory and insulting to the Church of Rome. Despite the fact that the book is an attack on the Catholic Church, we believe that it will actually give an impetus to the Catholic movement, for the story is one that will give any sensible reader a nausea for Corelli and her ilk.

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* * *

With the November number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* Miss E. Lummis concludes her edifying sketch, *A Nineteenth Century Apostle*. Under the theme, *A Model American Pilgrimage*, an article is contributed which shows that even within an atmosphere which is often said to be charged with so much irreligion,

Catholics have not abandoned the good old customs of exterior worship. *Jansenism in the Seventeenth Century* will afford instructive matter for students.

* *
*

Current History for October presents a succinct and accurate history of the events of the preceding month. The Oriental Crisis is treated with great lucidity. Canadian and United States politics receive unbiased consideration. The student of Physics will find interest in the description of the recently invented device for multiplex telephony. On the whole, the number offers a trustworthy summary of the significant events of the month which cannot be obtained from newspapers.

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* *

The Rosary Magazine for November is full of interesting reading. Its leading paper, *Scodra Under the Crescent* recounts the sufferings that the Christians of Albania endure at the hands of their Mahometan rulers. Admirers of Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier will find pleasure in the sketch of her life written by J. Gertrude Menard. The other articles of the issue are very readable.

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The Cosmopolitan for November contains a paper, *Thebes : Her Ruins and Her Memories*, which is replete with archæological and historical interest. Among the other articles, *What Communities Lose by the Competitive System*, is particularly noteworthy.

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The Gael for October offers a series of papers that will prove highly entertaining and instructive not only to Irishmen but also to readers of all nationalities. Most prominent among the contents are *Witty Sayings I Have Heard*, by Justin McCarthy, *In the By-Ways of Rural Ireland* by Michael MacDonah, and *The Irish Stage* by Geraldine M. Haverty. We are apprised in this number of the lamentable fact that *The Gael* is not meeting with success. This seems incomprehensible to us, for we know of no other periodical more deserving of the patronage of all intelligent readers of Celtic origin.

Exchanges

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the heap of exchanges on our table is their variety, not only in size, design, and appearance, but also as regards their contents. Lovers of almost any kind of magazine can here have their choice. The thoughtful reader who appreciates a well-written, serious essay, whether of a philosophical, literary, or scientific nature, can have his pick of a dozen sober-looking papers, filled with articles of more or less merit, on such subjects as "The Ethics of Aristotle," "Shakespeare's Versatility," or "The Palæozoic Age." Or is your taste for light reading, fiction? Here is another kind containing the latest effusions of the highly-colored romantic undergraduate imagination. There are a few of them very good, but in truth they are for the most part conventional and insipid in action, crude and careless in treatment. These are the chief types of the college magazine, although there are a great many which keep a middle course between them by varying their contents in different ways.

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The question as to which kind possesses the greatest merits leads us in turn to inquire, "What is the ideal college paper?" It is a matter which has been discussed recently in several exchanges. Some consider that the chief function of a college paper is the cultivation of a literary taste. Not so the Trinity University *Review*, whose editor claims that the principal aim should be to interest the student body and the alumni, who form the greater portion of its readers. This purpose, he adds, is not attained by publishing "articles pretending to literary excellence," which very few care to read. This opinion seems to be shared by the ex-man, of the Notre Dame *Scholastic*, who admits that his ideal college paper is closely approached by such magazines as the *Michigan Wrinkle*, *Princeton Tiger*, and the *Red and Blue*. His reason is that "they deal with no abstruse metaphysical problems, nor enter into Horatian or Shakespearian discussions, but reflect the life about them in an amiable way, in a superficial manner, lightly and humorously." We can claim acquaintance with only

the last named of the above journals, but if it is a sample of the others we venture to disagree with our *confrère*. We acknowledge that the "Universal Anecdote" in the *Red and Blue* is an original bit of humorous work quite clever in its way, but outside of it there is nothing in the paper except a few local items to interest anyone. In our opinion the superficial journals are every bit as dull and uninteresting as those of the other extreme, which deal in none but deep, heavy subjects.

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It also occurs to us that the *Scholastic* man is rather too modest, for his own paper is about the best of our exchanges, and is certainly superior in every way to those which he admires. The management does not believe in banishing literary articles from its pages altogether, but publishes every week two or three very readable essays and short stories from the pens of students. The essays are as a rule neither too deep nor too long, and upon topics of general interest—no "metaphysical problems or Horatian discussions,"—while the stories are bright and original. We feel sure that most critics will agree with us in preferring the *Schoiastic* or any similarly conducted magazine to the one which sees no good in literary contributions, tries to be interesting, and—is not. Since we do not wish to digress here into a full discussion of the "ideal" question, we may state in short our belief that a college paper can be made interesting to alumni as well as students, while exercising the nobler function of assisting the latter in their literary development.

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The Amherst *Literary* injures its reputation by the publication of "Dub's Story." The writer shows his total ignorance of Catholic matters by turning a love-lorn art student into a Carmelite priest within little more than a year. Furthermore, he takes occasion to repeat the worn-out, oft-refuted calumny that confessors receive money from their penitents. But leaving aside this one blotch, the *Literary* is as good as ever. A bright, clever sketch of the college day-dreamer will appeal to nearly all students, for who has not indulged at some time or other in the pleasant task of building air-castles? The reader smiles, perhaps, at the

recollection of a memorable day when he fell a victim to the spell, either willingly or despite his efforts, and wandered into a land of charming visions, far from the dreary present of an Astronomy class. "If you did, at precisely that moment you were suddenly recalled to this life by the voice of the professor : 'Mr. ———, what is your opinion on the subject ?' * * * * You turn and gaze at him with a half imbecile expression on your face, and pray more earnestly than you ever prayed before in your life that the earth may open and swallow you up." The outline of the dreamer's ideal future, decked in all the roseate hues of youthful hope, holds quite true of the average boy's ambitions. His visions of greatness and success are scarcely ever dimmed with fears of failure. The hours of his day-dreams are truly the happiest in the joyous days of youth. Only he is satisfied in realizing who does not know what it is to anticipate. And, as the writer concludes, "the people who never dream miss half the joys of life." Equally as good as this article is another which denounces in a humorously sarcastic strain, "The Hygienic Mania." It is a common-sense view of the matter of self-preservation, perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but not as much so as the ideas which it ridicules. One of the unhappy results of our advanced civilization is "this mania for things antiseptic, sterilized, sanitary, pre-digested, and deodorized." There is something worth considering in the argument that "the mind inoculates oftener than germs," and that the best means of preserving health and vigor is to take less of the modern hygienic remedies and more bracing, fresh air.



Athletics.

Rugby at Ottawa University for the season of 1900 is ended. Not as Championship colors do the Garnet and Grey triumphantly wave, 'tis true, nevertheless we deny that they have been furled in disgrace. Furled they are, and well that is ; otherwise they might be torn in shreds by the gales of unjust criticism that sweep hissing by. Admirers of the Garnet and Grey, and loyal sons of Ottawa University to you all, we, the students of the University have no apology to make. Nor have you any reasons to repress the feelings of admiration that you have evinced during what seemed the palmy days of the O.U.A.A. We feel proud of our past glories but we feel prouder to-day of the fact that we have shown other sporting organizations that the O.U.A.A. can take a defeat in the same spirit that it can a victory. This cannot be said of every organization. There are some with whom it has become so habitual to criticise and to find fault, that even in the hour of victory they must manifest the same spirit. If we have lost the championship which for five consecutive years has been ours, we have not played without reaping some

benefit, The football season just over has been successful in developing material for future seasons. and this is evident when it is known that twenty-nine players were enlisted in the ranks of championship games this season. These changes, although detrimental to teamwork, could not be avoided. It was only in the final that the much desired union of play was put into effect when we practically defeated the present champions of Quebec, the same team that at the beginning of the season had defeated us by a score of 45 to 0. In conclusion, we desire to state, that never before have there been such bright prospects for the future success of the Garnet and Grey.

* *
* *

A meeting of the executive council of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in the M.A.A.A. Club rooms in Montreal, on October 29th. In the absence of President Savage, Mr. T. G. Morin, as 1st Vice-President of the Union, occupied the chair. At this meeting Mr. Clancy was appointed referee for the Brockville-Montreal match that took place on Nov. 3rd. Mr. Clancy proved himself to be the "King" of referees as on other occasions he has shown himself the "King" of players in Canadian Rugby.

Of Local Interest.

Our gymnasium has been thoroughly refitted and is now in very good condition. The many new appliances which have been added are the best that could be obtained, and that the students appreciate what has been done for them is evidenced by the large numbers who go there daily for exercise. A professor of gymnastics and calisthenics has also been secured, and up to the present the classes are making great progress.

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* *

The Scientific Society has re-organized for the coming term under the following management: Pres., M. E. Conway, '01; Vice-Pres., W. A. Martin, '02; Sec., J. R. O'Gorman, '01; Treas., J. F. Hanley, '04; Reporter, J. T. Warnock, '01; Committee, J. E. McGlade, '01, J. Gookin, '02, J. O'Dowd, '03, J. J. O'Gorman, '04. The success which has thus far attended the efforts of the society give the members a foundation upon which to base their hopes for even a more brilliant future. All should make it a point of duty to attend each of the semi-monthly lectures.

His Excellency Mgr. Falconio has returned from his visit to the Pacific Coast. The wonderful progress which the Church has made in the far west and the great prosperity which was also to be seen on every side, combined to make His Excellency very much pleased with his trip.

* * *

Rev. J. M. Foley, '97, who was recently ordained, celebrated Mass in the University chapel on the 19th inst. The students attended in a body and later on tendered their reverend alumnus a reception in the Study-hall. A neat address was read by Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, to which Father Foley fittingly responded, and as he left a rousing Varsity was given, and many were the hopes expressed for his future successes in the sacred ministry.

*
* *

It has almost become an annual occurrence for the members of the different classes to have an outing to behold in nature what has already been seen in the text-book. In accordance with this practice, on Oct. 24th, the members of the

Geology class were treated to an excursion to Hogsback by the professor, Rev. Father La-jeunesse. Of course this entailed a little walking, however, the way was made pleasant by the witty remarks of the members, especially the dialogue between our German commander from across the way and our mutual friend who hails from the State of New York. At Hogsback everything of a geological aspect was carefully examined, some of the members even examining the neighboring orchard. All observations having been noted down and, as time permitted, a visit to the Experimental Farm was next in order. On the way thither, some of the members who had become a little exhausted by the tramp would certainly have liked to have had a ride, but were told in a very effective manner by a tiller of the soil that they would be obliged to walk, as he would take no *Jo King*. Through the kindness of Mr. A. Charron the students were taken through the Farm's chemical laboratory where everyone was treated to a glass of sparkling H_2O , nothing stronger. The other buildings were then examined, much to the delight of the

scientists. The department where the oxen are kept seemed to be the favorite. These animals let the visitors know in their own mild (?) way however that they were not fit subjects for experiments. As the hour was now growing late the return home was the next order given, which was duly carried out. At table that night sat the Geology class with an appetite that demanded justice to be done to the good things which constitute a college supper.

* *

On the 17th inst. Messrs. J. E. McGlade and J. T. Warnock, representing the Scientific Society, journeyed to Buckingham to present to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron a slight token of gratitude for the kindness shown the members of the Society on their memorable outing of May, 1900. The souvenir presented was an album containing the photo of all the members and young ladies who were present at the banquet which the Cameron family tendered the scientists. The boys are pleased to know that their remembrance, though trivial, was very highly appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

* *

It is whispered in professional

circles that the learned gentleman from the Island intends to commence, in the near future, an extended course of lectures on such pertinent questions as "Woman Suffrage" and "Short Courtships." We have it on good authority that the lecturer is in communication with Susan B. Anthony and Teddy Roosevelt. Hence we may expect something very spicy and perhaps something *stale*(y).

Lost.—On or about the 12th inst., a boy answering to the name of Mac—dn—ll. He is about five feet six inches tall, of a fair complexion, and when last seen was wearing J. K—ng's clothes. It is believed he strayed in the direction of the Rideau River. Those giving information of his whereabouts will be amply rewarded by both the Third Team and the Silent Three.

THE REVIEW now finds its way regularly into Osgoode street. We wonder if the name attracts it. Perhaps Mr. C—n—y could enlighten us.

The delegates of the Scientific Society say that there's no place like Buckingham and no people like the Camerons and their friends.

"Hey there, McGl—de! Will you come till we finish this dance?"

* *
*

F-L-Y.—"Say, 'Gibby,' your Raglan's a perfect convulsion."

"GIBBY" (exasperated) "How's that?"

F-L-Y.—"Because it's a perfect fit." [Ex.]

* *
*

Riding home on a box-car is bad enough, but it's nothing to coming from Montreal at 2 a.m. to find your bed gone and be compelled to *camp* out on the floor.

* *
*

They say that "Dic" has abandoned the idea of ever finding anything in his lower-left-hand-vest-pocket.

* *
*

How was it that McGl—de did not prevent his cover from making a touch-down? That was an awful *slip* Jim.

* *
*

PROF.—"Why couldn't you go through that wall, Mr. V—q—t?"

"RIC"—"Because I haven't enough density, Father."

PROF.—"O, yes! V—q—t, you're *dense* enough."

Sappho's new mode of ad-
dressing a letter,—

TO MY DEAR MOTHER,

BUCKINGHAM,

QUE.

* *

“Dic” must have been *pant-*
ing for notoriety when he asked
the Prefect to let him take down

* *

The time of *osculating* (?) de-
pends upon the length of the
pendulum.

* *

Who stole M—g—n's lunch?
Where's his blank Association
ticket?

* *

“HIT ME AGAIN.” — Mr.
M—n—y.

A POPULAR CANDY—Donovan
Drops.

UP THE STUMP.—M. E. C.

A BAD HABIT.—“Bobbie's”
old coat.

A SLIM FISH.—“Shad.”

A SUITOR.—A Taylor.

A PORK DESTROYER—Linch.

ALWAYS ON THE BAWL.—The
rag-man.

* *

Gently he pulled at his worn out pipe,
While he sat contented a picturesque
sight,

But tug and pull as best he might,
The “tobac” in the pipe refused to
light.

Then some kind-hearted innocent
gent

Stepped up to our Angus, on charity
bent,

And kindly told him his pipe to clean,
But his only reply with a troubled
mien

Was a “silent curse.”



Priorum Temporum Flores

E. P. Gleeson '98, is receiv-
ing great praise in the Toronto
papers for his work at centre
half on the Argonauts. “Eddie”
is in his last year at Osgoode
Hall.

* *

John J. McMahon, who was
here in '95, has returned to San
Francisco from the Phillipines.
In a letter to a College friend
John states that he suffered

many hardships in the war. He
is now in the U.S. Hospital in
San Francisco.

* *

Some changes were made in
this diocese during the past
month by which Rev. Father
Cavanagh '93 goes from Met-
calfe to St. Malachi; Rev. Fath-
er Newman, '93 from the curacy
of St. Bridget's, Ottawa, to
Metcalfe; and Rev. Father

Gagnon, '96, Secretary to Archbishop Duhamel, becomes curate at St. Bridget's.

* *

Rev. J. M. Foley, '97 was ordained to the priesthood at Crysler, on Sunday Nov. 11th,

by Bishop Macdonell of Cornwall. Father Foley is the first member of the class of '97 to attain the dignity of the Sacerdotal state. The REVIEW wishes him many long years of faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord.



Junior Department,

Owing to certain unforeseen (and unforeseeable) circumstances the members of the Holy Angels Sodality were unable to assemble every week during the month of October. They met, however, twice, and on one occasion had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle deliver a short instruction on the Saints. The members of the Sodality sincerely hope to have the pleasure of soon hearing again the same eloquent and learned preacher.

* *

The Juniors wish to express their thanks to the bursar, Rev. Father Martin, for the improvements introduced into the gymnasium. The changes will have the result of lessening the number of applicants for admission into the infirmary. The fly-pole

in the small yard is also much appreciated by the Juniors.

* *

The Juniors deserve the congratulations of the entire community for the manner in which they have upheld their colors during the football season just over. With only one defeat their record has been unprecedented in the history of the small yard; never before have the small boys played so many games with so many victories to their credit. Nor can it be said that the opponents of the past season were weaker than those of former years. Some of the opposing heavyweights of the big yard and of the Juniorate are living witnesses to the untruthfulness of this assertion. To downright hard practice and to the combined efforts of the team are due the

success of the small boys.

The following is the order of games as played on the 'Varsity Oval :

Oct. 5. Juniors 18; Emeaalds 0
 " 12. " 12; Juniorate 4
 " 17. " 3; IV Seniors 4
 " 27. " 4; Juniorate 1

The following composed the Junior team in each of the above-named games :

Full, Charbonneau ; halves, W. McGee, W. Bawlf, H. Girouard ; quarter, A. Groulx ; scrimmage, G. Verreault, Thibault, "King" Sloan ; wings, H. Dion, G. Leonard, O. Cloutier, Ov. Lapointe, A. Carrier, J. Freeland, R. Slattery.

This team has now but one ambition—to beat the Senior Fourth team. As both teams have each won a game, a settlement of superiority must be made as soon as possible.

*
* *

Communications for the Junior Editor must find their way to our headquarters, Dark Room, lower floor, next to the furnaces. Understand, Philips ?

*
* *

During the past month the Junior Editor received an unusual number of friendly letters from his fellow students. He regrets that he is unable to pub-

lish all of them. Two of them must see the light ; it would be treason to withhold them. Here they are with all their unnameable beauties of style and orthography.

"DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR" :

"Let me give a recit of the election. Lorier is the chief of the Canada. He has been elected by 57 majority into all the country and into his country with 2500 votes. Lorier is a very man. He make much for his country. There is had into Ontario majority 35 liberals ; opposite 60 conservative. New Brunswick 9 lib. opp. 5 con. Qebec, that a fine place, 57 lib. opp. 7 con.

Sir Tupper he have taken the running away yesterday night. The Conservatives say Lorier his thief, but they say not true. He would come see me, and 'I shall say him my thought. The Conservatives have not need speaking. They make a bridge in town from Qebec who is evaluated to \$5000 and they have ask \$50000. Where are going \$45000 ? The Conservatives say, I don't known. But the liberals saw well. I am for Lorier ; Ora for Lorier !"

The second letter is non-political, and we publish it therefore without any of that trepida-

tion which we felt in committing the above campaign document to the printer.

" DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR,

"The first day wen I was in there, I came in at Chrs., and I take my supper after I been around in the town. I stop at c. p. r. car-home for sent a telegraph at my Father that I was return at the college university of Ottawa. And after went don to rideau st. I stop at one store and I bought 1 doz pins, 2 hats some pieces soap and after went don to the college University of Ottawa. The man give me the place for sleep and after said my prayer and I go to the bed and I dream in night that I was in transvaal. I was a soldier. They killed me, I kill them. I fight all night like that. And the morning get up I fix my bed and wash me, and went to the mass at 7 hrs. Before the mass

we have to study 6 hrs $\frac{1}{4}$ before seven. The breakfast is after the mass at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. The day next we took our place in our grade. I am at second grade. Only one thing is hard for me, his English language—is good thing. We have good master. Well that all I can say you for today. Go bye."

* * *

Put away the football, make ready the skating-rink, and organize the hockey team. The Juniors must maintain through the winter the pre-eminence in athletics which they won in the Fall.

* * *

The Junior Editor had many other things to say, but having just dipped his pen into the mucilage bottle, it (*i.e.*, the pen, not the bottle) refuses to perform any further service, and we are obliged to succumb to an adverse fate.

HONOR LIST FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

First Grade—1st, Harry Casey, 2nd, Willie Baril, 3rd, Raoul Belanger, 4th, Fernand Hamel.

Second Grade, Div. A—1st, Ludger Bourque, 2nd, Emile Poissant, 3rd, Gerald Kirwan, 4th, Raymond Routhier.

Second Grade, Div. B—1st, Louis P. Levesque and John Walsh, (*ex equo*) 2nd, Joseph Casey, 3rd, Ulric Boucher, 4th, Edgar Berlinguette.

Third Grade, Div. A—1st, Abraham St. Pierre, 2nd, Hervey Gaudette, 3rd, Gilbert Gaudry, 4th, Joseph A. Fortin.

Third Grade, Div. B—1st, Percy Hodson, 2nd, Bernard Hodson, 3rd, M. J. Morris, 4th, Joseph Ranger.

Grading Class—1st, Eugene Seguin, 2nd, René Lapointe, 3rd, Wilfrid Leonard, 4th, Albert Chamberland.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Poetry:	
Keeping Christmas.....	147
Some of the Dickens' People.....	148
Labor Unions and Strikes.....	154
Poetry:	
St. Thomas The Apostle.....	161
A Christmas Story.....	162
The Pulp Industry of Canada.....	166
Poetry:	
After Many Days.....	171
The First of The Hermits.....	172
Editorials:	
Christmas.....	175
The University's Guests.....	176
Re-Opening Day.....	177
Notice.....	177
Obituary.....	177
Various.....	177
Notices of Books.....	179
Among the Magazines.....	182
Exchanges.....	186
Of Local Interest.....	187
Athletics.....	191
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	191
Junior Department.....	192

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Vol. III

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

(Written for the University Review.)



MY neighbor ! Oh, my neighbor !
Is rich, and fair to see,
Her hands, unstained by labor,
Are white as hands can be ;
No sorrows round her hover,
No cares with her abide,
While busy conning over
The balls of Christmas-tide.

My neighbor ! Oh, my neighbor !
She acts a humble part,
And keen woe, like a sabre,
Has cut into her heart :
Out of a day of moiling
On Christmas Eve she came,
Yet midnight found her toiling
In Charity's sweet name.

My neighbors ! Oh, my neighbors !
Glad Christmas comes with glee,
And trumpets, drums, and tabours,
Are chiming merrily.
The lady, half in slumber,
A passing triumph hears,
But Jesus chants the number
His servant's vigil cheers.

MAURICE CASEY.

SOME OF THE DICKENS' PEOPLE.



ONE must admit the word *Novel* has wonderfully expanded and variegated its meaning, since the days when it suggested simply an extraordinary hero and a still more extraordinary heroine, both blessed with an exceptional faculty of getting into difficulties, and an equally exceptional faculty of getting out of them. Not so very long ago, when our mothers and fathers were lassies and laddies, the little word *Novel*—only five letters—was the verbal lever by which the eloquent shoulder and eye-brow of the modern Pharisee were elevated to a phenomenally high point of dubious interrogation; while their owner launched out on a sea of mathematical calculation as to the number of degenerate youth who lived, thought and acted in harmony with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle*. Now, however, whether it be because of a decrease of Pharisaical shoulders and eyebrows, or an increase of common sense, i. e. of practical experience, I know not, but certain it is, the *novel* has been given a dignified place in literature, and is universally recognized as the popular vehicle of even philosophical and theological thought, as well as the analysis of human life, under all possible conditions of time, place and rank. We have now the religious, the philosophical, the psychological, the historical, the romantic, the realistic, aye the mystic novel—refer to Marie Corelli for the latter—but seriously speaking, there's a Newman, there's Dr. Wm. F. Barry among the novelists, as well as James Lane Allen, John Oliver Hobbes,—oh! but what's the use of specifying? Still this paper is special in its purport as the heading indicates—the others may come and they may go, but Dickens is forever. No matter how Mr. Howells may scowl upon us, Dickens with all his faults, will outlive Mr. Howells, etc. It is even safe to say no novelist ever enjoyed such a wide popularity as Charles Dickens; no writer surely has ever equalled him in the power of awakening the sympathy and reaching the heart of the multitude, and of proving that the multitude has a heart.

From the day the Jolly Pickwickians commenced their wanderings in search of adventure, and the delighted public had learned to expect, almost anything in the line of quaint humour from the original and irreverent "Comersal" to the last pen-stroke in "Edwin Drood," the popularity of Dickens was unquestioned.

Biographical details, in connection with a writer so generally known, are obviously unnecessary. Nevertheless with a reverence for *facts* worthy of the literal "grad grind," it may be well to touch upon a few details just now. We all know that Charles Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth on the seventh of February 1812, and we all fear it is only too true, his father, John Dickens, was the exponent of that class of individuals whose principal object in life is to keep the generosity of friends in a healthy state of activity :—a class existing under protest and only consenting to exist at all on condition that they be allowed to breathe the transcendental atmosphere of poetical irresponsibility. Indeed, the father of Charles Dickens very likely is the prototype of the unsophisticated and *urbane* "Wilkins Micawber," the sanguinity of whose character enabled him to spend half his life in "waiting for something to turn up," and the other half in cultivating a tender, pathetic epistolary style, well-calculated to open the heart and purse of unsuspecting humanity. Poor "Mr. Jellyby's" sole claim to distinction, we must remember, was—in being the husband of the philanthropic "Mrs. Jellyby" So Mrs. Dickens seems to have courted celebrity—only as being the wife of the ostentatious Mr. D., and the possessor of a sample copy of the extraordinary, inverted church-steeple style of waist known as "wasp-like." It is doubtless to the poverty and general wretchedness of Dickens' early life, and to his familiarity with the shadowy side of London, that we are indebted for the most graphic description that has ever been given to the literary world. Possessed of an unusual faculty of observation, and a habit of noticing the most trifling objects of every-day life, nothing is deemed unworthy of consideration. Everything from a cob-web to a rusty nail becomes interesting when touched by his magic pen, but woe betide his imitators ! We wonder at his power when we find ourselves listening—almost against our will—with breathless

attention to the discourse of an argumentative tea-kettle and cricket ; all our sympathies being enlisted on the side of the cricket—the cheery little fairy of “ Dot’s ” hearthstone. Even an old mat becomes transformed into a thing of interest, when we are told that “ being too old for a *mat*, it had directed its industry into another channel and taken to tripping people up.” Such writing as that would have given the classics of Queen Anne’s time a fit,—ending possibly in the surrender of the ghost—but in Queen Victoria’s time, we not only endure such nonsense, but we love it (in Dickens), we put up with Dickens’ exaggerations, because they are not wilful, but rather the result of an over-rich fancy. If he has caricatured American spread-eagleism in “ General Choke,” he has burlesqued English brag in “ Podsnap,” and proved that for pure, unadulterated bombast the Englishman takes, not only the *cake* but the whole *bakery*. The truth of all this is an excuse for the slang, besides, the above assertion is not mine, I remember having heard a lecturer who hailed from *Boston* say that ;—said lecturer was of medium height, decidedly portly and undecidedly grey, spectacled as to eyes, and (will I say it ?) “ stiggins-like ” as to nose, he impressed me as being just the sort of person for the subject, but dear me, where am I ? I was speaking of Dickens’ exaggeration. This lecturer, by the way, did not think “ Do the boy’s Hall ” at all exaggerated, and even if it is a digression, I must put down here an anecdote of an impossible boy who, upon being asked to name the books of the Old Testament, answered : Genesis, Geometry, Numbers, Astronomy, Deuteronomy, Botany, Judges, Luke and Songs.” So there might be just such a boy in the wonderful school of Old Squeers. Another excuse for Dickens’ exaggeration may be found in his enthusiasm, which sometimes runs away with his judgment. Enthusiasm ! what would life be without it ? Saltless cold potato-ism. I think it is the vinegar and mustard of life. “ Hooroar ! ” for enthusiasm and enthusiasts, and down with the animated ciphers, who feel in exact measure, or in semi-tones ! But let me slide back to my first intent. Among the many truths Dickens teaches, none is more obvious than that there is something beautiful and something worthy of our kindly consideration underneath the most

unprepossessing exterior, "Young Baily," for instance. Who can help feeling interested in the precocious youth as he flashes into our mental vision with his æsthetic green-baize apron and the thrilling announcement: "The wittles is up!" Nearly all of Dickens' characters were pen-portraits of individuals he had either known or heard of. The emphatic "Baythorn," in *Bleak House*, was suggested to Dickens by the character of his friend and admirer, Walter Savage Landor, to the fury of whose superlatives, we owe one of the most delightfully whimsical of Dickens' creations. The indolently genteel and distressingly polished "Turveydrop" is supposed to be a caricature of the elder Dickens; "Esther Summerson" bears a slight resemblance to a sister of a protegee of Charles Lamb, charming, unsophisticated, unworldly! "Harold Skimpale" was an exaggerated illustration of Leigh Hunt's manner of conversing, whose gay ostentatious humoring of a subject appealed to Dickens' love of the odd and the whimsical. We all know that it was Dickens' failure to secure an international copyright that gave rise to a bilious state of feeling that soon found vent in "American Notes" and in "Martin Chuzzlewit," two books of unquestionable popularity even yet in the United States. Never does his humor seem to be called into play with greater relish than when directed against the foibles of Americans, but only such Americans as Mr. Howells withhold forgiveness, and it is safe to quote, even in the city of Penn, Dickens' impression of Philadelphia. "It is a handsome city," he says, "but distractingly regular. After walking about for an hour or more I felt I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen and the rim of my hat to expand beneath its Quakerly influence, my hair shrunk into a sleek, short crop; my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane over against the market-place and of making a large fortune by speculating in corn came over me involuntarily."

Notwithstanding the fact that Dickens seems to have understood women better than Thackeray, he has given us no ideals, unless some people claim "Little Nell" as one; the women characters of Dickens' creation might be classed as positive and negative, though it would be no easy matter to know just where to

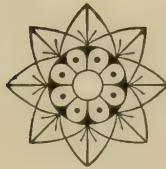
draw the dividing line, since few of his women are bad, many are good, and some were intended for ideals. Brisk, busy "Dame Durden," with her jingling keys and her marvellous faculty of turning away the "east wind," shares with "Little Nell" the honor of heading the positive list. Then there is charming "Ruth Pinch;" how heartily we share her anxiety for the success of that wonderful beefsteak pudding, undertaken with secret trepidation, for Tom's own particular enjoyment. Our solicitude is materially increased when, in answer to Tom's enthusiastically expressed liking for the article in question, modest little Ruth says: "Yes, my dear, that's excellent, but if it should happen not to come out quite right the first time, if it should happen not to be a pudding exactly, but should turn out a stew or a soup or something of that kind you'll not be vexed, Tom, will you?" Now, what sort of a monster would Tom or any other man be who would dare to allude to his mother's cooking in the hearing of such a dear creature as Ruth? "Kate Nickleby;" in pleasant contrast to the voluble "Mrs. Nickleby." "Dot," the carrier's cheery little wife; "Miss Pross," tender of heart though crimson of aspect and fierce of demeanor; "Peggotty," whose complexion resembled the "red velvet footstool in the best parlor," and whose emotions defied buttons in a way most "surprizin," as "Mrs. Gamp" would say, are all admirable in their several ways, though indeed overdone and underdone (as the critics like it). That "mercenary little wretch," "Bella Wilfer," would deserve a place of honor in the negative list if her devotion to the "Cherubic Pa" and her ability to supply "R. W." with quantities of balm of Gilead at the shortest possible notice, did not force us to regard her as one of the most delightful of Dickens' foolish virgins. Unselfish "Little Dorrit," beautiful in her devotion to the "ten year old Maggy," is equal to a whole volume of sermons, and with the artistic, yellow-turbaned, curl-papered, good-natured "Miss La Creery" deserves to close the affirmative list. The gloomily reminiscent "Mrs. Wilfer," revelling in self-complacent misery and dragging the relevant "R. W." into the same condition, is chiefly admirable for doing everything to the "Dead March in Saul." The lugubrious female named the "Cherub" swept, dusted, washed dishes, made beds, talked, ate and thought to the

strains of the "Dead March," and was altogether a most oppressive domestic hum-bug ! "Mrs. Sairy Gamp" occupies a conspicuous place among the most disagreeable of the women in the Dickens' world, and is one for whom, despite the recommendation of the illusive "Mrs. Harris," we feel nothing but disgust from first to last." "Miggs," "the servant of all work," is a startling individual of peculiar views, and one who delights in exclaiming : "I hopes, I hates and despises both myself and all my fellow creeturs." "Mrs. Nickleby," a lady of fog-enveloped details, is at all times and on all subjects, interesting, having a happy knack of being vaguely reminiscent and leaving her auditors completely in the dark as to her meaning.

In spite of his realism, Dickens has written passages full of poetic feeling, those particularly relating to the death of "Little Nell," "Little Joe," "Sydney Carton," etc. There is no need now to plead for the good his pen has accomplished in crying down abuses and abolishing shams. George Macdonald seems to have expressed Dickens' thought when he says : "If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

M.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900.



LABOR UNIONS AND STRIKES.



NOW that international strife has for the time being ceased, seemingly that the nineteenth century may peacefully fall into history, the great labor question forces itself into prominence. The subject is an old one, but is at present especially deserving of notice, owing to the widespread organization of one of the parties, and the industrial wars which that organization has made possible. It is a question which relates directly to the two great classes of our population, the employer and the employed. They now stand more isolated than ever in the history of commerce, and the most peaceful existing relation between them is nothing more or less than armed truce, which, with sufficient cause, may at any moment be broken, thereby causing disaster not only to the contestants, but also to the public, of which the poorer class would be the more seriously affected. The growth of centralized capital as exemplified in the trusts, a product of the present century, and of trades-unions, which are potent factors in every country with any claim to commercial importance, renders the conflict all the more bitter.

In this age of combined capitalists the toiler would, if unorganized be entirely at their mercy—and mercy is a quality conspicuously absent in the majority of them. It is past all question of a doubt that organization among laboring men is an absolute necessity ; it is merely opposing force to force, for self-preservation. We shall for a time scrutinize the pages of history, that we may better grasp the relations which capital has borne to labor through the lapse of centuries.

We first meet the laborer as a serf, who although not a slave, was by no means a free man, being subject to his lord and master, and receiving from him a protection, which even if given through selfish motives, was none the less genuine.

About the year twelve hundred and sixty, we find the mechanic, whose position was about the same as that of the serf. He had no political rights until he became a member of a guild. Ownership of property was necessary for entrance into one of

these organisations, and this was the bridge between thralldom and freedom. These guilds were the first examples of union among the laboring classes. They have frequently been represented as identical with the unions of our day ; however, the latter are organisations of workers against their masters, while the former were confederations of masters as well as of men against outsiders. The serf of the centuries past did not enjoy liberty ; yet his serfdom was to some extent a blessing and his position was on the whole much better than that of the free pauper of our day, whose freedom is frequently his burden. As Carlyle says " Liberty I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine." History tells us too that the golden age of British labor was in the fifteenth century some time previous to the Reformation, when the worker received ample wages and in old age had the protection of the monastery or parish church, while the mechanic had his guild which protected him when his interests were endangered, supported him when sick, and buried him when dead. It also looked after the maintenance of his widow and family.

This "golden age" was too good to last. We now come to the wholesale confiscations of the reign of Henry VIII., when the properties of the monasteries and guilds were seized, thereby robbing the working class of their only support and comfort. As a natural consequence misery was everywhere manifest, and crime was greatly increased. The institutions which formerly consoled the toiler now merely mocked his misery. Under this infamous system the generations of English laborers and artisans worked out their existence till the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when all laws circumscribing their liberty were finally repealed. Now the workingman "stood on the borderland of a future brighter than his 'good old times' had ever been—one of independence, comfort, and a high civility unknown to his forefathers. He has crossed the Atlantic, and to-day on this American soil he confronts the capitalist with all the confidence, pluck, and zeal born of freedom and the strength of numbers.

Under these favorable circumstances we can readily understand the almost incredible growth of trades-unionism, which forms a veritable net-work all over the United States and Canada.

In every city, town and hamlet, with any pretension to commercial importance, you will find protective associations of the working people. Unfortunately many of these organizations are not what they should be ; they are frequently guided by men who harm more than they benefit any cause to which they lend their energies. Workingmen cannot be too faithful in their adherence to the wise advice of Cardinal Gibbons : "They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends or convert it into a political engine. They should also be jealous of their reputation and of the good name of the rank and file of the society as well as its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community."

The ruling spirit of all trades organizations, that they may be a benefit instead of a menace to humanity, must be religion. This fact Pope Leo emphasizes in his encyclical on the condition of labor. The Holy Father thus speaks : "Let our associations, then, look first and before all to God ; let religious instruction have therein a foremost place, each one being carefully taught what is his duty to God, what to believe, what to hope for, and how to work out his salvation, and let all be warned and fortified with especial solitude against wrong opinion and false teaching."

The first object of trades-unions is to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number of those for whose benefit they are instituted. This is in fact the aim of all organizations having the good of the people at heart. In order to attain this noble end, they must discourage everything tending to create race, class or creed animosity, which in itself is one of the greatest curses of the present time. They should strive also to ameliorate the relations existing between employers and employed, which can alone be effected by a complete understanding between the two parties. They cannot exist without each other's aid ; the life of the one depends on the life of the other, and the welfare of the State depends upon the prosperity of both. Therefore we conclude that

the State may, and at times, must interfere for the preservation of itself.

These advanced times call for education, and labor associations must heed the summons, the sound of which is, day by day, becoming more distinct and unmistakable. The imperative need of education can readily be understood when we consider that capitalists are both educated and rich, and would be an irresistible force were they not met by educated labor. Labor associations should not forget that their mission is to care for the toiler, both intellectually and physically. Capital strengthened by education and multiplied by organization can alone be counteracted by labor combined and educated. The laborer must always bear in mind that capital represents ability, and that if the riches of the world are in the hands of a few, obvious it is that these few are men of ability; they are the great productive agents, whilst labor is merely instrumental in the production. Mr. Mallock thus defines both. "Labor, he says, is that kind of industrial exertion which is applied to one task at a time only, and while so applied, begins and ends with that task; as distinguished from ability, which influences simultaneously an indefinite number of tasks."

Undoubtedly these labor unions could, owing to the power of the ballot, dominate over capital; but would such a course be to the interests of toiling humanity, whose welfare is, or should be, the sole object of united labor? Emphatically no: since by so doing they would rule that from which they derive their very existence—Ability. In relation to capital labor should endeavor to elevate its position without injuring that to which it owes its existence. I quote the words of Mr. Mallock: "It will to the laborer be far more encouraging, to feel that the problem before him is not how to undermine a vast system which is hostile to him, and which though often attacked, has never yet been subverted, but merely to accommodate more completely to his needs a system which has been, and is, constantly working in his favor." In passing we must make mention of an evil which, although it has not as yet assumed formidable proportions, should be checked before it becomes dangerously active. That evil is Socialism, the doctrine of the discontented, who would if permitted better their

own condition at the expense of their more fortunate brothers, by depriving them of that which their own ability produced. Unions should note that inequality of fortune is a natural result of inequality of condition and Socialism being a false doctrine should not be countenanced by them.

The crowning achievement of organized workers has been governmental recognition of the working man's rights. In Canada we have our minister of labor who recently offered his services as arbiter of the Valleyfield strike. New Zealand has its Board of Arbitration which has challenged the admiration of the world. The English Government consults the National Association of United Trades on all matters which affect the interests of the workingman. When we consider that in Great Britain there are 1,330 unions with 12,807 branches, and a total membership of 1,487,562, having a balance on hand of about \$18,000,000, we are not surprised that the Government curries the favor of such a power. We see the laboring interests represented in parliament, where their wrongs are voiced by unbiased minds. This is certainly the most potent influence that has yet worked in favor of the toiling millions.

Our daily journals have for the past year been filled with accounts of strikes, with their invariable accompaniments of misery, starvation and outrage. It is appalling to think that after all these centuries of the world's history, men must war with men for the bare necessities of life. The question now arises: Are strikes ever lawful? And what are the features of an unlawful industrial war? We shall consider the circumstances which render a strike lawful and in some instances imperative. When the toiler feels that his earnings are not such as will allow him and his family to live not only comfortably but more particularly in a manner becoming a Christian, and when we consider that the toiler has a soul to be saved as well as a body to be fed, who will question his right to protest? When we learn that the wages in some districts are so meagre that the laborer has to send his children, young though they be, either to the mine where their undeveloped bodies are subjected to the most trying labor, or to the factory, where their innocent minds absorb the often-times immoral atmosphere

of these modern money-making institutions who will deny to the unfortunate working man the only available means of righting his wrongs—the strike. With such a state of affairs existing, there is no longer a question of right or wrong ; he must as a Christian refer his wrongs to the stern arbitrament of the strike.

Another most reasonable cause, which frequently occasions these strikes, is that of an overlong working day. Such, if report be true, is the eleven hour day of the Hazleton coal miners, whose work is “the most severe that the hands of man perform anywhere on the earth ; it bows the frame beyond the power of muscles to straighten it.” These men are at least entitled to an eight hour day. Nine hours should be the maximum number for the class of work generally performed by the laborer, especially when he has any intention of educating himself, and in our day education is a real necessity. Let us suppose the working day is not too long, and that the wages in themselves are ample, the price of provisions may be raised, thus depreciating the value of the laboringman’s wages. This rise is often the result of national prosperity, and it is often the work of our latter day trusts. Men who combine to rob the poor toiler of the conveniences and even of the necessities of life, who deprive him of fuel in winter, of ice in summer, and of bread all the year round, are as criminal as many of the inmates of our prisons.

Strikes are invariable causes of great loss both to employer and employee, and they sometimes develop into general riot and bloodshed, as was the case in the recent trouble at Valleyfield, where several of the strikers and many of the militia were severely injured. As this strike was characterized by violence it was unlawful. That the reader may know what it means to carry on one of these industrial wars, I shall give a few figures. The New York Cigar Makers’ strike which lasted many months cost over thirty thousand dollars a week to sustain the seven thousand five hundred men involved in it. The great Hazelton coal miners’ strike caused a loss of \$2,288,000 to the miners and \$2,000,000 to the operators. It lasted twenty-seven days, and there were engaged in it 137,000 strikers, which is more than twice the population of the City of Ottawa. The strike resulted in a ten per cent. increase

in wages, and the influence of the United Mine Workers' Union was greatly increased.

Is there not a means of avoiding all this unnecessary expense, not to speak of the bloodshed, starvation and outrage which so frequently disgrace labor troubles? Arbitration is certainly the most available remedy. New Zealand has of late years acquired a reputation for the earnest attempts she has made to solve the disputes of the labor world. This country passed the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act in the year 1894. This Act makes arbitration compulsory and therein lies the secret of its success. No strike or lock-out in connection with organized labor has occurred since the institution of this law. The working classes have always been favored by the Arbitration Board, which fact speaks well for the impartiality of its members. Since this law has been so beneficial to commerce in New Zealand there is no doubt that it would work equally well in Canada. If we had compulsory arbitration, the ten strikes which took place in the month of October alone, involving a loss both to capital and labor, would have been unnecessary and impossible. The capitalist and the laborer were not intended by God to be distinct classes of men, antagonistic to each other. They were created with a closer bond between them than mere wages ; these men are brothers. Compulsory arbitration would do much towards fostering a fraternal spirit between them and precluding future strife. It would, to some extent at least, realize the dream of the poet,—

“ Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.”

OWEN MCGARVEY.

Third Form.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

FEAST DEC. 21ST.

PATRON SAINT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.



HOLD him none the lesser for the dust
Of earthliness that clouded his high dreams,
If shining armour bear a trace of rust
It still the warrior's honoured use beseems.

From out the twelve, he Thomas seems to stand,
A figure full of love and full of zeal ;
The lustrous eye, the tender, eager hand
Bespeak his ardent will to serve and heal.

A pathos clings about the gospel word
That paints of him the mistrust and the doubt,
As if the struggle in his heart one heard
And felt its sadness pulsing in and out.

“ Unless I see.” A groping through the mist
Of feeble earth-sight for the sight complete ;
A love that would defiantly insist
In making realms of earth and heaven meet

Within the precincts of our mortal sphere ;
All this, the doubt and agony unfold
As agonies of our modern times, in fear
That belief might fail therein, sneering unfaith hold.


Too much he sought, and yet I hold it dear
The cry of love, without demand or terms—
“ My Lord and my God !” Heart and life are here
As off’ring made, and fullest faith affirms.

So in these days of ours that long and reach
For sweetness and for light beyond our ken,
May Thomas in his wisdom's fulness teach
The trustfulness that bringeth peace to men.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900.

M. L.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

“ MERRY Christmas ! ” Every heart-string thrills as the hearty, joyful salutation is exchanged. Every body and everything proclaim throughout the land : A Merry Christmas. The white-haired man, the stripling, the rich in his festive hall, the poor, forlorn being on the street corner ; the wise man in his sanctum, the matron, the lisping child—all— ; the merry jingling of bells, the majestic gait of steeds, the joyous shouts, the glowing features, the laughing eyes, the hearty hand-shake, the embrace, the kiss ; even nature herself, with her snow-covered bosom, her cold, biting, withering gale—every body and everything proclaim with resounding voice throughout the land : “ A hearty and a merry Christmas ! ”

But hold ! Not so ; in a distant corner of America’s rolling prairie lands ; in a lonely, isolated habitation, evidently the abode of some vaquero, lies a savage-looking individual, the terror of the West. Deep sighs and groans strangely intermingled with menaces and curses manifest the terrible suffering of the miserable being in the hut. The night is inky black, the wind howls and tears across the plain, and shakes the old log cabin as if threatening to carry it off contents and all ; now there is a lull and all is quiet. The hands of a dusty, dilapidated clock are fast verging toward the little figures.

Between the fitful gusts of the cold, north-eastern gale comes the sound of Yule chimes, now swelling, now falling in a rough though touching “ Gloria in Excelsis Deo.” The wounded cowboy hears. A groan and a curse is his only answer ; but somehow, the sounds seem to affect him as he turns toward a few smouldering embers which faintly light the room. The last note had tremulously died away, a peculiar change comes over the lonely cow-herd. Why those gushing tears ? Why those sorrowful features so alien to the cruel, threatening face of a few moments ago ? Was he thinking of a loving family and Christmas hearth ? Of the joy and happiness of more fortunate mortals ? The dawn of Christmas was indeed inauspicious for the poor, fretful soul in the prairie-hut and as the recollections of the past flitted through

his mind, the tears trickled down his swarthy cheeks. Heaving another deep, despairing sigh, he turned in his bed. Outside, the wind wailed and howled, and entering through cracks and crevices, threatened to rend the rafters.

The scene now shifts northward to a neighboring ranch where one of the long, low, narrow buildings which flank a deep ravine serves as a chapel. A number of small candles twinkle about the altar as so many stray stars, while close by is a rude representation of the grotto of Bethlehem. Two red lights are conspicuous near the Infant Jesus. Groups of cow-boys, ranchers and semi-savages silently converse in front of the building. Soon, the bells that a few moments before, had touched the heart of the wretched sufferer in the hut, ring out their warning. The brave, heroic, self-denying missionary is at the altar, and all cluster around to hear midnight Mass in their own peculiar fashion. Mass is finished ; the crowd has dispersed. The night is still pitch dark ; the air cold and pinching, though the wind has abated. Not a sound disturbs the solemn tranquillity of the chapel, except the low murmuring of the priest at the feet of Mother Mary.

Suddenly, the outer door of the barn is noiselessly pushed open and the burly form of a man with bushy beard and blood-shot eyes, a brace of fierce-looking revolvers and a murderous bowie-knife fastened around his waist, strides across the floor. The projection of his shadow on the wall is so magnified in the dimly lighted chapel that it attracts the missionary's attention. Thus unexpectedly interrupted, the priest hastily rises. The wild-looking stranger falls on his knees. "Father," he cries, in deep contrition, "behold at your feet the most miserable of cow-boys. Yesterday I fatally stabbed a comrade during a game of poker. Ever since I have been haunted by all sorts of evil spirits and tormented by the worm of conscience. Forgive me, Father ! In the name of little Jesus yonder, forgive me ! I was carried away by the heat of passion. I had been plucked, cheated and cleaned out completely ; a desperate thought flashed through my mind—the dreadful deed was done....O Father, Father, do forgive me !" And the murderous-looking cow-boy opened the flood-gates of copious and long pent-up tears. Could the generous, compassionate missionary remain deaf to such a heartrending appeal ?

Lifting the penitent from the floor, the warm-hearted priest cheered him as best he could. "Quick, Father, hear my confession," said the cow-boy, with husky, sob-broken voice, "for another poor soul in a shanty hard by requires your assistance. Ah! what a doleful Christmas is mine!"

His confession ended and a fervent prayer offered at the lowly crib, the cow-boy beckoned the Father to follow him. Out into the sharp, chilly night they went, trudging along at a quick pace to keep their blood heated as well as to avoid the approaching snow-storm. Faint streaks of gray straggling along the distant eastern horizon seemed to presage the dawn of a memorable Christmas. Memorable! Ay, indeed!—though sad!

Arriving at the snow-covered shanty of his wounded comrade the cow-boy peered through the frosty window. The fire was out, the house in darkness; but right under the sill he could see the form of his victim, still lying in the position he had left him. To reach the door, to enter and gain the sick man's side was the work of but a moment. The guide busied himself about the fire and the general arrangement of the room, while the dusty old time-piece on the wall with its energetic, wondering tick..... tack, tick..... tack, served to welcome the visitors. "He breathes rapidly and painfully," muttered the missionary, "and will not live long." Again, the warning timepiece echoes ominously through the night, distinct as a passing foot-step's fall—tick, tack, tick, tack..... "The clock ticks slower than before," mused the cow-boy. Just then, the wounded man turned on his left side, heaved a deep sigh and in a rough though sincere voice, exclaimed: "How beautiful! See the little Saviour and listen to the heavenly strains! 'Peace on earth to men of good will' they sing..... Well.... . well, I too wish for peace..... My Jesus, forgive me as I forgive my enemies.... I shiver and I feel my end is drawing near Ah, could I but shake his hand and wish him a Merry Christmas..... Ten years ago..... yes..... ten years ago, those merry, merry bells of Yule controlled me!"... and sorrowful tears streamed down his cheeks. The guide was looking from the window at the noiseless work of the skies,

"Heaping fields and highways
With silence deep and white."

Down his cheeks too, rolled the tears large and fast, and the clock seemed to tick slower than ever.

Slowly, the sick man opened his eyes. Bewildered at first by the ruddy blaze on the hearth, it was some time before he was conscious of the presence of the much wished for priest. A sunny smile illumined his features but on beholding the cow-boy who had accompanied the priest, it vanished into a deep scowl and the sick man placed a doubtful hand on his revolver. The impulse however was but momentary, and he turned eagerly to the priest: "Father," said he, humbly, penitently, "have mercy on me! I am dying! In a dream little Jesus whispered me that I would pass Christmas in heaven"... Then with an effort, "I forgive my friend yonder with all my heart," and calling the cow-boy to him, he said in a rough, familiar, weak though loving voice: "Fred..... dear Fred don't cry I wish you a mer....ry..... Christ !..... m !....." The clock said tick—and stopped: four o'clock. The last word of the moribund had died away into the sweetest smile, while the dilapidated time-piece seemed to have lost its purpose in life and stared silently and blankly at every body and everything in the room.

“ Just when the sun in all his state,
Illumined the eastern skies,
He passed through 'Xmas' morning gate
And walked in Paradise.”

W, CHAPUT, '03.



THE PULP INDUSTRY OF CANADA.



WOOD was first used for making paper, during the war of Secession, when the prices of so many articles rose to a point almost beyond the reach of the masses. In their search for cheap materials, paper-manufacturers began to substitute paper "stock" made from wood, for the product of rags. The use of wood fibre was limited at first by the fact that all its processes were patented, and by the slow progress of knowledge in the use of the new material. But with the increasing demand for paper and the improvements in the machinery used, capitalists quickly became interested in new investments and a new era was opened up for the industry. Not only did it spread through the Northern States, but a revolution was wrought in the industry itself by wonderful advancement in the methods of manufacture.

The new grade of paper was for some time produced only for the press, the reduction in cost enabling publishers to cut down the prices of their daily issues, and this lowering of price has gone on, until now, the poorest wage-earner is able generally to buy his daily journal without feeling the price to be a burden.

With the rapid development of the industry came the question of wood supply. The spruce forests in proximity to the mills soon disappeared, and the mill-owners were thus forced to seek for the material in more remote districts. The farther removed the forests were from the manufacturing centres, the cheaper could the pulp-manufacturer buy his limits. The question lay then between buying limits at enormous sums near home, or purchasing them for a much smaller sum further north but with the additional cost of transportation. The latter it appears was always the more profitable, and shrewd business men soon crossed the border and bought up limits in the great forests along the Ottawa river and its tributaries, and in Quebec.

Another inducement which led the capitalist to buy Canadian pulp-wood was the comparative cheapness of labor in getting it cut. Thus our first ideas about making paper from pulp were derived from the operations of getting out the spruce and shipping

it to mills on the American side. Even to this day, the export of the spruce-wood across the line is very great, although many of the manufacturers have erected new mills on their Canadian limits. The export for last year amounted to some \$809,795. The recent law passed by the Ontario government prohibiting further exportation, as a protection to the home manufacture, will likely have the effect of compelling more of the capitalists to build their factories on this side. Quebec, also, with the same intention has lately levied a very heavy tax on all trees cut down, to be manufactured outside of the Province.

The industry of manufacturing the pulp, although comparatively new in Canada, is progressing almost as fast as it did on the American side some years ago. The development of the industry has had the effect of imparting value to timber lands that were formerly worthless. Thus where the lumbermen made a fortune some years ago by taking out the best timber and leaving behind what they thought of very little value, the pulp manufacturers are to-day reaping a rich harvest from the same forests. They buy up these areas abandoned by the lumbermen and build their mills on a suitable site for hydraulic power, very often in towns where the lumber mills are still in operation, and thus the place again assumes the hum and prosperity it had in the palmy days of the lumber trade.

It was only five years ago that Mr. Clergue, now known as the uncrowned King of Northern Ontario, started the first of those mills where the useful and the picturesque are so happily blended, that it is doubtful whether anywhere else in the world such a group of industrial buildings can be found. One of these mills is the largest in the world, turning out some 150 tons of wood-pulp a day. The increased demand for paper and the other products of the pulp has given this great impetus to the trade. Besides furnishing the paper whereon the world's news is printed, all kinds and qualities of paper are made from pulp. Within the last few years millions of dollars have been spent annually in the new paper-making plants. The cost of production is now only a small fraction of what it was in the United States some fifteen years ago, the chief factor in the change being the constant improvement in the process of manufacture.

The total production of wood pulp for 1899 in Canada was estimated at \$1,272,276. Besides this native production, Canadian forests furnished wood to the American mills to the amount already quoted, and sent some to the mills in Great Britain. The production for this year will be much in excess of this owing to the great number of new mills recently put into operation. The value of the pulp shipped to Great Britain last year was \$671,704, and to the United States \$578,329, showing that most of our wood-pulp is manufactured into paper in these two countries.

Some of our pulp-makers are, however, paper manufacturers as well, and on a very large scale ; the most extensive being the E. B. Eddy Company of Hull, whose mammoth establishment was destroyed in the late disastrous fire. Besides the different kinds of paper the company made pails, tubs, and many other articles from the product of the pulp.

The size of the wood used must suit the machinery in the mill, varying from 7 to 18 inches in diameter, and in length from 2 to 4 feet. This is the case in mills where "mechanical" pulp is made. There is, however, another process, known as the "sulphite" or "chemical," which is rapidly replacing the former. The first step in the manufacture by the "mechanical" method is to take the bark off. For this purpose the blocks are put into the "barker," which removes all the outer bark. The block of wood is then ready for the "grinder," a grindstone of superior quality, and reaching sometimes to twenty-four inches in thickness. When the wood is thrown into the iron hood which covers the "grinder" it is forced against the stone by pistons, operated by hydraulic force, and water is introduced in such a manner as to keep the wood from becoming ignited as the grinder revolves. This machine grinds the wood into a product called "mechanical" pulp, the cheapest kind of wood-pulp. The ground substance is next dropped into an agitator where the fine wood-fibre is separated from the coarse by means of a screen, and afterwards run through a "wet-machine," which gathers it up on the face of a woollen felt or blanket and presses it into layers, about an eighth of an inch in thickness. These "laps" are folded into compact shape, and piled on each other until a bundle is formed weighing

100 lbs., being one-third pulp and two-thirds water, it never having been found practicable until quite recently, to press out all the water. The honor of inventing the new process of making dry pulp belongs to Mr. Clergue and his associates at the "Soo." In some mills the proportion of water in each 100 lbs. bundle of pulp had been reduced to nearly one-half, the advantage being a saving in freight when the pulp was shipped to a paper-mill. Large paper-making plants as a rule grind their own pulp, and in many instances, pump it directly into the mixing "engines," thus saving all expense of maintaining and operating wet machines and pressing into "laps." However, in most of our pulp mills the article is simply manufactured into this coarse state and shipped to paper-manufacturers.

Roughly estimating, it can be stated that a cord of good, sound spruce-wood will produce a ton of ground wood-pulp. About 200 horse-power is required in grinding 3 tons of ground wood-pulp in 24 hours, the figures varying, of course, with the quality of the wood and the kind of machinery used.

The "sulphite" or "chemical" method is now being adopted by all the best and most modern mills. The wood is cut by a saw into small pieces, or cut into chips and placed in huge boilers or "digesters" containing the proper proportions of steam and product of sulphur. In this way, the fibres are disintegrated instead of being rubbed and pulled apart, as in the grinding process and their full strength is retained. The manufacture of sulphite-fibre cannot be carried on profitably except on a large scale.

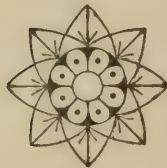
In making paper the quality depends upon the percentage of wood-pulp, sulphite-fibre and rags used. The cheap grades of paper are made chiefly from wood-pulp; the middle grades contain more sulphite-fibre or chemical pulp, and the higher grades a small percentage of sulphite-fibre and rags. Some of the most progressive manufacturers make all their paper from the wood-pulp and sulphite-fibre alone.

In the mixing "engines" of a paper-mill, the constituents required in making the paper, are thoroughly mixed in a certain proportion, the pulp being again thoroughly re-dissolved into a milky liquid. After being properly colored it is passed along through various pipes and vats until it reaches the paper machine

proper. Here it is run over plates and wires to a proper thickness, and passed over a succession of rollers which squeeze and dry out the water and cause the sheet to be formed. The paper machines are of enormous length and height, and of delicate mechanism. The large ones destroyed by the fire in Mr. Eddy's mills cost \$45,000 a-piece. They are run day and night, except Sunday. Each machine turns out several miles of paper per hour. The width of these machines varies from 100 to 140 inches. At the end of each machine are stacks of heavy steel rollers, over and between which the paper passes until it acquires the proper smoothness.

Considering that some day Canada must supply a large portion of the world's requirements so far as pulp and paper are concerned, and that she is just now beginning to experience a great "boom" in the pulp trade, it behooves the Provincial governments to pass restrictive measures in time, with regard to preserving the spruce-wood supply. This has been found necessary many years ago in most of the European countries where paper is made from pulp; the largest manufacturing corporations of the United States have introduced the German system of cutting only trees of a certain diameter, and thus allowing the sapplings to grow.

T. E. DAY, '03.



AFTER MANY DAYS.

MRS. G. A. PALMER.



REALLY am obliged to you for bringing back my book,
It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more
to look,

It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you,
When life was young and hope was fair—and this old book was new !

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume wore
The day it first attracted me at Fitch and Billings' store,
And also I remember how I could not buy, unless
I practised some economy in articles of dress.

Nor have I yet forgotten how my foolish heart beat higher,
At owning what my cultured friends must certainly admire ;
And vividly I recollect you called around that day,
Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away !

To-day it comes to me again, across the lapse of time,
Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their prime.
O man ! O book ! The years go by and leave you both, alack !
With faded color, worn insides—a weakness of the back.

Excuse these foolish tears ; they come unbidden as I find
The finger marks, a silent proof of service to mankind.
Old book, you need a rest, but 'ere you're laid upon the shelf,
Just try to hang together till I read you through myself.

Selected.

THE FIRST OF THE HERMITS.

FEAST JAN. 15TH.



HERE is a charm to the mind of a Christian in the lives of the Fathers of the Desert unlike any other which the whole range of literature affords. The mind dwells upon the lives of those holy solitaries, with somewhat of the enjoyment, which the tired traveller over the desert must experience, while he rests for a time in a fair and fruitful oasis. Who does not feel attracted towards the Fathers of the Desert? Is there one who has never felt inclined to imitate them, to break away from the worry and bustle and din, from the vanity and deceit and hollowness of this world, to live and commune with God and God's creation? But the dream of a moment was not the call of grace, and we live on in the busy world. God calls souls to serve Him in many and various ways; and the eremitical or solitary state is one of these. Of course it is well understood, as the staid and sober Butler takes care to observe, "that an entire solitude and sequestration of self from human society, after the manner of the early solitaries, is one of those *extraordinary* ways by which God leads souls to Himself, and is more worthy of our admiration than calculated for imitation and practice."

St. Paul, who has the honor to be called the First Hermit, was born of wealthy Christian parents in the lower Thebais, a province of Egypt. In his fifteenth year he had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents, thus becoming at an early age the inheritor of their wealth. When the persecution of Decius against the Christians broke out, Paul retired to a country house till the storm should blow over; but a covetous relative, casting an eye upon the young man's wealth, determined to denounce him as a Christian. Paul received timely notice of his danger and quitted his retreat for a safer one, turning his steps this time towards the desert of Thebais, confident of being secure in the wilderness. St. Denis, who was bishop of Alexandria at the time of this persecution, writes that it drove many into the deserts and mountains,

where great numbers perished from hunger or sickness, or fell a prey to robbers and wild beasts. Paul took up his temporary abode in a ruined fortress. "Egypt was a country of ruins," says Father Dalgairns. "The hermit could live in a tomb sleeping with his head on a mummy for his pillow, as St. Macarius did once in his travels. He could find an old castle once a Roman station, then a den of coiners, with St. Paul. Or, like the monks of Metanea, he could take up his abode in many a ruined temple, undisturbed by the avenues of stony-eyed sphinxes looking down upon him in his prayers, or by the long procession of brightly-colored figures of Egyptian men and women on the walls." The young and fervent Christian gradually became enamored of his solitude, and he who had fled from a speedy martyrdom at the hands of violent persecutors, devoted himself in his solitude to a life-long martyrdom of penance. "There is a strange attraction to solitude in the Christian soul," says the writer just quoted. None have ever made any progress in perfection without feeling a longing to break away from men, and to be alone with God. This yearning for solitude could not fail to show itself early in the history of the Church; and it might almost have been prophesied that it would appear first in Egypt. The Nile valley is but one narrow strip of green rescued out of the sandy desert. Close upon the beautiful cities, swarming with life, centres of commerce for the Jew, of learning for the Greek, of easy living and frantic joys for every race under the sun, lay the sands of the solitary wilderness. A Christian soul could not long withstand the temptation of flying away like a dove, of escaping out of this den of wickedness, into the endless expanse of silent solitude. Not even the solemn chants and the gorgeous ceremonies of the majestic church of Athanasius could lure the wanderer back. There was every requisite for a hermit life. In the two limestone ranges, on each side of the broad resistless river, in the rocky walls of the gorges which brought the desert sands close upon the stream, were numberless caves, ready made for the solitary. "Above all," adds this charming writer, the hermit would, "in almost all cases, be at no great distance from the many villages bordering on the Nile, or even from a town. The monks could thus combine two things

apparently impossible—the proximity of the sacraments and the solitude of the desert.”

For ninety years St. Paul lived in his solitude. Near the end of his days he was visited by the holy patriarch St. Anthony, who journeyed a long distance to look upon this wonder of prayer and penance—the First of the Hermits. Anthony beheld an aged man whose white hairs fell upon a body emaciated by age and the austerities of penance, and who looked more like a living skeleton than a man. “What are men doing now?” queried the hermit. “Do they still build new houses in their old cities? What master do they obey? And do they still persecute the Christians?” When St. Anthony returned to his own monastery he exclaimed: “Woe to me a sinner, who deserve not to bear the name of a religious man! I have seen Elias; I have seen John in the wilderness; I have seen with truth Paul in Paradise.” On a second visit St. Anthony found the inanimate body of the holy hermit in the posture of one at prayer, kneeling, with uplifted hands. St. Anthony buried the body of his friend with great respect. Two lions came from the wilderness and digged the grave wherein one saint laid the body of another.

The sceptical man of the world—the worldling simply—may shrug his shoulders or smile at the lives of the Fathers of the Desert; but St. Jerome, a most distinguished name in ecclesiastical history, wrote the life of the First Hermit; and St. Athanasius, a fearless bishop of Alexandria, was the friend of the great solitary St. Anthony and subsequently became his biographer. St. Jerome and St. Athanasius did not write old wives’ fables. Since the days of Jerome and Athanasius many biographies have appeared, many lives of great men and many more of little men, have been written and read and forgotten in those fifteen hundred years, but the lives of the Fathers of the Desert are still read, and the lesson taught by their simple, holy lives, is still powerful to elevate men’s minds and hearts above material things.

M. D. N.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. IV.

DECEMBER, 1900.

Vol. III.

CHRISTMAS.

The season of Christmas is at hand. Holy and wholesome memories crowd upon the Christian mind. We seem to be lifted into a new world, to breathe a new atmosphere, and so indeed it is. Our spirit that cannot be circumscribed by space and that knows neither lapse nor limitation of time has transported us to the land of Judea, and makes us feel contemporary with the shepherds of Beit Saour. Let us listen with the shepherds to the words of the angel: "This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." Let us hear the song of the multitude of heavenly spirits: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of goodwill." With these words in our ears let us with the shepherds go over to Bethlehem. Let us look upon the Infant God lying in the manger, and while we gaze let our hearts go out to him in love.

No festival in all the year so appeals to the heart alike of young and old as that of Christmas. How comes it that the birth of an infant can, even two thousand years after the event, be a subject of joy to millions of hearts, can brighten and make glad even the most desolate of homes? How came it also to pass that the advent of this infant was looked for and waited for and longed for by the world for thousands of years? These two facts are beyond accounting for on any other assumption than that the world was lost and that this infant came to be its Saviour: "This day is born to you a Saviour." How well, too, has the event fulfilled the prophecy of the angel that the birth of the Saviour should be a subject of joy "to all the people."

In the hallowed phrase "A Merry Christmas," the REVIEW wishes all its readers much joy during this holy season. To the students who will spend the holidays at home, to their less fortunate fellows who will remain at the University, to the old boys of the old times, to all our readers, even (in the exuberance of our good nature) to our delinquent subscribers—even to them, we wish A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE UNIVERSITY'S GUESTS

The Paulist Fathers—Rev. Elias Younan and Rev. Wm. L. Sullivan—who have been conducting a mission in St. Joseph's Church, have been for a few weeks the guests of the University. The Reverend Fathers have won golden opinions for themselves both from members of the faculty and from the student body. We were not surprised to hear that the mission given by them was a great success; their zeal for souls and their spirit of self-sacrifice have been so evident from the beginning, that it was a foregone conclusion their work would be abundantly blessed. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was present at several services of the mission, and we are assured that he entertains the highest regard for the good Fathers. His Excellency was especially pleased with the mission to non-Catholics, with the manner in which it was conducted, and with the signal success which attended it. At the closing of the non-Catholic mission both His Excellency and the Archbishop of Ottawa were present.

The students had the pleasure of hearing both the missionary Fathers preach in the University chapel ; many of them also were allowed to attend several of the mission sermons: May the good work carried on by the Paulists be always abundantly blessed.

RE-OPENING DAY.

The students who are going home for the holidays will do well to bear in mind the necessity of returning in good time. To preclude all late-coming and the disorder consequent thereon, there is a standing decree of the University that no student returning after January 7th will be re-admitted.

NOTICE.

Through a mistake as regrettable as it is inexcusable the present volume of the REVIEW has been numbered the fourth, whereas it is only the third. The error is corrected in this number. It can be harmful only to those who bind the numbers at the end of the year, and we trust this notice will not escape their attention. It was only after an exciting search for the third volume that we discovered this mistake.

OBITUARY.

The student body was grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. J. E. Valin, of this city, which occurred on Wednesday, November 28th. To our fellow students, Messrs. Aimée and Eugène Valin, and the other members of the bereaved family, the Review extends the most sincere sympathy of the faculty and students. *Requiescat in pace.*

VARIOUS.

It is a hopeful sign of the times in France when a distinguished Archbishop, Mgr. Mignot, thus addresses his clergy :

“Let us be wide awake in the interests of truth. Do not let us be always refractory to new ideas. Instead of condemning too readily new ideas with which we happen to be unacquainted let us rather say with Gamaliel: ‘If this be of men it will fall to nothing; but if it be of God you are not able to destroy it.’ Do not let us live exclusively in the past. As a rule we do not like going out of our beaten track in the intellectual order, any more than in the ordinary business of life. Let us be on our guard lest what we take to be zeal for the glory of God be not in reality mental apathy and obstinacy. Do not let us sit down while the world is going on” There are other prelates in France of the type of Mgr. Mignot.

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* *

In the days preceding the general election we heard a great deal of some intangible, wonderful thing called “the machine.” It is probable that by the next general election “the machine” will be a real visible entity. There has been patented in England an invention to facilitate voting and the counting of votes. *Chumbers’s Journal* says of the new invention: “This is a machine which its contriver claims to fulfil all, and more than all, the provisions and intentions of the Ballot Act, in enabling a voter to record his vote without any chance of blunder and in absolute secrecy. Each voter passes through a turnstile and finds himself in a small chamber, where facing him is a row of handles above each of which is the name of a candidate. He pulls the handle of the man he wishes to vote for, an action which at once locks all the other handles; and as he passes out of another turnstile the handle he has moved returns to its place, and his vote is printed upon a travelling roll of paper. The votes are printed in consecutive numbers so that the last one recorded for each candidate gives the total of his poll, and thus no counting is necessary.”

*
* *

The Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy is well known to readers of the *Ave Maria* as a charming writer. “The Virginity of Holy Mary” is a theme worthy of his pen. His articles on that subject which are appearing in the *Ave Maria* must have the effect of fostering reverence and love for our Lady, even in those who already believe, with the Catholic Church, in her virginity.

Notices of Books.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

It is a matter of congratulation that true criticism is still the important feature of the College press. Though this department has been omitted by some, and by others carried on in a more or less heartless and spiritless manner that deters readers from looking at such pages, yet it is a fact worthy of note that so many of the fraternity afford their clientele of readers such honest, impartial and original criticism. And the College magazine that can not maintain independent work in this department, will speedily relegate itself out of the publishing world. Derelict in his duty would be the critic, who sacrifices his independent attitude by a superficial examination of a work, for such would be to an intelligent reader only a mere advertisement for the publishing house.

The true critic gives his best, independent of religious, national or other considerations, and thus true merit will always be appreciated and error vigorously denounced. The extravagances and inconsistencies of a Canadian writer, are just as reprehensible as similar faults would be when found in the works of an American author. Neither are American publishers to be bowed to with obsequious deference, nor Canadian firms to be acknowledged with any extra degree of fear or of reverence. No such criticism as "too Canadian, too Catholic," etc., would then catch the eye of the reader. False criticism injures the reviewer, misleads the publisher, and deceives the reader.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING: By Gilbert Parker, Geo. Morang & Co., Toronto.

That Gilbert Parker has a distinct claim on the appreciation of readers is evidenced by the eagerness and avidity with which his novels have been received. Meritorious indeed, have been his works as a Canadian litterateur and generous has been the appreciation of thousands of readers who have enjoyed that series which "The Lane that had no Turning," now brings to a close. Appearing at a time too when the national question threatens to break

the bond which unites the diversified elements of our population, this novel seems almost to have a providential mission to unite the two great races in Canada. The author is ever faithful to nature and true to life in depicting French Canadian life and characters, deferential and respectful to their clergy, and interests his readers without any sacrifice of the dramatic intensity which is characteristic of all the novels of this series. There is a breath of sympathy with the people described, a true and just portrayal of their virtues and, when necessary, a gentle yet effective reproof of their few faults. The volume at hand consists of the main story "The Lane that had no Turning" and fifteen short sketches which have an additional charm and interest since they are the tendons as it were of the plot which had its inception in his remarkably clever novel "When Valmond Come to Ponctiac." Now, as "human nature is very human," Mr. Parker's work is not free from censure. Reprehensible indeed, is the sentimentalism which seems to halo the death of Racine as found in the closing chapter of the main story. The passing of a soul "unhousell'd, disappointed and unanel'd," is a matter of terrible importance to Catholics, and hence the suicide should have appeared censurable to readers. Again we protest against bringing in the Irish brogue in connection with a description of a renegade, uncouth, vice ridden Catholic who might claim Ireland as the birthplace of his ancestors. Some inaccuracies in his description of Catholic practices appear in this volume, but the critic should be indulgent when the author is of a religion different to that held by the people he presents to us in this volume. All facts being considered, Gilbert Parker well merits the success he has achieved.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS: By Katherine E. Conway. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Way of the World and Other Ways" is one of those few remarkable novels that appeal to the heart with irresistible fascination and charm. By it we are translated from the sordid things of life and raised to the realms where the true and the beautiful of God's creation hold a superior power over the erring thoughts and doings of mankind. We become conscious that

each of us has a noble mission to fulfil in life and to its accomplishment each of us must direct our energies. Leaving aside the novel and bearing in mind its moral teaching, we thank God that life with truth and justice is worth living. "Done to death by slanderous tongues" conveys the moral lesson that this novel teaches. A reticent, over-cautious girl, the idle gossip of fashionable society leaders endeavoring to fathom the mystery which surrounds this young girl's engagement, her want of prudence in its concealment even from her dearest friends, the slanderous tongues of "Our Set" estranging her from her lover, and finally the reconciliation of the estranged couple, form the woof which a skilful artist has woven into a novel of real life. Esther Ward, the leading character of the story, is a noble type of woman. Religious, intellectual, affectionate, keeping the even tenor of her way regardless of the affectations and caprices of what this world terms society. She, however, lacks prudence in her reticence, for life's battle can not be fought single-handed. The secrecy of her engagement to Arthur Esmond and everything appertaining to it give motive power to wagging tongues. The machinations of "those women who do not scruple to chatter 'just between ourselves you know,' about other people's business and family affairs and misfortunes," result in the sudden estrangement of the lovers. Esther Ward's cup of sorrow overflows with bitterness. The night of darkness which covers this period of her life is at times illumined by the attentions of a few devoted friends. Yet her great heart breaks under the weight of those afflictions of the soul and the agonies of her secret, lonely sorrow. The shadow of death is upon Esther Ward. A tragic climax is reached, but the skilful dramatic power of the author turns it for a grand and necessary effect. This is most important, for this last chapter is the only one where some true knowledge of Arthur Esmond's character may be found. Ere this we know him as a clever business man, cautious, truthful and generous; then as the rash, jealous and estranged lover. His reconciliation at the death-bed, when consciousness has almost flit the soul of Esther, unfolds the nobler part of his character to our view. The two grand lessons taught by this book—charity towards our neighbors and the sinfulness of "slanderous gossip," appeal with mighty force at this

festive season of the year. We wish this truly admirable work every success.

JOURNALISTIC GERMAN : Edited by August Prehn, Ph. D., Columbia Grammar School, New York. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This little volume, which is written in German, but printed in Roman characters, has for its object, as the preface indicates, to provide reading material for young students of German. The selections are well made and the various topics treated are always interesting. The style throughout is simple. The volume must be intended for students, not of German nationality ; for these latter would not agree with some statements made in the preface concerning weak points in German literature. If the author had consulted *Geschichte der Deutschen National Litteratur*, by G. Brugier, he would perhaps have drawn some different conclusions. As a class text-book the work should well suit its purpose. In exterior make up and appearance *Journalistic German* is of that kind for which the American Book Co. is well and favorably known.

Books Received.

SELECTED LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE. American Book Co. New York.

A TROUBLED HEART AND HOW IT WAS COMFORTED AT LAST. The Ave Maria. Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO FOR 1901.

THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball.

MADAME THÉRÈSE. By Erckmann-Chatrian. American Book Co., New York.



Among the Magazines.

The agreeable combination of utility and pleasure that is found in this month's *Catholic World* makes it highly commendable for holiday reading. The leading paper, *The Latest Word on the*

Temporal Power of the Pope, by Rev. Humphrey Moynihan, D.D., will claim the attention of Catholic readers in general. From the fact that the Vatican extended condolences to the Italian nation at Humbert's assassination, the rumor was set afloat that Leo had yielded to the Italian claims. The time was ill-suited for contention, the Vatican, however, in order to define its real position, was forced to break silence and reassert its rights, denouncing again the spoliation of the Papal territory. Dexterously availing himself of the interest excited by the events of last August, Rev. Dr. Moynihan places before the public, in clear and cogent terms, the salient points of the Roman Question. Arguing for the necessity of the temporal freedom of the pope in exercising his spiritual jurisdiction, the writer has this to say :

“ The Church is essentially a sovereign and complete society, possessing its own organization and laws, and having to do with the moral and spiritual interests of mankind. At its head is one who is the Universal Teacher of Christendom. The spiritual ruler of many nations cannot be the vassal or dependent of a government ; the man who guides the destinies of a mighty spiritual empire, standing for justice and righteousness amongst the nations and rulers of nations, must be independent of political control. Independence is the very breath of life of a moral power. ‘ Let the very enemies of the Temporal Power of the Apostolic See,’ wrote Pius IX, ‘ say with what confidence and respect they would receive the exhortations, advice, orders, and decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff if they beheld him subject to the will of a prince or government.’ The Pope must be above suspicion. His authority must not be neutralized by mistrust as to his motives or uncertainty as to his freedom of action. If Leo XIII, were but the first subject of the new King of Italy, he would ere long be regarded as the instrument of a government, and his decrees would be scanned for evidences of Quirinal diplomacy. Other nations would not turn to him with that unquestioning confidence which is due to the Father of the Faithful. Sooner or later the Roman Pontiff would be no better than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who exercises spiritual jurisdiction only under the shadow of a sceptre, and the Church Catholic would shrink to the limits and the servitude of a national institution.”

The Missionary Movement in the Anglican Church, is an examination of Fr. Ragey's *Missions Anglicanes* from the pen of Rev. W. L. Sullivan, C. S. P. Describing the wonderful activity displayed by the Anglican propaganda, the writer appeals to us Catholics to emulate the Anglicans' deeds of generosity and to shake off the apathy with which we have been regarding the spread of our religion. Fr. Sullivan holds that far from taunting the English Churchmen with their fruitless expenditure in proselytizing, we should, without indulging in their error, admire their zeal and ardently pray God to restore them to the true fold. What a field of missionary activity is to be found throughout the English-speaking world! It is to call the attention of Catholics, both lay and clerical, to this grand prospect that Fr. Sullivan has written his paper. Mr. T. F. Healey presents in *The Development and not the Evolution of Dogma* a trenchant critique of Prof. Levi L. Paine's *Evolution of Trinitarianism*. Mr. Paine, like some of his religious confrères, totally ignores the Catholic Church as a factor in solving the problems of Christianity. This seems puerile when we consider that the Catholic Church far outnumbers the combined branches of Protestantism. Mr. Paine goes further still, and speaks of Christianity as if comprising Protestantism alone. For this he receives a well-merited rebuke from the writer of the article before us. It seems to be very true that present-day philosophy and theology can be summed up in the word "Evolution." Hence being a theologian of the times, Mr. Paine maintains that for the proper understanding of theology a knowledge of the workings of the law of "historical evolution" is imperatively requisite. Theology, he tells us, has passed through three stages of evolution—development, cyclic changes, reaction and revolution. The fabric that he rests on these foundations Mr. Healey demolishes entirely. That there has been a development, *i.e.*, an outgrowth from the germinal doctrines of Scripture, the writer admits. But that this development has had its cycles and cataclysms he denies absolutely. Mr. Healey's purpose is to disprove the application of the law of "historical evolution" to theology, and this he does in a very masterly way. The fiction of the present number is of no mean standard. *By Grace of the Governor-Elect*, by Miss A. E. O'Hara, has for theme the joy-diffusing spirit

of Christmas-time. *The Regimentals* is a catchy story of the time of the American Revolution.

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In the current number of the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., contributes an absorbingly interesting paper on the religious status of France. "Will France turn Protestant?" is answered in the negative, and in support of his view he marshals up very conclusive arguments. French Protestantism, he tells us, is decaying numerically. A century ago it boasted of 2,000,000 members, to-day it can claim but 650,000 adherents. Another reason for the decline of Protestantism in France is the existence of party rancor between the orthodox and liberal camps. The latter, by identifying themselves with the atheists and free-thinkers, have been reprobated by their orthodox brethren. The evangelization of France—the aim of Protestants—means, as Fr. Campbell observes, simply the overthrow of Christianity. This is proved by the words of Eugène Réveillaud, the general agent of the Tract Society, who in his plan of crusade against Catholicism calls for "anything and everything, no matter how iniquitous, to destroy what faith there is in the world beyond. As Catholics are the only ones who are found to cherish that belief, there must be a united movement to destroy them. This is what is meant by the evangelization of France." France might perhaps be de-Catholicized but never will it become Protestant, for as Paul Bourget says: "For the last hundred years, when a Frenchman ceased to be a Catholic he ceased to be a Christian."

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The Dominicana (San Francisco) gives promise of attaining a respectable rank among the magazines. The contents of the November number include papers by Eliza Allen Starr, Rt. Rev. J. M. Farley and Rev. J. R. Newell, O.P. Bishop Farley's contribution, *Why Church Property Should Not be Taxed*, is particularly noteworthy.

Exchanges

Dante still claims the attention of *Victorian* essayists. "The Spirituality of the Purgatorio" is dealt with in the November issue in a somewhat short but carefully prepared paper. A thoughtful study of Byron throws a strong light upon one of the strangest characters of the century, one in whom were combined the best and worst in human nature. The chief excellence of Byron as a poet the writer considers to be his originality.

* * *

The *Tamarack* contains a comprehensive discussion of "The Filipino Question," which is well worth reading. The writer endeavors to prove "that it is the duty of the United States to grant independence to the inhabitants of the Philippine islands," considered constitutionally as well as from the point of view of the welfare of both nations. Several shorter contributions are fairly well-written but devoid of much interest. The editorials are able and important. Moreover they are the work of members of the editorial board, a fact which some other papers would do well to take note of.

* * *

The *St. Joseph's Collegian* furnishes several good essays in the November number. "The Old Classics" is a sensible and timely plea for the study of Greek and Latin, which some would fain deprive of their "eminent and commanding place in our higher education." Thomas Jefferson is the subject of an appreciative character sketch entitled "An Ideal American."

* * *

"Resolved, that the annexation of Canada to the United States would be beneficial to both countries." A negative view of this debate is published in the *Mountaineer*, and it naturally had considerable interest for us. The question is treated quite thoroughly and, a few unimportant points excepted, very accurately. The arguments brought forward are clear-cut and forcible and prove beyond a doubt that annexation would not be beneficial to

either country. Stress is laid upon the fact that Canada is to-day just as contented and prosperous as her neighbor, and that she would gain nothing, therefore, if annexed. "Whose Name Was Writ in Water" refers to one who, sad to say, has been almost entirely forgotten, even by his own countrymen—the brilliant but unfortunate Irish poet, James C. Mangan. It is a touching sketch of the untimely ruin by multiplied troubles of a noble intellect and promising career.

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"The French Colonel's Story" in the *Purple* is superior to the average short story in the college magazine, although one or two passages struck us as rather crude. Reminiscences are always pleasant reading and those of "Quilldriver" can be enjoyed even by one who never saw Holy Cross. The series of "Letters to Living Writers" which was such a notable feature of the *Purple* last year has been discontinued, but in the current number we find the beginning of a similar one-sided correspondence with the immortals of old. The "Letter to Horace" evidences a close acquaintance with the works of the great Roman poet and a keen eye for their chief beauties. "Up the Mediterranean" is another very readable article. It affords much interesting information concerning Catholic progress in Syria.



Of Local Interest.

The season of rejoicing is near at hand and with it come the ever welcome holidays. The eagerness with which the time for departure is looked for indicates the pleasure that each one anticipates. We hope that all will enjoy a well earned rest and extend our best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

The boards have been laid for the rink and we are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of hard frost to cover it with ice for us. However, the rink committee will find it difficult to have good skating if they do not receive willing and ample assistance from the rest of the students. Let each one be ready then to handle the shovel when called upon.

The opening lecture of the Scientific Society was delivered by J. T. Warnock, '01, on the subject "Meteorological Phenomena" in the Academic Hall on Thursday, 20th ult. A large audience attended. Messrs. Nolan and Magnan filled the intermissions with pleasing vocal and instrumental selections.

On the 6th instant Mr. J. O. Dowd, '03 read an interesting paper before the society on "Caves and Caverns." The treatise was well prepared and contained a splendid description of the formation of limestone caves of which there are some striking examples near Ottawa.

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The Senior Debating Society has once more been organised, the following being the management;—Director, Prof. T. Horrigan, M. A.; Pres., J. T. Warnock; Secretary, W. A. Martin; Councillors: J. O. Dowd, J. J. O'Gorman, W. Callaghan. The committee are striving to make this a successful year for the Club yet they will fail utterly if the members are not always willing to lend a helping hand. Attend all the meetings therefore and be ever ready to speak on the question under discussion.

The interests of the French Debating Society will this year be looked after by Director, Rev. G. Gauvreau, O. M. I.; Pres., M. U. Valiquet; Vice-President, R. Lapointe; Secretary, J. Lebeau; and Committee: E. Richard, G. Garand, R. Filiatreault. May success attend their efforts.

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The French Dramatic Society presented on Monday, the 3rd instant, two very laughable comedies entitled "Le Grondeur," and "Les Petits Pages et Triboulet." Both were well staged.

The casts were as follows:—

LE GRONDEUR.

M. Grichard, a doctor..R. Lapointe.
Barnabe } the doctor's U. Boucher.
Auguste } sons - A. Pepin.
Ariste, lawyer and brother to M. Grichard...O. Pepin.
M. Mamurra, Auguste's professor.....A. Gaboury.
Lolive, a valet of M. GrichardC. Seguin.
Jasmin, a valet of Ariste.O. Cloutier.
Flambard, Lolive's friendZ. Milette.

A dancing master, a professor of music and others.

LES PETITS PAGES ET TRIBOULET.

Triboulet, — the King's jester.....O. Cloutier.
Roger—the King's page.J. Coté.
Jehan—PageW. Baril.
Yoes — "A. Bastien.
Inguerrand —Page.....A. Pepin.
Gaston—Page....L. Lane.
Adhemar—Page.....A. Arcand.
Raoul—PageH. Legault.

Between the acts Valentine's orchestra entertained with some excellent selections.

* *

Nov. 30th, St. Andrew's Day was fittingly observed by those who claim Old Scotia as fatherland. The "gathering of the Clans" took place in the evening behind closed doors, however, and even our reporter would not be admitted. He therefore applied his all-seeing orb to the key-hole but alas! was betrayed by an irrepressible sneeze. It (the key-hole not the sneeze) was immediately plugged up but not before he had caught a glimpse of the scene within. What a picturesque sight met his eyes! Kilts, hose, tartans and bare knees! He had the good fortune to witness the graceful evolutions of Angus as he danced the Highland Fling to Ozzie's beautiful accompaniment on the bag-pipes. What occurred after this must be imagined. The only information vouchsafed by those who were present related to the speeches of the evening. They were as follows:—"Scottish Poets,"—Bobby Burns, jr.; "Mac or Mc," Charlie; "Highland Lassies,"—John J.; "Scottish Farmers,"—Alex. Auld Lang Syne, sung by all, con-

cluded the evening's programme.

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A joint stock company under the renowned name of Vanderbilt We Us & Co., has been formed to protect the rights of foreigners.

* *

The A. O. H. (Ancient Order of *Hebrews*) is now in full swing, an excellent management controlling. The following are the officers:—President, Isaac Philipstein; Secretary, Pontius Pilate; Treasurer, Abraham St. Peter; Committee:—Jacob Busy-Nit and Moses Pocket.

* *

Prof.—"Ad illam difficultatem..."

Jim (excited).—"Nego."

Prof.—"Do you deny that?"

Jim (gaining confidence).—"Concedo."

Prof.—"You concede that!"

Jim (in desperation).—"I'm rattled but I'd like to deny the argument."

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Since joining the ranks of the Externs D—v—s's presence is known only by his depredations on Hotel de Ville.

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New books for the library:—"Shaving Under difficulties or

The Mysterious Pumpkin," by
J. R. G—b—l—n ; "The New
Kaiser," by U. V—l—q—t ;
"(Dabb)ling in Love Affairs," by
H. C—n—ly ; and "Fine Points
in Crokinole," by F. F—nch.

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After being spanked Mac felt
a pain, later on the *pane* felt
him.

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* *

A myriad-eyed people.—The
Thousand I(s)landers.

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Hast heard ye of our minstrel boy
Who in St. Patrick's find his sphere,
'Tis Tommy Tobin of Third Form
Of solemn walk but ludicrous leer.

He may not shine in class room, no,
This joker with the light brown hair
But in a negro minstrel show
Our "Dniky" Tobin is "all there."

With bony form and ghastly smile
With collar high and large cravat
Appears the Third Form minstrel boy
His motto is "laugh and grow fat."

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* *

INSEPARABLES.

Bobby and the bed.
McSwiggen and A. C. Hew.
S—p—o and his pants.
Dic. and the foot-ball.

G. O. O'Kin and Nick Carter.
Ric and his 'tache.
Hong and hard work.
The Count and the pie-store.

*
* *

Examination !
Mark low !
Teacher cross ?
Think so.

Examination !
Mark high !
Teacher smiles,
So do I.

Examinations !
Our lot !
Do we like 'em
Think not.

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* *

INFORMATION GLEANED FROM EXAMS.

"God permitted David to dye
before he built the temple."

"Hercules was killed by a
poisoned tart,"

Teacher :—Johnnie, what is
elocution ?

Johnnie :—(thinking of elec-
trocutation) one way they have of
killing people.

(Ex.)

Athletics.

The ninth annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held on Dec. 1 in Montreal. The O. U. A. A. was represented by Messrs. T. F. Clancy, '98, and T. G. Morris, '01. We are pleased to state that at that meeting "King" Clancy was appointed President of the Union for the coming year. Mr. Clancy's long and successful career on the football field has made him worthy of the position he now occupies, and we have every reason to believe that under his leadership the Union will flourish.

The other officers of the Union are: 1st Vice-President, Mr. Allan Rankin, Britannia; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. A. G. Bowie of Brockville; Sec.-Treas., Mr. E. Herbert Brown of Montreal.

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The Third Football Team

passed through the season without a defeat. They played in all five games: Juniorate, 7—5; 8—8; Emeralds, 1—1; Tigers, 4—1, 4—2. The team is composed of the following: Smith, George, Blate, Nolan (Capt.), McDonald, Heston, Fallon, Gabriels, Burns, Macdonell, Lonergan, King, Taillon, Gillies, McCormac, Dowd and Gleason.

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The Fourth Team was almost as successful, having registered against it only one loss: Juniors, 4—3, Tigers II, 11—1; Juniorate II, 3—5. Dorion Rheaume captained the team at quarter, and the other players were: J. O'Donahue, H. Smith, Donovan, Chenier, Phillips, Sheridan, O'Neil, Armstrong, Lapointe, Déchêne, Leonard, Meagher, Marshall and Dupuis.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. E. P. Gleeson, '98, was a welcome visitor to the Sanctum last month.

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J. J. Quilty, '97, and J. Ryan, '97, will be raised to the priest-

hood at Montreal on the occasion of the annual Christmas ordinations.

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Mr. Denis Murphy, '92, M.P.P., Yale, B.C., was mar-

ried on Nov. 16th to Miss C. Maude Cameron, one of Cornwall's talented young ladies. The ceremony was performed at Cornwall by Rev. W. J. Murphy, '88, O.M.I., brother of the groom, assisted by Vicar-General Corbett. The REVIEW wishes the young couple many long years of wedded bliss.

Guy Poupore, ex '02, was in the city attending the funeral of his sister Mrs. Monck on the 10th inst. * *

We had a pleasant call from A. Ross, ex '01, who has quite recovered from his recent illness. This was "Sandy's" first visit since his trip to the Klondike, and his many friends were glad to see him.

Junior Department,

We scarce deem it necessary to remind the small boys that the Christmas holidays are on the verge of dawning, for long before this have they gathered in camp to complain of the slowness of Nature's time-piece and to recount the joys and pleasures in store for them at home. We therefore offer them the heartfelt compliments of the season and again express the hope that the Babe of Bethlehem will shower upon each Junior the liberality of his gifts both spiritual and temporal.

* *

On Tuesday, December 4th, the sodality of the Holy Angels held a very impressive meeting in the University chapel. His Excellency Monsignor Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, at the invitation of Rev. Father Benoit, kindly deigned to preside over the assembly of young boys. After receiving eighty-one new members into the sodality, His

Excellency delivered a short instruction on the Angels. He described the dignity of these ministering spirits and exhorted the boys to imitate them in their obedience and love of God.

The ceremony terminated with solemn benediction by Rev. Father Benoit.

We feel in duty bound to thank Rev. Father Lambert for the grand musical treat that he prepared for us on this occasion. Nor must we forget to extend our congratulations to Messrs. Mulligan and Legault for the artistic taste they displayed in decorating the High Altar and the Guardian Angel statue.

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"PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES" OF
LILLIPUT.

The Junior Editor is slightly offended over the omission made in the article entitled "Precocious Geniuses" of the November issue of the REVIEW. Said writer travelled through-

out Europe to find material for his essay, whereas in our very midst we have Kings, Dwarfs and Mummies among the small fry of our own small yard. Those who have risen from a state of nonentity to greatness, fame and glory by the sheer force of their own premature genius and laziness are all between the age of one and ten.

There is that agricultural representative from up the Creek, of pumpkin fame, with winning smile and brawn and might, once one of the lowest in this democratic mob, now the foremost idol and king in football circles. This in the short space of three months! *Floan* to heights untold!

Again, where does there exist a mate for Mike from Gatineau Point—Irish as any son of Erin's Isle, accused of stealthily kissing the Blarney Stone and still closely allied to *Pepin*, king of the Francs.

Here's another *Cas-eh?* *More-an* that other. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries have not reached the height of pugilistic fame. After years of perseverance and downfalls they cannot be compared to our Nick, the would-be vanquisher of Belinguette with about ten minutes' practice. One word only was to be heard

among the extraordinary mid-gets after this combat for championship honors—He's a *Peach-eh?* A *Peach eh?*

And then our singers. Did any one ever hear the like of the boy wonder from Marquette? *Tout le monde* (translated, all the world) declared his rendering of *En roulant ma boule, ma boule*, before the audience assembled to hear him, equally comparable to Patti at her best. Jim never practised either, before the night of the performance.

As for Lapointe, there is no one like him for lifting a *dumb-bell*.

Then there's that member of the Cantley contingent. Such eyes! Good eye Flem! Where is the astronomer can talk angles and angle-worms with him? Four years old! But Clout...er! He after one performance made such a reputation for himself that he has been engaged for the next circus that strikes the town.

Now there are men who have excited the admiration of the world in acrobatic feats when awake, but where is the country that can point with pride to a wonderful babe who can make a leap for life when asleep?

Behold S. C. Himmel, the boy orator! He professes him-

self competent of enlightening hoary-headed philosophers on all things astronomical, theological, geological, biological, monkiological; and the other fellow with one hundred words a minute and who eats pies between syllables.

Mull again says he's not certain that he saw the cars; but he has an uncle that surely did. Wonderful for such black eyes.

Our own dear Tommy, born in Winnipeg where the bill of fare consists of canned cyclones and wasted tornadoes, had acquired the language of silence before he was two days old, and in the short space of one month he was such a master of the hieroglyphics of child language that his own nurse declared him a marvel. There are others, but their names shall be recorded only in the big book of wonders and curiosities. This book may be purchased at the sanctum for the small sum of ten cents. It has already entered its twenty-fifth edition.

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On December 2nd, an interesting snow-ball charge was made upon the senior forts. As usual the Juniors destroyed the senior's fortresses and carried off many prisoners.

We invite the admirers of the

Junior football team to come and see their group picture. It is now on exhibition in the Dark Room. Admission free.

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For Christmas—A great demand for old stockings for dormitory No. 5.

If you don't know how to use your *hand-bal* for goodness sake get off the alley.

An Archangel—Gabriels.

The modest flower — The *Healy-o-trope*.

The latest ornithological discovery—A *Mulligander*.

A well re(a) student — McCarthy.

Never heard—A *Court-neigh*.

A London coachman — *Jarvais*.

A schooner's warning—Barbells.

The most savage form of society—An Indian Club.

Strung up—A Trapeze.

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The following hitherto unpublished manuscript by the younger Aesop has been unearthed from the archives of our sanctum. The manuscript will be of interest to all scholars but especially to a few whose acquaintance we are proud to claim.

A FABLE!

And it came to pass that a

learned body of scientists required a deputation to locate and report upon certain strata in Labelle county. And the members of this honorable body cogitated and resolved among themselves as to the selection of two capable men; and at last the society in its wisdom selected two who have charm and grace of language wherewith to fascinate and attract. And behold these two youths hied themselves to the distant village of Ancient Ham where they presented their credentials and were received by the good people of that place. And for them the fatted calf was killed and a great multitude came to receive them. And in that village they waited* not for the gladsome sound of the dinner bell for the proverb hath it — "Stand not upon the order of your

going," but with jöcund glee they hastened to the dining room of the good man of the place. And thus they feasted for a whole day and a whole night. And morning arose. And the justice of the good people was sorely tried by the conduct of such men. At last the mightiest man of the village arose and spoke to the people "Must ye even bring others from another city." "By me halidom t'is monstrous our treatment," quoth the older philosopher. And they with tears and farewells betook themselves home to a village higher up the river where there was a learned Sanhedrim. And the good man who looks after absentees met the older offender and demanded explanations. And forthwith these two youths were severely reprimanded.

AESOP JUNIOR.



COMMERCIAL COURSE HONOR LIST NOVEMBER 1900.

First Grade—1st, Harry Casey, 2nd, Willie Baril, 3rd, Allen Fleming, 4th, Fernand Hamel. 50 students in class.

Second Grade, Div. A—1st, Ludger Bourque, 2nd, Edgar Chevrier, 3rd, Amiele Cote, 4th, Gerald Kirwan. 32 students in class.

Second Grade, Div. B—1st, Louis P. Levesque, 2nd, John Walsh, 3rd, Joseph Casey, 4th, Ulric Boucher. 34 students in class.

Third Grade, Div. A—1st, Joseph Coupal, 2nd, Joseph A. Fortin, 3rd, Gilbert Gaudry, 4th, Frank Donovan. 30 students in class.

Third Grade, Div. B—1st, M. J. Morris, 2nd, B. Hodson, 3rd, Joseph Ranger, 4th, Percy Hodson. 24 students in class.

Fourth Grade—1st, Eugene Seguin, 2nd, Rene Lapointe, 3rd, Walter McGee, 4th, Albert Chamberland. 25 students in class.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Poetry:	
A Message to M.....	197
The Act of Union.....	198
A Sweet Singer.....	207
Poetry:	
At St. Gall, 850 A. D.....	213
Meteorological Phenomena.....	214
Sienkiewicz and his Trilogy of Polish Novels.....	221
Poetry:	
The Angelus.....	230
The Author of "Quo Vadis" on British Novelists....	232
The Leading Characters of Evangeline.....	234
Poetry:	
St. Thomas The Apostle.....	239
Daniel O'Connell.....	240
Editorials:	
Mainly About Ourselves.....	242
A Retrospect: A Prospect.....	244
The Debating Society.....	244
A Welcome and a Quotation.....	246
The Newman Centenary.....	247
Obituary.....	247
Various.....	247
Notices of Books.....	249
Among the Magazines.....	251
Exchanges.....	252
Of Local Interest.....	254
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	257
Junior Department.....	257

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Vol. III

A MESSAGE TO M.



AND when the gray-bird's song was done
I saw him fly across the snow,
While like a jewel all aglow
His wing shone in the setting sun
And made the world seem bright.
Still ever in my heart I heard
The song he sang ring word for word
Throughout the watches of the night,

Then when the morning came I said :
I have no greeting for my friend,
No costly gift that I may send,
So why not in its place instead
Send just the gray-bird's simple strain
Across the wintry world to her,
An echo as God's messenger
That through the snow he comes again.

So as I weave it take it dear,
This faulty rhyme all out of tune,
To bind together rose of June
And Christmas holly for the year,
Your summer time I may not know
My winter days you may not see,
But each is best for you and me,
Since One who loves us wills it so.

THE ACT OF UNION.



FROM the days of King John to the days of George III., Ireland was the dwelling-place of a parliament. This parliament was never an Irish parliament. Its members were chosen almost entirely from among the Anglo-Norman invaders, and its legislation was invariably prejudicial to the interests of the native population. With the advent of Protestantism and the accession to the English throne of William of Orange, the already limited representative body was reduced to still smaller dimensions by a law allowing Protestant members only to take their seat in the House. Hence, the last eight hundred years of Ireland's history are dotted by the landmarks of British tyranny—the Statutes of Kilkenny, the Penal Laws, the Act of Union. They all involved new civil relations for Ireland; they have all been sources of disasters for Ireland, and all point to England as their common originator. Let us see how this is verified in the Act of Union.

By the Act of Union Ireland lost the right to make her own laws. Henceforth she was to send her quota of representatives to swell the ranks of the British legislature, where Irish interests in common with English, Scotch, Welsh, and greater Imperial interests were to be discussed and legislated for. This measure was to be a panacea for the evils of Ireland; how then has it proved a source of disaster to her? Surely, if the vast bulk of the Irish people had no voice in their so-called legislature, could they reasonably regret its loss? Could they reasonably protest against the annexation of the parliament of Dublin with the parliament of London? What advantage would they derive from the maintenance of a legislature, the vast majority of whose members were the exclusive choice of a few landed proprietors? Should they not rather prefer a parliament in which their country would have, at least, the advantage of an adequate representation? No; bad as was her independent parliament, inadequately as she was represented therein, Ireland had reasons to cling tenaciously to her parliament. She construed the growing spirit of tolerance and reform that characterized the time, as a favorable prognostic

for the future of her parliament ; she looked forward to a day as certainly near when, the spirit of the people triumphing over the greediness of the boroughmongers, Ireland would enjoy the merited boon of a truly national parliament. The Irish people, moreover, understood too well that miserably as fared their interests in their own parliament, far less could they expect, when their affairs would be placed in the hands of a nation from whom they had received anything but sympathy.

That the apprehensions of the Irish were well founded, the history of the century just expired is conclusive proof. The facts are glaring. The Union itself was not consummated without confirming the worst fears of the people. For, not only were the Irish robbed of their parliamentary independence, but, horrible to relate ! theirs was the money that rewarded the miscreants who committed that frightful deed. From the Irish treasury, in fact, were drawn the sums that were spent on the hundred and twenty-six thousand soldiers that were maintained in the country to overawe the people ; thence Castlereagh drew the immense sums that persuaded the Irish Commons to support the Act of Union.

This however was but a prelude to the drama of injustice and iniquity that was about to begin. At the time of the Union, the national debt of Ireland, owing to the liberality of Castlereagh, was £21,000,000; while that of England was £446,000,000. By the terms of Union, England was to bear forever the burden of those four hundred and forty-six millions ; while Ireland was to stand responsible for her twenty one millions only. Have those terms of the Act been complied with ? No. To-day Ireland owes that stupendous sum. But how did this happen ? This way. The debts were to remain separate, but each nation was to contribute to the actual expenditure in a certain proportion, 2 from Ireland against 15 from England. As soon, however, as the respective debts should be brought to bear to each other the proportions of the contributions, that is to say 2 to 15, they were to be consolidated, and the two countries to be taxed indiscriminately by equal taxes. That the 2 to 15 proportion would exhaust and impoverish Ireland in a few years, no one, knowing the great poverty of Ireland at that time, could possibly deny. Many Irish lords knew the state of Ireland, and vainly protested against the 2 to 15 rate as exor-

bitant, prophesying that it would bring financial bankruptcy to the island. Never was prophecy more true. In sixteen years, Ireland's debt increased 230 per cent : whereas the debt of Great Britain increased only 66 per cent. The required proportion was reached; the debts were consolidated ; and Ireland, contrary to all sense of justice, was loaded with the enormous burden of the pre-Union debt of England. Had Irishmen the independent right to look after their own interests, would such a transaction ever have been witnessed ?

To the same iniquitous source is traced the frightful over-taxation of Ireland. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Ireland's wealth, absolute and relative, was far less than the wealth of England. So notorious, indeed, was this fact, that the promoters of the Union themselves gave it their unqualified recognition. That it was not to be ignored, in adjusting the proportion each country would have to bear of the burden of future taxation, the proportion 2 to 15 subsequently established, Castle-reagh's distinct promise in the Irish House of Commons and the Act of Union itself amply prove. For, in fact, what else did the two to fifteen proportion profess to show, but the comparative fiscal abilities of the two countries ? Does not the Act of Union expressly say that, at the end of the first twenty years during which time the above-mentioned ratio was to be law, " the future expenditure of the United Kingdom shall be defrayed in such proportion as Parliament shall deem just and reasonable " on comparison of the fiscal standings of both kingdoms ? Lord Castle-reagh stated that the measure "gave to Ireland the utmost possible security that she could not be taxed beyond the measure of her *comparative* ability ; and the rates of her contribution must ever correspond with her *relative* wealth and prosperity." Have these promises been fulfilled ? No, far from it. In the year 1790, the taxes, in Ireland, on commodities which strike the masses, were, per head, 4s.; in 1820, 11s.; in 1894, 22s.—they were doubled. In England they were in 1820, 48s ; in 1894, 24s.—they were halved. Thus, the Irish taxes, which had been under one-fourth, have become almost equal ; and this, notwithstanding the increasing relative poverty of the country. In fact, the Report of the Royal Commission on the Financial relations between Great Britain

and Ireland, in the year 1897, which was endorsed by eleven of the thirteen commissioners, found that—

“ While the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us to exceed one twentieth.”

Would a national legislature have sanctioned such wholesale robbery ?

And the population. In 1801, the population of England was 11,000,000 ; to-day she counts 34,000,000, having increased 230 per cent. Ireland had, in 1801, a population of 5,000,000 ; at present, she has 4,500,000, implying a *decrease* of 10 per cent. Where then, are the eleven millions who, proportionately, should have been added to her numbers ?

In the eighteen short years of legislative independence, which succeeded the Volunteer movement of 1781, Ireland's prosperity was such as to call forth the eulogiums of the most unwilling and competent witnesses. Commerce flourished, manufactures thrived, and the condition of the people was better. The Union with Great Britain was to continue, and even to add to this happiness, or, as Pitt expressed it, the Union “ must infuse a large portion of wealth into Ireland and supply its want of industry and capital.” How this promise was realized, let statistics show. In 1812, Ireland's capital was estimated at £563,000,000, England's being about three times as great or £1,500,000,000. In 1895, England's capital was valued at £10,000,000,000 showing an *increase* of 1,000 per cent ; at the same date, Ireland's capital amounted to £400,000,000, implying a decrease of 30 per cent.

Not less astounding is the falling off in manufactures. Between 1841 and 1891, while the population decreased 42 per cent, the manufacturing population decreased 61 per cent, and all this in striking contrast to the English manufactures, which have augmented at the same rate.

Ireland has no longer any commerce worthy of the name. She has no capital, no investments, and what income should be hers, is ignobly squandered away in France or in England by the absentee landlords and mortgagees.

Calculated, however, as is this view to stagger belief, it is far from being adequate. Poverty, penury, famines, evictions, com-

mercial stagnation are but one side of the picture. The terrible social misery and unhappiness, so prevalent in Ireland during the last hundred years, undeniably flow from the same fatal source. To what must we ascribe the rising of 1803, the insurrection of 1847-48, the Fenian organisation? Were they not the outbursts of hearts which were breaking with grief at the heartrending state of their beloved Erin? Read the draconic enactments known as Coercion Acts, which, to the incredible number of fifty two, have been put in force in Ireland during the century which has just rolled away, and say, if possible, that Ireland has been happy. Consider the standing army of policemen and soldiers which, even to-day, England's enlightened rulers feel bound to maintain in the land of St. Patrick, to overawe and keep down a race, far superior in morals and in intelligence to the people of England, and say that Ireland can be happy. Why is Ireland not heeded when she clamors for a Catholic University? Such are the facts. To what conclusion do they point? Are they not evident proof that the Act of Union has been the ruin of Ireland.

Now opens a question still more momentous than either of the two just solved. Who is responsible for all the harm that the Act of 1801 bequeathed to Ireland? Is Ireland herself responsible? Is the Parliament of Ireland responsible? Or is Pitt responsible?

To become law, the Act of Union had *first* to be carried through the Irish legislature; it had *secondly*, to get the sanction of the British Parliament, and *lastly*, it had to receive the royal assent. This being the order to be followed, it stands to reason that the final issue depended more on the Irish Parliament than on the British or on the king. For, if the measure were lost in the Irish Houses it could never become law, whereas, if it were successful there, its final triumph might be more confidently awaited. Moreover, the almost unanimity with which the measure passed through the English legislature, as well as the readiness with which George III gave it his consent, warrant the conclusion that this great transaction depended entirely upon the action of the Irish Parliament.

The Irish Parliament of those days contained two elements—the House of Lords composed of the Peers of the kingdom—the House of Commons professing to represent the people of the

country. Before a measure became law it had to pass *first* through the Commons and *then* through the Lords. Hence the Irish Commons in regard to the Act of Union, stood in the same position as did the Irish Legislature to the legislature of Great Britain ; for, if they refused to admit the Act, the House of Lords would be powerless ; whereas, if they passed the measure, its final success might be more hopefully entertained. What confirms this reasoning is the shameful alacrity with which the Irish Lords adopted the proposal for Union, even the first time it was broached. The Irish House of Commons, therefore, is to all appearances responsible for the passage of the Act of Union.

But here three suppositions are possible. The Irish House of Commons acted in conformity with the wishes of Irish people ; or on their own private convictions, or again, by the persuasion of William Pitt.

Neither of the first two suppositions can be held. To assert that the Irish Commons were guided in their action by the prevailing sentiment of the Irish people, is to misread history. In the first place, no one can legally authorize himself to act for a second party ; he must have been appointed by the party he would represent. Now, the Irish legislature was not appointed by Ireland ; it represented only a portion of the Protestant minority ; it represent nothing, as to the vast majority of its members, except a few noble families and great borough-proprietors. Therefore, it had no right to speak for the Irish nation.

But, you ask, why then if Ireland did not agree to the Union, why did she not rise as one man and denounce it ? Look at the state of the country. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended ; martial law was in force ; 126,000 soldiers swarmed over the country. Meetings called to discuss the question were dispersed by the military. Public opinion was not wanted. Menace and bribes were alike exhausted by the wily Castlereagh to keep the country from giving vent to its sentiments, in order that it would appear to the world as if Ireland gave her consent to the Union scheme.

Individuals indeed, were found, and Catholic Bishops and priests among the number, who did much to discourage resistance to the policy of Pitt, But did they act thus because they wanted

the Union? or did they conceive it their duty under the circumstances to take that course? The people were already exasperated against England on account of the outrages heaped upon them with impunity by the English soldiery, they fretted to find that they were not allowed to discuss freely the question of Union, would it not have been adding fuel to the flame to encourage them to protest against the federal scheme? Might not a new rebellion be the result, and who, then, but the Catholic Bishops and priests would be held responsible for the inevitable destruction of the whole race? Only one course lay open to them. And that one they took up all the more willingly seeing that the honor of Castlereagh, the honor of Pitt, and through him of the British nation was plighted that Catholic Emancipation would be the immediate consequence of Union.

However, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Castle to ward off all expression of public opinion prejudicial to the new measure, a few really remarkable cases are on record in which the spirit of the nation escaping the vigilance of the law, entered a vehement and unequivocal protest against this alliance with England. Four-fifths of the barristers, the most respectable and intelligent body of men outside of the clergy, declared against it. Immortal O'Connell speaking for the Catholics of Dublin (and may it not be added for the Catholics of all Ireland?) denounced in scathing terms Pitt's favorite policy and entered a solemn protest against it. "If our opposition," said he, "to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of Union were to draw upon us the revival of the penal laws, we would boldly meet a proscription and oppression, which would be the testimony of our virtue, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country." And that O'Connell's sentiments were those of the Irish people, the petition against the Act by 700,000 of his countrymen contrasted with the pro-union petition signed by scarcely 5,000 people, is the most convincing proof. Evidently then Ireland did not sigh for Union with Great Britain.

Not only, however, did the parliament of Dublin not speak the sentiments of the Green Isle, it did not speak its own convictions. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, shows that

the Castle did not want the members to speak their own mind on the question. On the contrary, it did everything to induce members to support the new Act. Castlereagh told the House of Commons to discuss the question with coolness, and then quietly dismissed from office those who had been bold enough to oppose his project. Handsome bribes were likewise resorted to as an effective means to quiet consciences or hasten conviction. So openly indeed were force and seduction used that Mr. G. Ponsonby, Sir Jonah Barrington and William Conyngham Plunkett openly accused Castlereagh of using these foul means to attain his end. The last mentioned especially was unsparing in denunciation and defied anyone in the House of Commons to deny the truth of the accusation.

Castlereagh declared that he would *compensate* all who lost patronage or interest by reason of the new Act. He officially announced, *firstly*, that every proprietor of boroughs would receive £15,000 (\$75,000) for every member he returned; *secondly*, that every member who had purchased a seat in parliament would have his purchase money repaid to him out of the treasury of Ireland; *thirdly*, that all members who were losers by the Union would be fully recompensed for their losses, and that £1,500,000 (\$7,500,000) would be devoted to this service. The price paid for Union votes alone amounted to £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000). Then forty new peerages were created and conferred as bribes; ten Anglican bishoprics, thirty new county judgeships and various other lucrative offices were likewise liberally bestowed to help on the measure.

Thus £5,000,000 (\$25,000,000) were spent by Castlereagh to pass the Act of Union. Evidently no question of conviction was involved. The national independence of the Irish people was bought and sold as so much merchandise, the people not having the power to stay the shameless proceeding, the sellers being a venal parliament composed, with a few honorable exceptions, of men the most base and sordid, the buyer being Pitt of England who took from the Irish treasury the money that wrought her ruin. The Irish people, then, are not responsible for the Act; the parliament which sat at Dublin is responsible, but its responsi-

bility is secondary when compared with the responsibility of Pitt, Prime Minister and Prime Agent.

Pitt was Prime Minister of England. He loved his country and longed to see her at the head of the world. London should dictate to the universe. But her prestige would be a myth as long as an independent parliament graced the rival city of Dublin. Perhaps he conceived it impossible that two such bodies could act in unison, and the Regency case confirmed his views. His intentions may have been honest. He hoped perhaps that both kingdoms would thrive under a common parliament. But howsoever upright and honest his intentions may be proved to be, no apology can wipe away the ignoble stains which attach to his memory in consequence of the unscrupulous means he took to carry the Union, nor in view of the facts here adduced can any reasoning remove from his shoulders the chief responsibility of the ruinous effects that flow directly from the nefarious Act of Union.

From the foregoing, therefore, we see how ill-founded are the claims of those who on the one hand maintain that the Act of Union was pregnant with vast benefits for Ireland had Irishmen co-operated to make the measure a success, and of those on the other hand who assert that, if the Act of Union has been fruitful of ruinous effects to poor Erin, Irishmen are themselves responsible.

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I., '01.



A SWEET SINGER.

POETS are not made, we are sure of that, but are nurtured. And what is the best nurture for poets? The child's soul breathed upon by certain influences will quicken the germs of poetic power, but what are those influences—apart the divine—as such; what breezes will soonest and most surely bring them to vigorous bloom? The answer to these queries cannot come to us from the practical, mechanical wise ones who are now boasting so loudly of the “triumph of reason.” While waiting for that answer let us observe that poets come out of most unlikely places. The seed, chance-sown, springs up after its kind, and grows into mignonette or morning glory, though on a heap of refuse in a cramped and neglected corner. Perhaps it takes a deeper tint or a richer fragrance from the rank elements that nourish it. But we do not look for this. The words instinctively spoken here are: How does such a flower flourish in such a spot? It is to the plant rooted in genial soil, with room to grow, that we look for large and vivid bloom, and it is to the poet nurtured under happy influences that we look for the charm that gives rest, if not forgetfulness. Such among several of the poets of the nineteenth century is the sweet singer now thought of—*Celia Thaxter*. Reading one of her books is like being taken from the jostling turmoil of a city into a quiet, sunny meadow, fragrant with sweet-brier and cool with the breath of the sea, a whole hemisphere of blue above and the voices of birds and children mingling with the rustle of the wind-swept grass. The serenity of nature is in her work, a serenity born not alone of a happy temperament, or victory over self and sorrow, but of a childhood blessed with love and free to take to itself all that unstinted sunshine, far-reaching ocean and boundless sky could give, or the winds could bring to her from every corner of the earth.

Celia Loughton was born at Portsmouth, N.H., twenty-ninth of June, 1835. When she was very young her father went to keep the lighthouse on White Island, one of the “Isles of Shoals,” nine miles from the coast. These islands were inhabited by fish-

ermen, with many a legend of haunting ghost and buried treasure, and many a tale of storm and shipwreck to tell. A strange spot this, it would seem, to bring young, joyous children, the baby girl Celia, grown to womanhood, thus describes it: "Swept by every wind and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable. The incessant influence of the winds and sun and rain, snow frost and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary with age, though in the summer time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines and softens somewhat their rugged aspect; yet so forbidding are these shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them, mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea, when all the smiling sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land lies ready to win the voyager back, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents, that the wild wastes of the water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that *will* see and ears that *will* hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half-forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens full of colour and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid streams and fields and meadows are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place, the vast loneliness, for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices—nothing but sky, sea and rocks. But the very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes

"With sunset purple soothing all the waste,"

and he will find himself slowly yielding to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning, and it seems as if morning was made for the first time, for the world is like a new-blown rose and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless, perhaps a song sparrow pours out its bliss-

ful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy and so is the sky; the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious colour that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sail or gull's wing. Nothing takes colour so beautifully as the bleached granite, the shadows are delicate and the fine hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise; all things are speckless and spotless. There is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. "I well remember," she says, "my first sight of White Island, I was scarcely six years old. It was at sunset in Autumn that we were set ashore on the loneliest, lovely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant and filled me with fear and wonder. We entered the quaint little old cottage that was to be my home for six years. How curious it seemed, with its low whitewashed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we were to grow too well acquainted." A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. She says: "I do not think there could be three happier children than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as the whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, and with pennies, for which we had no other use, made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea." As the little girl grew older she was allowed to light the lamps. "That was indeed a pleasure," she says, "so little a creature might do that for the great world!" Full of charm as the lighthouse was, it had its tragedy. The rays that cheered the eyes of men were messengers of despair and destruction to the birds that flew straight toward their source to be dashed against the glass and fall dead at the foot of the tower. On many a May morning when the birds were flying northward did the child sorrowfully

gather her apronful of them. In one of her poems she tells us how

“ We laid the sweet dead shapes together,
Soothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age,)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page,
We bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass was green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf all together
With many a flower between;
And looking up with wet eyes saw how brightly upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight; how the sails were shining
And small waves laughed in glee,
And somehow comfort grew to check our grieving,
As if in spite of death a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.
What should we fear? whispered the little children
There is nothing so small
But God will care for it on Earth or Heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall!”

In winter the family were shut in to their own companionship. If storms had beaten down their cottage no succor could have reached them. The children had their books and playthings, and in a window seat Celia had her flowers. From the windows they could see the ocean shining in the sun or grey beneath the grey sky, or awfully white under the scourge of the storm. After the storms, Celia says: “The sky sparkled with the frosty light of the stars and quivered with the blue, crimson and orange of the *Aurora Borealis*.” Such a wise reader of the heavens as the child became! Such a loving watcher of the stars and the clouds and the waves! A thousand things, that in a busier world would have been unheeded, left their impression upon her sensitive soul and tuned her ear to the fine song of Nature, sweetest in silence. The family thus isolated could not consider themselves entirely cut off from human sympathy. When they sat at night in their storm-shaken cottage, with the sea thundering upon the rocks they must think of the sailor and feel thankful it was theirs to

keep his hope alight; and the beams shining so far at sea were the links in the chain of mutual help that encompasses the world. When Celia was twelve years old her poetic longings awoke "to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the birds' flight, the sea's murmur." "Ever," she tells us. "the wish grew, facing the July sunsets deep-red and golden through and through, or watching the Northern Lights, or when the fog-bow spanned the silver mist of morning, or the earth or sea lay shimmering in a golden haze of noon; in storm or calm, by day or night the manifold aspects of Nature held me, swayed all my thoughts until it was impossible to be silent any longer, and I was fain to mingle my voice with her myriad voices, only aspiring to be in accord with the infinite harmony, however feeble and broken my notes might be."

At the age of sixteen, Celia Laighton became the wife of Mr. Thaxter. Her home was changed to Appledove Island one of the largest of the Isles of Shoals. The impulse to speak the beauty around her, once yielded to, could not again be repressed. In 1872 she published her first volume. The brave, loving, trusting spirit that breathes through these poems has carried them to many homes. In 1873 a second volume came out: "*Among the Isles of Shoals*;" it is a fascinating description of the haunts of her girlhood. No one can fail to feel the charm of the sea itself, holding the Islands in its embrace.

Mrs. Thaxters other works are: *Drift Weed* 1879. A volume of exquisite *Poems for Children* in 1884, *The Cruise of the Mystic*, etc., 1887, *Idylls and Pastorals*. No more beautiful and harmless poetry for the young has ever been written. Her own childhood sheltered by family affection and open to the sweet influences of nature, full of loving interest in living things and sympathy with human life in peril has given her a power—not shared by everyone—to reach the hearts of children. It is, as if for her, the gates of childhood had never shut.

Mr. Parton, author of *Noted Women of America and Europe* and of *Poets' Homes*, says in reply to the question: How did she look? "Do you know how pleasant it is to look into a bright room full of pictures and books and flowers and colour and lovely furnishings quaint and surprising? With a constant fire upon the

hearth that sparkles, gleams, glows and illumines the whole? Just so it is to look into this face. It is one to inspire you with the belief that this is a glad glorious world. It is a face that draws children to itself." Celia Thaxter's poems may be called serene, because full of courage, faith and love; not because sorrow has never touched her but because she has conquered sorrow.

When storms raged about the lighthouse she learned to look for the bright calm to follow and this spirit of glad assurance became the temper of her life.

Now let my patient reader add to this, his and her notes on the morbid introspective tendency of many poets of the great brawling Nineteenth century, poets so much better known than this serene and cheering but humble, sweet singer. Let us all strike for more of *out door life*.

Jan. 1901.

M.



AT ST. GALL, 850 A.D.

(WILLIAM CANTON, *in November Bookman.*)

WITHOUT a slip, without a blot,
The monk transcribed with loving care
What treasured text it matters not,
Of homily or prayer.

And as he toiled, with sudden thrill,
From bough of beech or spire of pine,
A blackbird with his golden bill
Fluted a strain divine.

The busy fingers ceased to write ;
But while the blackbird sung,
The monk found rhymes for his delight
In Erin's witching tongue.

And penned them thus, with starry look,
And simple heart aglow,
Upon the margin of his book,
A thousand years ago.

" Great words and high do ring me round ;
Now, from my pages closely lined,
A blackbird with angelic sound
Distracts my gladdened mind.

" Most sweet he sings upon the tree,
Concealed among the leaves of green ;
May God take equal joy in me—
So love me, too, unseen ! "

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

I—WINDS.

Lecture delivered before the Scientific Society by J. T. Warnock, 'or.



IN the contemplation of nature we find that there is perhaps no part of it which gives such pleasure and is at the same time so beneficial to man as the study of physical phenomena, for these not only show what is truly grand and majestic in the world about us but lead us even to think of worlds other than our own.

The vastness of this subject however makes it impossible for us to treat of it fully in a brief paper such as the present, and hence we confine ourselves to a consideration of that portion of it which concerns the phenomena of the atmosphere or in other words to the meteorological phenomena.

As regards the history of the study of these phenomena very little need be said. The ancients had a very strange belief about these things ; they ascribed them to causes which they held were far beyond the intellect of man and contented themselves with connecting their origin with something Mythological or imaginary. Nor were these notions easily dispelled for it was not until the eighteenth century that scientists gave us anything certain about the matter ; since that time however, we have made great progress in this study and can now explain in a comparatively easy manner event those phenomena which formerly seemed most incomprehensible.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The third grand division of the globe is the atmosphere, a vast ocean which envelops land and sea, and which revolving around with the earth itself partakes of its general motions. It is an invisible elastic fluid composed of oxygen and nitrogen in the ratio by volume of nearly twenty-one of the former to seventy-nine of the latter, and though only a mechanical mixture, yet throughout all parts we find that these two substances are very intimately mixed and always in the air in that proportion. The properties of the atmosphere are not in any way dissimilar to those of other fluids, for it has a certain density of its own, though, on account of its elasticity, this is subject to change ; and it is likewise capable

of exerting pressure to the extent of fifteen pounds to the square inch. It is also easily affected by heat, and it is this property of it which causes the winds, perhaps the most important of all the thermal phenomena.

WINDS : THEIR CLASSIFICATION.

Wind itself is air in motion, and may arise from any cause which disturbs the repose of the atmosphere ; nevertheless it is chiefly produced by changes in the temperature of the air. A simple experiment proves this important fact. Place in a doorway between a warm and a cold room two lighted candles, one lower down than the other ; the flame of the one at the top will be turned towards the cold room, while that of the one at the bottom will be bent in a contrary direction, showing that there are two currents passing through the opening, the lower one being the colder and heavier current. On the surface of the earth there are no two places which receive exactly the same amount of heat, and the air at one place becoming more heated than at another, expands and immediately rises, while the cold atmosphere from other regions rushes in to fill up the vacancy ; thus it is that winds are formed.

But though all winds find their cause in this principle, yet they vary greatly in the length of their duration, and it is in keeping with this fact that they are divided into Constant, Periodical, and Variable.

CONSTANT WINDS.

The first class comprises all those winds which blow in a constant direction throughout the entire year. Of these the most important are the trade winds, whose cause can be traced to the fact that at the Equator the sun's rays are very hot, falling, as they do, almost perpendicularly upon the earth. Hence the atmosphere about the torrid zone, even as far north as the 30th degree of latitude, becoming intensely heated, expands and is forced to rise by the pressure which is exerted upon it by the cold air of the more northern parts. Thence it is driven in two upper currents towards the North and South Poles respectively, while from each of these places in turn come two colder currents in the direction of the Equator. We would, therefore, naturally con-

clude that the Trade Winds blow directly from the north and the south ; however, such is not the case. The earth turns faster at the Equator than it does in the temperate and frigid zones ; consequently a body of air moving from the northern hemisphere toward the south is constantly arriving at places which have a greater easterly velocity than itself, hence, in consequence of friction and of the sluggishness of the atmosphere, it tends to acquire a motion relatively westward. But since there is one force tending to make it go from north to south, and another striving to move it from east to west, its natural direction will be north-eastward. Similar forces in the Southern Hemisphere give rise to a south-easterly wind.

Between the 30th and the 8th degrees of North Latitude these winds blow constantly ; they are also found between the 3rd degree of North and the 28th degree of South Latitude. There is, therefore, a zone between the 3rd and the 8th degree of north Latitude in which the climate is variable, but for the most part a calm prevails. Occasionally, although at very long intervals, this is broken by fierce and sudden gusts, accompanied by terrific storms of thunder and lightning.

We have thus far neglected to trace the course of the heated air, which was forced by the heavy drafts from the colder regions, to take an upward direction. Following it from the equator we will see that it becomes an upper south-westerly wind in the northern tropics and a north-westerly in the southern. But having advanced farther north these winds are again cooled, and seek the earth, becoming surface winds, which, though subject to many conflicting influences, regularly take a westerly direction.

PERIODICAL WINDS.

Another class of winds frequently met with in tropical regions, resemble the Trades in constancy, though unlike them they change their direction at different parts of the year, and hence receive the name Periodical winds. Of these the Monsoons, the land and sea breezes, the Etesian Winds and the Northers of Mexico are the most important.

The Monsoons, which derive their name from a Malay word meaning season, are found usually within the tropical regions.

They blow in the same direction for six months after which there generally follows a short interval of calm or variable winds, which ceasing the Monsoons spring up and move in a contrary direction for the rest of the year. In the Northern Hemisphere the North East monsoon prevails from October to April while during that time a northwestern wind blows continually in the south. During the remaining months we have a southwest wind north of the Equator and one from the southeast in the Southern Hemisphere. The origin of the Monsoons can easily be traced to the Trade Winds, from which they are really deflections, caused most likely by the proximity of highly heated regions during the summer. Maury declares "that the African Monsoons of the Atlantic, those of the Gulf of Mexico, and also those of Central America are for the most part formed of the Northeast Trades which are turned back to restore the equilibrium which the highly heated plains of Africa, Utah, Texas, and New Mexico have disturbed." Similar phenomena occurring in the eastern continent give rise to similar winds, which thus envelop the whole earth, blowing from the ocean to the continent in summer and in the opposite direction during winter. Though the Monsoon itself is not a violent wind, yet when it shifts there are usually terrific storms; these, however, are regulated in their course by local circumstances.

The land and sea breezes which are found in the tropics are in nowise different in their cause from those which we find in regions in which there are great lakes. Water, as you are all aware, will not receive so much heat as will the land, nor does it lose so quickly what little it has received. Thus it is that during the day the atmosphere above the land becomes highly heated and ascends from the pressure exerted upon it by the cooler air above the ocean and as a result we have the cool, refreshing breezes which are such luxuries on a sultry day. During the night, however, the very opposite takes place, for the land which was quick to absorb the heat, is now very ready to part with it, and the result is that a very cool wind blows toward the ocean, the air above that body being now comparatively warmer.

Of the Periodical winds there now remains but one class which deserve special mention, and these are the Etesian winds. All those winds which blew for more than six weeks during the

summer over the Mediterranean Sea and the regions bordering thereon, the ancients called by this name. Their cause is due to the fact that the Sahara, during this season, becomes intensely heated while the ocean near at hand remains relatively cool. The heavy atmosphere above the sea then keeps moving in on the continent, thus producing these winds. In winter the desert rapidly radiates its acquired heat, and becoming of a lower temperature than the waters of the Mediterranean a cold south wind in the direction of the sea results, though it is not nearly so strong as the summer breezes.

The Northerners of Mexico are simply cold, bleak winds which blow over the plains of that country from October to March seldom lasting for more than four or five days. They are severest during December and January.

VARIABLE WINDS.

But the variable winds form another class which are more commonly met with in this part of the globe for, roughly speaking, there are none of the other two classes to be found in the Temperate or Frigid Zones. They are, as it were, the product of the constant winds for owing to a variety of secondary influences, such as mountains, unequal distribution of land and water, the nature of the soil, etc. the direction of these has been changed to such an extent that they never blow in the same direction for any length of time. Among their number can be found all kinds of winds from the gentle zephyr to the cyclone and tornado ; but of all, these latter are the only two to which we need give any consideration. The cyclone which derives its name from its rotary motion is one of the most dreaded winds and blows within the tropics or near the equatorial limits of the Trade Winds, though occasionally it extends beyond these regions. The most dreaded cyclones are felt within the tropics where they acquire immense power sweeping everything before them and sometimes carrying great waves of salt water over the land submerging it. Their great violence was too well proved to us within the past few months by the terrible disaster at Galveston. I need not here attempt to describe a situation with which you are all familiar, suffice it is to say that a flourishing city was almost totally annihilated.

Concerning the cause of the cyclone almost nothing certain is known, but with their nature, since the investigations of such eminent scientists as Redfield, Reid, Thom, and Padington we are more or less familiar. These men have laid down three laws which it would seem, govern all cyclones. The first is that the wind revolves around an axis, inclined or vertical, while the body of the storm has at the same time a progressive motion. The second, that in the Northern Hemisphere they rotate in a direction contrary to the apparent motion of the sun, while in the same direction in the Southern. The third, that in the Atlantic they begin near the West Indies between the parallels of 10° and 20° North Latitude having a course from southeast to northwest and that they occur between May and October.

Equally dangerous are the tornadoes, for though they are whirlwinds of limited extent and duration their violence is intense. Floods of rain, extraordinary electric phenomena, and torrents of hail often accompany these dreadful tempests, or, following immediately afterwards, complete their awful destruction. In the clouds strange phenomena are also noticed, for the storm is followed by a conical shaped cloud whose apex is pointing toward the earth. When passing over a body of water this point frequently extends lower and lower while the water beneath forming into a mighty column unites with the cloud to produce the water-spout. It was generally thought that the cloud in passing over the body of water drew it up into the sky however this seems doubtful since the water in these spouts is found to be fresh even when they are found at sea and hence it must have been produced like rain. As it sweeps over the desert similar phenomena are noticed for here it tosses aloft the light sands or forms them into whirling pillars which move with wonderful swiftness.

Though very destructive in their effects the cause of these whirlwinds is simple. The meeting of two currents of air which are blowing in contrary directions or even a strong breeze suddenly disturbing a portion of the atmosphere which was in repose will be sufficient to produce them. Great conflagrations are usually attended by them, for here the heavy cold winds which are flowing in to fill up the void left by the heated air arising,

often come in contrary directions. In such cases they bring more disaster than the fire itself.

Thus we are brought face to face with the motions of the atmosphere, and it is no longer a mystery to us, however strange its phenomena. Our knowledge of the winds we have turned to good account, for we are now able to take advantage of every favorable breeze and to avoid the storms. Our rich products we can also send fearlessly abroad and we are able with ease to join hands with our brethren "across the stream," to promote commercial enterprise or to aid in strengthening those social ties which spread even to the remotest corners of the earth our religion and our civilization.


Furthermore, to maintain a pure atmosphere the winds are equally essential, for by breaking up the dead calm they purge the air of these noxious exhalations emitted by decaying animal and vegetable matter, and make it a producer of perfect health. The severity of the colder climes they also lessen by bringing in the milder draughts which preserve that equality in climate which renders habitable almost the entire surface of the globe.

But though we recognise the importance and necessity of the motions of the Atmosphere it has still another property which we cannot let pass unnoticed ; this is its moistness.

(To be continued.)



SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS TRILOGY OF POLISH NOVELS.

“UO Vadis,” the first of Sienkiewicz’ novels translated into English, gave him a world wide reputation ; his Polish trilogy “With Fire and Sword,” “The Deluge” and “Pan Michael” confirmed and even increased it. These books are in sequel form, but are not as closely connected as sequels generally are, for though some few characters appear in all three, each book has its own hero whose adventures form the subject of the story. The great charm of the trilogy lies in the author’s artistic portrayal of an absorbing drama of love and passion on a vast historic background. The interest in Polish history excited by the Author’s stirring description of the eventful epoch dealt with, will doubtless urge many to become acquainted with the fascinating history of Poland and her sister Slav state, Russia.

Poland in 1647, the year in which the trilogy opens, was in the height of her power. Extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and containing the Polish, Cossack and the greater part of Russian races, she was the most powerful country in the world. But the semi-independent nobles and kinglets were also at the height of their power ; and the sturdy Cossacks of the Ukraine, as well as the whole Russian race of Eastern Poland, needed but a leader to rise against the harsh religious and political persecution of the Poles. The leader was found ; and Bogdan Hmelnetski at the head of the Cossack soldiers and a Russian mob invaded the Commonwealth, and would have been entirely successful, had it not been for Yeremi Vishzyevetski, the mighty lord of the Trans-Dneiper, the most powerful of Polish kinglets and the greatest of Polish warriors. Pan Yan Shsketuski, the hero of the story, was a Colonel under Yeremi, being the leader of the latter’s famous Hussar regiment. He had fallen desperately in love with Helena, a Polish Princess, and was in turn beloved by her. But Bogun, the famous Cossack hero and a lover of Helena, seeing that he was unsuccessful, decided to carry her off in Tartar fashion. Rescued from Bogun by the great ingenuity of Zagloba,

she was safely placed in Bar, only to be again captured. Meanwhile Pan Yan, instead of rescuing Helena, whom he considered to be in Bogun's lands, was faithfully serving his country under Yeremi and participated in all his victories. He heard of her rescue by Zagloba only to hear of the capture of Bar and her second disappearance. Meanwhile the Commonwealth, fearing the now too great power of Hmelnetski, sent a large army against him. The soldiers demanded Yeremi for leader instead of the one appointed by the Crown. But this might have caused another civil war. The struggle which ensued between Yeremi's pride and worldly greatness on the one hand, and his patriotism and religion on the other, stands out in striking contrast to Radzivill's somewhat similar struggle in "The Deluge." In the one it was a victory of the crucified Jesus, in the other of Radzivill's god, his worldly self. Yeremi Vishnyevetski did not command the army, and the result was the disgraceful rout of the Poles at Pilavsti. The war, temporarily stopped by winter, was in the spring of 1649 renewed with great vigor by Hmelnetski, now allied with the Khan of the Crimea. The only obstacle was the army of Yeremi, some 15,000 men, which was preparing to defend itself at Zbaraj. At Zbaraj were also Pan Yan and his inseparable friend Pan Longin Podbipenta, Pan Michael Volodyovski and Zagloba. Pan Michael and Zagloba had again rescued Helena, who was now safe in Toporoff, but having been separated from her when attacked by the Tartars they knew not but that she was again captured, and consequently left Pan Yan altogether in ignorance of this new rescue. Pan Yan, during the cessation of hostilities in the winter, had searched in vain everywhere for traces of Helena, till misled by a false report he considered her dead. It was said this man would become a monk after the war, so little interest did he take in human affairs, except in the fighting, which he did as a stern duty. Things soon came to such straits with the besieged Poles in Zbaraj that notwithstanding their amazing defence they must perish if assistance came not. Our four friends, not without strong objections from Zagloba, decided to attempt this almost impossible feat, to break through the Tartar and Cossack line and report the states of affairs to the King. Pan Longin, who went first, perished in the attempt, and the description of his death is one of

the finest pieces in Sienkiewicz. Pan Yan next attempted the deed, and after almost unbearable suffering, accomplished it. He reached Toporoff, where the court happened to be, barely able to give his message, and it is probable he might never have got over the effects of his terrible journey had he not heard that Helena, his affianced, was to be in town that day. The book ends with his marriage, the Treaty of Zborovo, which rescued Yeremi, being merely mentioned. The battle of Bereschetcho in 1651, in which the Cossacks were completely defeated, is described in the Epilogue.

The Cossacks, unsuccessful in the second rebellion on account of the desertion of the Khan, turned to Moscow and swore allegiance to the Czar, in 1654. The result was a Russian-Polish war and an invasion of Poland by the Russians and Cossacks. The great success of the invaders, for they captured half of Eastern Poland, induced the Swedes, in spite of a truce then existing, to imitate their example. On account of the treachery of Opalinski in Great Poland, and Yanush Radzivill in Lithuania, Poland passed to Karl Gustav, the Swedish King, almost without a battle. Yan Kazimir, the King of Poland, had to flee to Silicia. The Swedish success was now almost perfect, the only Polish army in the field being the small one of Sapyeha in Podylase. The Swedes, attracted by the richness of the Monastery of Yasna Gora, decided to seize it. Yasna Gora, which contained the shrine of Our Lady of Chenstohova, the Patroness of Poland, being forewarned by Pan Andrei Kmita, the hero of the story, prepared for defence. Pan Andrei was a wild young dare-devil reprobate of a Lithuanian noble, and his reformation, due to the combined influence of his love for his lady, his country and Our Lady of Chenstohova, is the chief incident of the story. Having fallen in love with Olenka Billeviche, he becomes estranged from her on account of the wild doings of himself and his companions. Upbraided by Olenka he decides to dismiss them, when, upon returning home, he finds them foully murdered. Then followed his revenge, then remorse and despair at his deed, till at last he desperately resolves to carry her off in Tartar fashion. Foiled in the deed by Pan Michael, he saw the evil of his ways and resolved to lead an honest life, and thus earn the love of Olenka. He received a commission as Colonel from Radzivill,

but the very same day Radzivill deserted to Karl Gustav, and having convinced Kmita that he was doing all for the best, prevailed upon him to remain with him. The misled Kmita, the only Pole who remained with Radzivill (he had many Scotch and German mercenaries), had now the stern duty, so he considered it, of cutting to pieces the patriotic Polish regiments. Soon after, being sent on a message to Prince Boguslav, the nephew of Yanush Radzivill, he accidentally discovered the true state of affairs, and daringly carried off Boguslav from the very midst of his soldiers. But Boguslav having escaped, Kmita, now without anything to convince the Poles of his conversion, knew not what to do, till wandering about he accidentally heard of the intention of the Swedes to seize Yasna Gora, to which place he at once proceeded. Having instigated the defence of this place, he became one of its chief defenders, astonishing all by his acts of daring, which he at last climaxed by blowing up the Swedes' great siege gun, single-handed. Escaping from the Swedes, he went to Silicia, where he informed the King of the great religious and political rising of the Polish nation, caused by the sacrilegious attack and amazing defence at Yasna Gora. Having by great personal bravery saved the life of the King during his return journey, he disclosed to him his rightful name, which he had been unable to use on account of the evil fame it had acquired while he was serving Radzivill. All the nobles now joined Yan Kazimir, and an army under Charnyetski, the greatest living Polish general, took the field. Karl Gustav, seeing the tide turning against the Swedes, resolved to cross Poland and defeat Yan Kazimir before he became more powerful. But the Poles under Charnyetski, reinforced by Sapyeha's men, who in the meanwhile had completely defeated Radzivill, so harassed and injured Karl Gustav that he had to retreat to Prussia. Meanwhile Kmita, with a party of Tartars granted him by the King, was clearing Lithuania and electoral Prussia of the Swedes. He greatly aided Pan Sapyeha in his defeat of Boguslav at Yarov and accompanied him when he joined Charnyetski to fight Karl. Having taken part in the capture of Warsaw by the Poles, he again returned to Lithuania where, with Gosyevski, he defeated the Swedes under Douglas and Boguslav, taking the latter prisoner. Olenka, dur-

ing all this time, had been a prisoner of Boguslav, who, though he had succeeded in poisoning her mind against Kmita, could not capture her heart. Kmita having now heard of her whereabouts, was about to go to her when he received an order to join Sapyeha to fight a new Swedish invasion of the country. Pan Andrei's conquest of himself in this instance completed his reformation. Having served his country faithfully during the war, the desire of his heart was at last accomplished, and he married Olenka.

The Ukraine, after the war described in "The Deluge," continued the bone of contention between the Poles and the Russians, till finally, in 1666, the Cossacks, for their own preservation, declared it to be subject to the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan sent them the Khan, who cleared the Ukraine of Poles. Next year the Poles concluded a peace with the Russians, granting them all east of the Dneiper with the districts of Keiff and Smolensk on the West, in all 80,000 square miles. This remained the boundary between the two till the first partition of Poland, 1772, or for over a century. The abdication of Yan Kazimir, the King of Poland, in 1688, brings us to the time of the last book of the Trilogy, "Pan Michael." The first part of the book deals with the election of the King of Poland, and with Pan Michael's love story, or rather love stories. The result was that Michael Vishnyevetski, the effeminate son of the great Yermi, was elected King, and Michael Volodyovski at length secured a wife! An interval of three years then elapses. We then see Pan Michael with Basia, his wife, and the redoubtable Zagloba in their home in Sokol, and later in Hreptyoff, on the edge of the wilderness. The Turkish war which had been threatening since 1666, now broke out. The Sultan led the troops, with Kara Mustafa, the "Rising Son of War," as chief general. His army consisted of countless Mohammedans of all races, from Europe, Asia and even Africa. The Commonwealth was wholly unprepared for this new invasion. The fortress-town of Kamenyets being the only obstacle to the Turks. Pan Michael took command of the fortress, and for three weeks defended it as only Zbaraj and Yasna Gora had been defended. But the weak and cowardly townsmen, caring more for their own personal welfare than for that of the Commonwealth, treacherously made terms with the Turks. and on August 26th, 1671, agreed to surrender Kamenyets,

Pan Michael, seeing that all was in vain, resolved the Turks should never own that fortress, and, sending out all his men, he blew it up. "Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyets, the first soldier in the Commonwealth." In the Epilogue is described the battle of Hotin, in which Yan Sobieski, then hetman, but later King of Poland, so defeated the Turks that they lost all their Polish conquests, and never attempted to regain them.

One of the Trilogy's claims to excellence, if not its chief claim, is the great character portrayal and character grouping contained in it. Of the three heroes, Pan Yan is meditative and dignatorial, Kmita wild and daring, and Pan Michael lighthearted, and even frisky; of the three Kmita, though perhaps the greatest soldier, is as a man inferior to either Pan Yan or Pan Michael. The hero of "With Fire and Sword" Pan Yan Shsketuski, a Colonel of Yermi, is a herculean young fellow who had already served in the Russian and Swedish wars of Vladislav the Fourth. In the course of the story he becomes more and more of the Roman type of soldier, one who puts his country's affairs before his own. His love of the heroine is of a most passionate kind, yet he places his love of his country before even this, and, when he has to choose between the need of his affianced wife and the need of his country, he chooses the latter. Pan Yan, though often referred to, appears but slightly in the other books of the trilogy. The heroine herself, like that of the following book, is remarkable only for her great beauty and her strength of will. Basia, Pan Michael's wife and the heroine of the third book, affords a striking contrast to the above, being very much like Pan Michael himself.

Pan Longin Podbipenta is a truly magnificent character; with the stature and strength of a giant, he has the heart and mind of a child. He resembles MacCairthen in "Legends of St. Patrick," or Ursus in "Quo Vadis," but is greater and nobler than either. The magnificent, yet often amusing, combination of the body of a man and the soul of a child produces one of the noblest and greatest, and, let us say it, holiest, characters in literature.

Pan Andrei Kmita is essentially a man of passion; whatever he does, he does most passionately; hence when he turns his talents to the service of his country, he soon acquires a great reputation.

Pan Michael, the hero of the third book of the series, appears in the first as a brother colonel and bosom friend of Pan Yan. He is chiefly remarkable for his smallness of stature, great skill at fencing and his habit of continually falling in love with someone else, but with like result. In the last book only does the fineness and nobleness of his character fully appear.

Two of the villains, Bogun and Boguslav, deserve special notice. Bogun, though he is one of the villains, appeals more to our pity than to our scorn or hatred. His manly, sincere, yet unrequited love of the heroine really ennobles him, and the Cossack hero, except when under the influence of drink, is not at all a depraved character. Boguslav is a prince whose chief qualities are his bravery in war, his foppishness out of war, and his ingenuity in both situations. He was the prince of courtiers and diplomats, and the most polished scoundrel in Europe. Of the three villains, Bogun we can but pity, Boguslav we may hate but cannot despise, while Azya, the villain of the last book, deserves both our hate and our scorn. The other more important characters are, the cunning and avaricious Jendzian, Pan Yan's servant, the big stupid Kovalski, Zagloba's adopted nephew, and the chivalrous Scot, Ketling, Pan Michael's bosom friend.

But the central figure of the whole trilogy is Zagloba. Zagloba is without doubt Sienkiewicz's greatest production; in fact he is one of the great characters of literature. To describe him adequately is impossible. One of the best descriptions of him given is that he is a curious and fascinating combination of Falstaff and Ulysses. He has a wonderful knowledge of human nature and is as full of stratagems as he occasionally is of wine. Garrulous and boastful to a superlative degree, his tongue is ever ready to amuse his friends with his adventures, real or imaginary, to overwhelm his enemies with his satire, or to ridicule them with his jokes. In feast or in council, in a royal election or in Pan Michael's love affairs he is equally omnipresent and equally important. When he first appears to us he is a rather stout gray-haired noble of about sixty years. He is not a man who loves fighting for fighting's sake as does Pan Yan or Pan Michael and this may lead us in some cases to consider him even a coward. But though boastful he is not a coward as, for example, his leading the sally

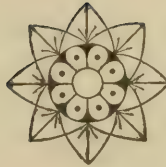
to rescue Pan Michael and Pan Longin from the Cossacks, and later on his likewise leading the sally to procure Pan Longin's corpse, clearly show. We never tire of Zagloba and we are always finding something new in him though he appears in the trilogy from the beginning of the first book to the end of the last.

Having discussed these novels of Sienkiewicz we may now consider the author. As an historical novelist Sienkiewicz, with the probable exception of Scott, is supreme; as a Catholic novelist Sienkiewicz, with the possible exception of Manzoni, is likewise supreme. If the only duty of an historical novelist were to describe sieges, battles or skirmishes, Sienkiewicz would undoubtedly be above comparison. For no novelist has depicted such battles as Bereschetcho or Hotin, or such sieges as Zbaraj, Yasna Gora or Kamenyets. But the novelist, historical or otherwise, has likewise to be a master in plot, character, incident, passion and the like. It is true Sienkiewicz is a master in these, but in these there are masters greater than he, and it is upon this point that Scott holds the supremacy as an historical novelist. One great claim of Sienkiewicz' novels is their great historical truthfulness. Sienkiewicz always made the novel suit history, not history suit the novel, and his greatness lies in the fact that he accomplished this without injuring in the least degree his novels. In his books so many characters are historical we scarcely know which to consider as simply fictitious. A striking example of this is that Pan Andrei Kmita, the hero of "The Deluge," is an historical character. The descriptions of Cossack and Turkish life are almost equal to the unrivalled descriptions of Polish life.

Sienkiewicz is a Catholic novelist, not because he happens to be a Catholic, but because his books breathe forth a spirit of Catholicity. It is true they do not contain controversial theses, nor are they adorned with a few conversions of Protestants, such as we find in many of our Catholic novels. The author is treating of a Catholic nation and a Catholic people and he treats them simply as Catholic. A priest or monk, a confession or communion, a mass or funeral service is treated as if all the world were Catholic. Those readers of "Quo Vadis" who object to that book, on account of the moral tone of a certain chapter, which Sienkiewicz

thought necessary, to show to what depth the depravity of the Romans had descended, will find nothing the least objectionable in these novels. Though Sienkiewicz' reputation does not depend upon these novels alone, the creator of *Podbipenta*, *Pan Michael* and *Zagloba* shall never be forgotten as long as novels are read. Let us conclude this essay on the trilogy with the author's concluding sentence : " Here ends this series of books written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil for the strengthening of hearts," and well might he have added, for the greater glory of my country, my religion and my God.

J. J. O'GORMAN, '04.



THE ANGELUS.

(Written after seeing Millet's picture.)

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

ITS reffluent, three-fold, immemorial rhyme
 Follows the fading sun, from clime to clime—
 Ripples and lives a moment in the heart,
 Wherever the dark hours come and the bright depart.
 From land to fading land, the whole world round,
 It airily runs, a rosary of sound—
 Bursts silvery on sainted Palestine ;
 Lives for a moment on the memoried Rhine ;
 Touches Manhattan ; hurries on to be
 A murmur on Saint Francis by the sea.

But dreamily here the hours of evening go,
 With tented haycocks in the rosy glow—
 Gray heaps that Homer saw in ages gone,
 Sweet smelling heaps that Abel rested on.
 And two have heard the summons on the air,
 And turned from labor, the embodied prayer ;
 Bowed with the fine humility of trees,
 Of bended grasses in the quiet breeze ;
 As dutious as the never-failing Earth
 That gives us bread of rest and bread of mirth ;
 As patient as the rocks that have been still
 Since put into their places on the hill ;
 In league with Earth and all her quiet things,
 Whose lives are wrapped in shade and whisperings ;
 In league with Earth and all the things that live
 To give their toil for others and forgive.

Pausing to let the hush of evening pass
 Across the soul, as shadow over grass,
 They cease their day-long sacrament of toil,
 That living prayer, the tilling of the soil !
 And richer are their two-fold worshippings
 Than flare of pontiff or the pomp of kings.

For each true deed is worship : it is prayer,
And carries its own answer unaware.
Yes, they whose feet upon good errands run
Are fixed in God, like Michael of the sun ;
Yes, each accomplished service of the day
Paves for the feet of God a lordlier way.
The souls that love and labor through all wrong,
They clasp his hand and make the circle strong ;
They lay the deep foundation, stone by stone,
And build into Eternity God's throne.

He is more pleased by some sweet human use
Than by the learned book of the recluse ;
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the seraphim ;
More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home—
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires.

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THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS" ON BRITISH NOVELISTS.

IF the principle of "sending a thief to catch a thief" is a correct one, and the chances are in its favor, since Pinkerton approves of it, analogy should; one would suppose, sanction the criticism of great authors by great authors. By such an arrangement the judgment seat would probably be occupied by a Daniel once in a while, but by no means always, as the history of literature records innumerable instances of great authors who were very small critics, especially of their own works. It was Dickens who said that no fond father could form an unprejudiced opinion of his own family. The anomaly is only apparent, when we recollect that criticism is destructive, while authorship is constructive. Each of these methods requires a diametrically different mental equipment. Be this as it may, the estimates of the leading British novelists given by the famous author of "Quo Vadis" to his competent translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, and embodied by the latter in a most entertaining article on the great Polish novelist, contributed some time ago to *The Century*, demonstrate keen judgment and notable delicacy of discrimination, qualities that render criticism at once stimulating and attractive. The opinions are sane; therefore, sound. With the single exception that—much as I admire "Copperfield"—I venture to think he rates Dickens a trifle too high, Sienkiewicz,—it is really a relief to me not to be obliged to pronounce that appalling name, though Chambers's Biographical Dictionary assists me by stating it should be vocalized Syen-kyay-vitch, in which the y following the first letter in each of the former syllables sounds like a short e, and the accent falls on the middle syllable,—Sienkiewicz, I say, proves he possesses a knowledge of the best English fiction, that persons to the manor born, authors and readers alike, might well envy. Although his demonstration was merely conversational and not meant for publication, he judges of our fiction in a truly critical spirit. He understands our authors and their times, another way of saying he has read our literature as it should be

read, earnestly and comprehensively. Here is the criticism, in the words of Mr. Curtin :

“ ‘Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His “David Copperfield” seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described ; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters.

“ ‘In literature Shakespeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers.

“ ‘Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true ; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer.

“ ‘Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, and hence injured as an artist.

“ ‘Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial ; he was the poet not of humanity, but of a class, and, devotion to a class always enfeebles an author.

“ ‘Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In “Trilby,” his description of Parisian artist life is fine ; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic ; the end, especially, is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of but one novel, “She,” which I read in Eastern Africa.

“ ‘Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of material creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe ; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times.’ ”

E. J. C.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS OF EVANGELINE.

IT has been said that Longfellow is a poet of the people. In none of his works, we may add, is this better shown than in the rich melodious verses of his *Evangeline*.

Longfellow, although not a Catholic, has indeed paid a loving tribute to our holy Church in this his greatest poem. Everywhere throughout *Evangeline* when he treats of Catholic worship, Catholic practices, Catholic holiness, he handles these subjects with the deepest respect, awe with veneration, as something sacred, something divine.

The two principal characters of the poem are of course Gabriel Lajeunesse and *Evangeline*, the hero and the heroine. A perusal of the poem shows that the hero Gabriel, the son of Basil the Blacksmith, is comparatively little spoken of. He and *Evangeline* had been brought up together as brother and sister; they had learned from the self-same book; they had spent many an evening at the forge with Basil; they had sped down the hillside on their sled in winter; they had watched the birds in the rafters of the neighboring barns. In fact they had loved in their innocent childhood days to cultivate for each other in their hearts that love which caused them in after life to tread the paths of "unearthly yearning and unending patience." Gabriel was a valiant youth with face like the face of the morn. That he was valiant, and true, his long fidelity to *Evangeline*, even amid the greatest trials, amply proves. In another passage of the poem we learn that the noblest of all youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

After the banishment from Grand Pré, the life of the hero is not followed in detail. All we hear of him is by rumors. The author prefers to follow the wanderings of *Evangeline*. Towards the end of the poem, however, we catch another glimpse of Gabriel, now careworn, thoughtful, sad beyond his years—

"At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn,
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written."

Gabriel's fidelity to his lost love is shown in the words of Basil to *Evangeline* :

" Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee (Evangeline) uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his trouble,
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him
 Unto the town of Adayes "

The same fidelity is expressed in his final smile of recognition in the Philadelphia Almshouse.

Evangeline is the true type of a Catholic maiden. Longfellow, with all his genius, could not have painted a more lovely picture. We see her first at home in happy Acadia—

" Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers ;
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shades of her tresses,
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows."

How fair she appeared as she walked the streets of her peaceful native village with her beads in her hand !

" Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn
 Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal."

And what an unearthly, spiritual beauty illumined her countenance as she returned from confession—

" But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her,
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We see her in the bitter trial of separation, ever displaying true Catholic fortitude. In sight of her burning home she swoons beside the dead body of her father on the shore of the moaning sea. Ever afterwards the sad, sad sea sounds in her ears as if to keep fresh that parting scene. Still hope and faith bear her onward through every trial.

We behold her in her wanderings, long and painful wanderings, ever faithful. The celestial fragrance of charity, meekness, love, hope, forgiveness, and patience were ever ascending as incense to her God.

All hope of ever meeting Gabriel on earth at length dies out, but

" Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his death—like silence and absence,
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed but transfigured,
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent."

And then Evangeline turns away from the world and devotes herself to a life of love, love for her Saviour in his poor friendless children. A Sister of Mercy ! What nobler life.

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 And in her life of self-denial many years she spent frequenting
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."

Truly, Longfellow had the idea of what a real heroine should be. Some other authors of romantic bent of mind would have made the heroine commit suicide in despair or die of a broken heart. But not so with Evangeline. She became a humble, devoted religious, and thereby sacrificed her human heart and its affections on the altar of divine love. She who had known how to love was hereafter enabled to pacify the passionate throbbings of her craving heart and to enrich her soul which had so long wandered "in want and cheerless discomfort bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence." Gabriel and Evangeline are admirable types of exemplary Christian lovers.

In speaking of Evangeline we cannot separate from her life of wanderings and sorrows, the name of the faithful priest. For, after the hero and heroine, the most important character is, in our opinion, Father Felician. He is important because of his influence in the sphere he moved in. He it was who always spoke the word "patience" in the ear of Evangeline ; from him the maiden ever regained courage.

Two priests of God are mentioned in the poem—Father Felician and the Jesuit Black Robe of the West. Both these characters are truly drawn; the delineation is excellent. They are illustrative of the Good Shepherd who gives his life for his afflicted sheep.

The Catholic priest is truly the father, the one who exerts the

greatest influence over his flock. Such Longfellow has painted him in words of melody. Reverend walked he among them in the days of prosperity :

.....“and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
.... ..And up rose matrons and maidens
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.”

And when the hour of trial came, he was their restraint and comforter. Father Felician was both priest and schoolmaster. He taught Gabriel and Evangeline both secular and religious branches. Indeed, well might they be good Catholics, having had such a teacher.

The priest's magic influence over his people is well portrayed in the scene that took place in the church in which the peaceful Acadians learned of their unjust expulsion.

“ In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spoke to his people.
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes :
' What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace and would you profane it
Thus, with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo ! Where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father, forgive them.'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive them !'
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, ' O Father, forgive them !' ”

No Catholic could have given a more beautiful picture of that scene of angry contention than has Longfellow.

Then on the seashore where wildest sorrow is everywhere evident, the priest is again among his beloved people, and is

present when Evangeline's father dies. He accompanies Evangeline to the South as her protector. And the last we hear of Father Felician is at the home of Basil, the herdsman, when he bids farewell to Evangeline and Basil, who are going in search of Gabriel.

Another true picture of the Catholic priest and his devotedness is given in the person of the Black Robe kneeling with his children under a towering oak. He is the Catholic priest true to life. He preaches patience and points to the little compass flower as the token of faith in the human heart. And Evangeline gathers great courage from his words.

The above characters are worthy of our admiration. Their patience in suffering and their resignation to the dispositions of Divine Providence are truly heroic but in no way unique, for the religion which could instil such virtues has not passed away from the world. It still exercises its potent influence over human wills and hearts, transforming, elevating and sanctifying them.

C. McG. '99.



ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

PATRON SAINT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

[This poem appeared in our December number, but with the fifth verse mutilated in a manner that must have made the poetic muse weep. We can account for the shape in which it originally appeared only by supposing that our proof-reader's mind was pre-occupied with thoughts of vacation, and that his ears were too intently listening to the music of home, sweet home.]—EDITORIAL NOTE.



HOLD him none the lesser for the dust
Of earthliness that clouded his high dreams,
If shining armour bear a trace of rust
It still the warrior's honoured use beseems.

From out the twelve, he Thomas seems to stand,
A figure full of love and full of zeal;
The lustrous eye, the tender, eager hand
Bespeak his ardent will to serve and heal.

A pathos clings about the gospel word
That paints of him the mistrust and the doubt,
As if the struggle in his heart one heard
And felt its sadness pulsing in and out.

"Unless I see." A groping through the mist
Of feeble earth-sight for the sight complete;
A love that would defiantly insist
In making realms of earth and heaven meet.

Within the precincts of our mortal sphere;
All this, the doubt and agony unfold
As cynics of our modern times, in fear
That belief might fail them, sneering unfaith hold.

Too much he sought, and yet I hold it dear
The cry of love, without demand or terms—
"My Lord and my God!" Heart and life are here
As offering made, and fullest faith affirms.

So in these days of ours that long and reach
For sweetness and for light beyond our ken,
May Thomas in his wisdom's fulness teach
The trustfulness that bringeth peace to men.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900.

M L.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



RECENT number of the *London Daily Chronicle*, in its Review department has this to say of the "Great Tribune" :

O'Connell, like Napoleon, is a never-failing subject of interest. But though many books have been written about him, no memoir worthy of the great Tribune has yet been penned. Mr. Lecky's sketch in the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," despite some shortcomings, holds the field as the best study of the man and of the time. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's "Peel and O'Connell" is a book which has never received the attention it deserves. For students of history it is preferable even to Mr. Lecky's brilliant essay, because a vast amount of information (which Mr. Lecky could not crush into his page) is collected, and set forth with that reference to authorities, and exactness of detail, always so gratifying to those who desire complete and accurate knowledge on any subject. We must mention Mr. Luby's unpretentious "Life of O'Connell," a pleasant, readable book, founded mainly on O'Neil Daunt's "Personal Recollections," and written with perfect fairness and in an excellent spirit. Mr. Dunlop has devoted much time to the study of Irish history. He has written an admirable little memoir of Grattan, and has contributed many articles on famous Irishmen to the "Dictionary of National Biography." His "Life of O'Connell" is what one might expect—a conscientious, painstaking work. He has an intense admiration for the great agitator, whom he regards as the finest popular leader that Ireland has produced since the Revolution. When Mr. Gladstone was asked what place he thought Parnell would hold in Irish history, he replied : "On the list of Irish patriots I place him with or next to O'Connell. He was a man, I think, of more masculine and stronger character than Grattan." Mr. Gladstone was right in taking O'Connell as the standard by which the bigness of any man in Irish politics—during the last 200 years at all events—is to be measured. The great agitator overtops all his predecessors and all his successors within that period. Even Parnell, that skilful and successful leader, falls short of O'Connell.

It is hard for us now to realise what O'Connell was, to understand the difficulties which confronted him, and to appreciate the power by which he overcame them. When he entered public life the Catholics—that is to say, the vast masses of the Irish people—were slaves. It was said contemptuously that you might know an Irish papist in the streets of Dublin by his look and walk. The marks of the penal code were still upon him. He seemed ashamed to appear in the light of open day. He crouched in the presence of the ruling caste. He acted like a man who lived only on sufferance. What the blacks on an American plantation were to the whites who lashed them into industry, so were the Irish Catholics to their Protestant and English masters. Catholic emancipation was not certainly a complete measure of freedom. It left the position of the tillers of the soil untouched. Worse still, the Government insisted in making the Relief Act a dead letter. After the accession of the Melbourne Ministry to office in 1835, the Catholics were excluded from all commanding positions as completely as if emancipation had never been granted. Nevertheless, O'Connell had struck a decisive blow at the Protestant oligarchy, and had undermined the “English garrison.”

The present generation scarcely realizes that O'Connell was practically the creator of almost all the political movements which have sprung up in Ireland since his day. He was the source from which the Young Irelanders first drew their inspiration. As Young Ireland sprang from O'Connell, Fenianism sprang from Young Ireland. The doctrines of Young Ireland tended to separation ; the Fenians put the doctrines into practice. On the collapse of Fenianism, Isaac Butt, politically the lineal descendant of O'Connell, brought the people back to constitutional agitation. Then came Parnell.

The spirit of O'Connell, plus the spirit of John Mitchell—extraordinary as the combination may seem—dominates Irish politics to-day. It has been reserved for a Tory Prime Minister, in our own time, to take almost the final step towards the completion of O'Connell's work. For the Irish local Government Act is nearly the full complement of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and the Irish people look to it for ultimate Home Rule in one form or another.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. V.

JANUARY, 1901.

Vol. III.

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES.

It was not without trepidation that we began work on volume three of the REVIEW last September. The REVIEW had a reputation to be sustained, and we had many misgivings of our ability to perform that task. Looking back on our work of the last four months we think we have not wholly failed ; our opinion is shared by others. Our exchanges have had their say on the contents of the present volume of the REVIEW, and to anyone acquainted with the critical (we had almost said hypercritical) character of the college press, their testimony will not be without weight.

The *Laurel* of December says : " The Ottawa REVIEW for September is graced in its opening pages by a well-written, and, we can also imagine, well-delivered speech by Mr. J. A. Meehan, B.A., Ph. B. This number, though rather devoid of articles from undergraduates, still shows a latent power which will show

forth later." Of the same issue the *Western University Courant* wrote: "The University of Ottawa REVIEW shows up very well, for the first issue of the school year. We will look for better and know we shall not be disappointed." Neither were you, friend. It took a self-conceited philosophical fossil within our own University to get into that condition. The "Letter from China," which appeared in our September number, was quoted by the *Casket* and the *Ave Maria*, two papers by which it is an honor to be noticed. The October number of the REVIEW came out, and soon afterwards the *Young Eagle* (more power to its shriek) came out thus: "The scholarly REVIEW from the University of Ottawa shows that vacation days are almost forgotten, and that earnest work has begun. 'The First Leo' is an interesting subject which is well set forth. The style and diction might be taken as models. In the article on 'The Crusades' we commend highly the remarks on good history."

It was our ambition to improve every number, and we partially succeeded, according to the testimony of the *Tamarac*. Says the ex-man of that paper with our November number before him: "It is no exaggeration to say that the most exacting reader will find sources of pleasure in the dainty pages of the Ottawa REVIEW, replete as they are with delightful bits of prose and verse that afford gratification to every taste. The initial article on the Oxford Poets gives evidence of wide reading. Its style is polished, and the illustrative matter brought in is always apposite. The essay on the Marquis of Bute is timely and interesting, but the author's treatment is somewhat too brief to do full justice to his subject. The 'Thousand Islands' is a clever piece of description." The *St. Mary's Chimes* bestows similar praise on "The Poets of the Oxford Movement, and adds what we know to be true, "the exchange column of the REVIEW is one of the best edited of all those in the journals."

For every witness we have adduced we might have adduced three, but modesty compelled us to be brief. We shall try to deserve the good opinions of our readers and exchanges, to both of whom we cordially wish a most Happy and Prosperous New Year."

A RETROSPECT : A PROSPECT.

On January 1st, 1801, went into force the Act which deprived Ireland of legislative independence and blotted out her name as a separate kingdom from the history of the nations. By what iniquitous means the Union was passed every one knows. Before the footpad robs his victim he plunges a knife into him. It was when Ireland lay hacked and mangled and torn, bleeding from every pore, that her independence was filched away. Against the crime the injured and aggrieved nation has never ceased to cry out. The abortive insurrections of 1803, 1847 and 1867 were frantic attempts, not of the whole nation but of men filled with the spirit of the nation, to recover the lost prerogative. The foremost object of every constitutional movement, which has sprung up in Ireland since the days of O'Connell, has been the recovery of the nation's right to make its own laws.

Little did the Repealers of O'Connell's time, little did Irishmen fourteen years ago, deem that the twentieth century should find Ireland in the inferior position of a province. The eventual repeal of the Union, however, is as certain to-day as it was in either of these periods and is just so many years nearer. It would be a great error to suppose that because the goal has not been reached, no progress has been made towards it. Ireland enjoys, especially since the passage of the County Councils' Bill, a certain measure of self-government ; and as well may one expect that the growing plant or tree, enjoying every condition favorable for growth and development, will cease to grow and never arrive at maturity, as has the process of political evolution which is working out Ireland's independence, will suspend its operations halfway. It is not man but divine Providence that has inaugurated the process ("for Freedom comes from God's right hand") and the same divine agency is watching over it.

"Erin ! O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the brightest shall fade."

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The rage which exists at the present day to organize Debating Clubs in every town and city, is a fact which in itself is very signifi-

cant. Men of experience who either have enjoyed the advantages which such a society affords, or who perceived when launched into the world what they should have been proficient in and were not, are taking the lead in this work of organization. The ability to speak in public they deem to be absolutely necessary.

Colleges and universities have always recognized this truth, and have ever favored—nay, even, in some cases, made compulsory—the existence of the Debating Society. To those to whom was entrusted the education of young men it was quite evident, that unless their students possessed the power to impress, by speaking, their knowledge upon others, the object of their work would not be attained.

Hence it was that the Debating Society always received special encouragement from the Faculty of Ottawa University. Our Prefect of Studies has ever taken an active part in its management, and even was for several years its Director. The constant success of the society was truly admirable, and was certainly a credit to the University. Within the past year or so however, the students seemed to be more desirous of avoiding the debates altogether than of fostering the spirit of the good old days. True it is that in this matter the Faculty was not at all to blame, for it still gave the society generous assistance and even saved it from utter ruin. We are rather more inclined to blame the wish-to-do-nothing sort of spirit which existed among many of its members.

The new century has brought us great hopes nevertheless, and if the first meeting of the Club is to be a criterion of the work which it will this year perform, then our old-time success will surely have returned. The members have this year shown that they wish the society to be brought back to the old standard, and even if possible to rise far beyond it.

The possibility of an inter-collegiate debate should be an incentive for the students to do their very best, so that if this should take place, we might be able to prove to the other colleges that we are as dangerous opponents on the platform as we are on the foot-ball field.

A WELCOME AND A QUOTATION.


Although purely a college paper, *THE REVIEW* has on former occasions deemed it to be not out of place to take note of what passes in other fields of journalism. Therefore it is that we welcome to our table, and take this opportunity of introducing to the notice of our readers, the latest addition to Catholic and Canadian newspaperdom—*The Union*, an independent Catholic weekly published in this city. With a new year and a new century the *Union* starts well. The first number impresses one very favorably, and though its promoters and editors make no promise “of gilt-edged good things,” we feel there is better coming—that which will need no gilt-edge to commend it, but which can win its way on its intrinsic merit. Glancing over the first page of the *Union* this paragraph met our eye :

“Both Toronto University and Queen's University are evidently preparing for a simultaneous, if not joint, raid on the treasury of the Province of Ontario. It is the patent duty of Catholics to protest against any portion of the public funds being devoted to these two institutions unless satisfactory provision is made at the same time for the proper endowment of Catholic University education in the Province. If further state aid is to go to universities, we want our share. Toronto and Queen's are not and never will be suitable centres for Catholic youth. All the theoretical arguments about broadmindedness and large national ideas is the veriest nonsense. It is by no means true that increased intellectual power and attainments necessarily destroy prejudice and injustice and bigotry. On March 13, 1828, the University of Oxford, by a vote of 63 to 32, rejected the petition for the removal of the civil disabilities of Catholics, though the House of Commons had three times passed a resolution favoring equal rights before the law. In February, 1829, the University of Oxford rejected, by a vote of 755 to 609, Sir Robert Peel who had long been its representative, because of his advocacy of Catholic rights. Thus, the representatives of the great mass of the people—the middle classes—spoke out for justice. but they were opposed on the one hand by the King, the Lords, the Established Church and the Universities, and on the other by the Brunswickers—the dregs of the population. So to-day there is no doubt that in any question dealing with the rights of Catholics, the bitterest and most unreasoning opposition would come from Toronto and Queen's Universities on the one hand and from the Orange Order on the other, representing the highest and the lowest forms of Protestant intelligence.”

This is just what we might wish to have written ourselves. We heartily endorse this outspoken utterance of the *Union*, and commend the same to the consideration of our legislators.


THE NEWMAN CENTENARY.

There seems to be a very general opinion abroad that the one-hundredth anniversary of Cardinal Newman's birth should be made the occasion of a suitable celebration. This opinion finds favor with the REVIEW. Accordingly our February number will be a Newman number, wherein we shall do our little best to honor the great Cardinal's name.



OBITUARY.

The REVIEW sympathizes deeply with Mr. James H. Gookin '02, and Mr. Dorion Rhéaume, 3rd Form, both of whom suffered sad bereavments during the first week of vacation. Mr. Gookin in the loss of his father whose death occurred at his home in Tewkesbury, Mass., on December 27th, and Mr. Rhéaume by the death of his brother, Mr. Alexander Rhéaume of the commercial class of '66, at the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall. The remains of Mr. Rhéaume were brought to Ottawa for interment. R.I.P.



VARIOUS.

The Duke of Norfolk is one of nature's noblemen, fearless, straightforward, uncompromising, a man of high principle, and with the courage of his convictions ; above all he is a devout Catholic. He is reported to have recently set the political and religious circles of England all agog by an outspoken utterance on the Roman question, wherein he expressed the desire to see the Holy Father restored to a position of independence. This is no more than every Catholic desires ; and if those who move in the political and religious circles of England, imagined the Duke of Norfolk was less Catholic than the meanest Catholic in the world, they have been very stupid.

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It having been stated that Mr. W. J. Bryan is to become the editor of a political weekly paper to be published at Lincoln,

Neb., the *Sacred Heart Review* remarks, that if this be true, the money question will henceforth trouble Mr. Bryan more than ever.

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A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cooke, has been attending Catholic services in the churches of Boston, to see for himself what things are said and done therein. Through the *Transcript* he has informed the public that

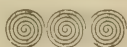
"The Bible is read and expounded as faithfully in Catholic churches as in Protestant. The idea so many Protestants have that the Bible is ignored by Catholics, if ever true, certainly is not so at the present time in this country. Preaching is made as much of in Catholic as in Protestant churches. The sermons are shorter, more simple and direct ; but they are not less effective. Evidently the priests are thoroughly trained in the art of forcible expression and effective discourse. They not only preach without manuscript, but they know how to deal with human nature, how to appeal to its hopes and its ideals. Few Protestant preachers are there who might not learn many a lesson in good preaching by attending Catholic churches. Somewhat to my surprise I learned that the Catholic preaching is thoroughly evangelical, using the word in the sense in which it is employed by the more orthodox of Protestant denominations. It is not the Church which the Catholic sets forth as the centre of his system, but Christ as the Saviour of the world. He regards the Church as Christ's present representative on earth, the guardian and conservator of His teaching ; but it is Christ to Whom he looks for salvation. No Protestant can present this more clearly than it was done in the sermons I heard, or exemplify the evangelical spirit more sincerely. I am somewhat inclined to think that the most faithful evangelical preaching is now to be heard in Catholic churches."

If we might offer an advice to the Rev. M. Cooke, we should suggest that he continue to attend those churches where he has found that evangelical Christianity is preached.

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The twentieth century has come into a rich inheritance. Among other legacies bequeathed to it by its predecessor is the unsolved question of the birth-place of St. Patrick. A new book on this topic, by the Rev. S. Malone, P.P., M.R.I.A., has appeared from the press of Browne & Nolan, Dublin. The author contends that the patron saint of Ireland was a Welshman, born at Usk town, Monmouthshire, and musters a good array of learning in support of his contention.

At the Consistory of December 17th, His Holiness the Pope reiterated his protests against the usurpation of the papal territory by the Italian government. His Holiness said : "A source of grief in particular is it, that the same force which deprived the Pontiff of his just and legitimate temporal sovereignty, with which was bound up the freedom of his sacred office, still persecuting, continues to hold him subject to an alien power and an alien domination. Our sense of the bitterness of this injustice was recently renewed by what we saw taking place in the Italian State—that is, when the government of the city, which was wrongfully secured, was passed on from one to another as if it had been obtained by right." The Roman question is more acute to-day than it was twenty years ago. It will be settled for good only when the Pope is restored to complete independence.



Notices of Books.

CITHARA MEA : By Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

Marlier & Co., Boston, Mass.

The appearance of this volume of poems was looked for with an unusual degree of interest. That the author of "Cithara Mea," could woo the Muses, was evidenced not only by the verses which were contributed to American magazines on various occasions by his graceful pen, but particularly by the charming poetic spirit of his novels. But now we check our anticipations, and throw aside any pre-conceived notions to judge the work simply upon its merits. The noticeable departure from the choice simplicity of language characteristic of his fiction is attributable to the overmastering influence of classic lore which has influenced both his diction and versification. Of his poems, "The Revealed" stands first in order of merit. It is remarkable for its sublimity of thought and majesty of conception, while "The Hidden," with all its dignity of form, has few lines that cling to the memory. In "Gachla,—the Druidess," he has ennobled one of the most beautiful legends of ante-Christian Ireland, which has all the delicacy and felicity of treatment of Aubrey de Vere. In his con-

struction of the sonnet, Father Sheehan has been successful, and his efforts in this difficult form of verse are creditable. The reader will easily discern that the chief note of his poetry is the attention to the spiritual, and while his conception of the higher life is filled with fervour and nobility, their expression is often so mystical and obscure that even the competent reader loses much of the joy expected from a perusal of these poems. His poetry reveals the purposes of his noble mission, which find expression in those words which Keble fittingly used in the dedication of his Oxford lectures on poetry, "Ut animos ad Sanctiora erigeret"—to raise our minds to holier things.

A TROUBLED HEART AND HOW IT WAS COMFORTED. By Charles Warren Stoddart.

Ave Maria Press. Notre Dame, Ind.

"A Troubled Heart," which originally appeared in the pages of the *Ave Maria*, is a work which we can unreservedly recommend to our readers. It is a generous outpouring of a noble soul once tossed between the Scylla and Charybdis of unbelief when seeking the truth, but now happily within the harbour of the Church. The booklet is written with that charm and grace of diction which particularly mark Mr. Stoddart's scholarly contributions to current literature. Its pages reveal the author's cravings and yearnings after the enlightenment of a true religion, even when a mere youth. His early prejudices against the Church, his poetic admiration for the externals of worship, particularly for the ceremonies, his search after the spirit and substance of religion, and finally his abandonment of the sinking vessel of Protestantism for the safe bark of Peter are all told with a charming simplicity, honesty, and nobleness of purpose. The work shows the enthusiasm yet fervency and devotion of a convert. It contains many tributes of loving gratitude to those who lightened the heavy-laden in his submission to the Church.

THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball.

American Book Co., New York.

This is a text book which aims for a profitable continuation of grammar study in our high schools and Collegiate Institutes. The

marked feature of the work is the prominence given to examination of the structure of sentences in relation to the thought embodied, so that students will acquire a thorough knowledge of etymology and syntax. By following out this plan the student will have the best method of interpreting the thoughts of others, and of clearly communicating his own ideas. The author's compass of knowledge, on which the success of the treatment depends, is undoubtedly equal to the requirements of the work undertaken, while the manner of treatment, including the happy choice of sentences and author's own diction, stamp the work as one of culture and of merit. The appearance of such a work at the present time is most opportune, because of the persistent demands made by educators for the better teaching of this important subject. The acceptance, then, of this work by teachers will naturally result in more time being given to one of the most necessary subjects of the school curriculum.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MADAME THÉRÈSE. By Erckmann Chatrian.

THE STORY OF CYRUS. By Clarence W. Gleason.

SELECTED WORKS OF OVID. By F. Miller.

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH.

American Book Co., New York.



Among the Magazines.

The opening of the new century has not been marked by any appreciable change in the magazines that come to our *Sanctum*. However, to say that our Catholic exchanges maintain their usual standard is no slight commendation for them.

Among the contents of the *Catholic World* two articles, *St. Paul the Apostle and our Modern Life*, and *Dogma and Dogmatism*, are particularly worthy of note. In the former paper, St. Paul is depicted as the ideal of sanctity, most attractive to the instincts of the modern mind. As a reason of this attractiveness the writer states that he "is the type of religious teacher that is most will-

ingly listened to nowadays. It is not because our contemporaries lack generosity that they take to St. Paul as a model. No one would ever dream of expecting a compromise from him. Men go to him because they really want the meat and kernel of religious truth, because they seek its essence rather than its accompaniments, its soul and not its trappings." These words might offer matter for reflection to some of those sentimental devotionalists that disgust us with their mumblings and mummeries. The second named paper offers a fund of useful reading for both Catholics and Protestants. Although he strongly upholds the claims of divinely revealed dogma, the writer denounces in no mild terms the spirit of dogmatism which prevails so widely among many members of the church, who, as he says, "are ever trying to bring their own unauthorized views under the aegis of ecclesiastical infallibility and to impose them on others under pain of anathema," words by the way which are not wholly inapplicable to a certain element in this fair Dominion. The fiction of the present number is rather weak, "The Mother of John" being, to our mind, remarkable for little except the frequent interspersions of French terms and expressions.

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The Messenger of the Sacred Heart contains an excellent array of papers on live and pertinent topics. *An Epic of the XIX Century* is an epitomized sketch of the work of the Religious of Sacred Heart in the United States. *Missionaries and Martyrs in China*, and *The Problem of the Philippines* will enhance the interest in oriental affairs. *An Attic Madonna* is the first installment of what promises to be a story of absorbing interest.



Exchanges

The last issue of the *Red and Blue* is better than usual. It is essentially a college number, three out of the four papers contributed being stories of student life. These little incidents are quite ordinary, by no means strikingly novel or original, but they are related in a bright, easy style which makes them very readable.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* contains an exhaustive survey of the vexatious "French Shore Question in Newfoundland," which should be of considerable interest to all Canadians. The writer goes into the subject very thoroughly, giving the contentions of both sides in detail. He endeavors to show that the French claims have no foundation, but, since the question now seems as far off as ever from a satisfactory settlement, he concludes that "the entire extinguishment of these rights either by a money payment or exchange of territory is the only possible solution, and there should be no objection to such a proposal on the part of France."

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The *Laurel* appears only quarterly, but it publishes nevertheless as much in one issue as many other journals do in three. The contents of the last number comprise twelve articles, for the most part brief and fairly well written. A few which treat of commonplace, timeworn topics are decidedly uninteresting and might have been dispensed with very well. Essays on such subjects as "Friendship" and "Blessings of Adversity," etc., may have their place in class-work, but certainly they are rather trite to be found in the pages of a progressive magazine. "Ireland's History, Faith and Heroes," is chiefly remarkable as showing not only the author's thorough acquaintance with his subject, but his no less thorough ignorance of paragraphing. The exchange editor does his work conscientiously and earnestly. However, we would recommend him to take a little more care in his writing, as in a critic above all men sins against grammar, punctuation, and the first principles of style are altogether unpardonable.

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Not even the most critical of ex-men could find fault with *St. Mary's Chimes*, save perhaps to hint to the fair editors that a story or two would render their paper even more attractive. But if there is an absence of fiction in the January number there is no lack of clever essays and charming verse. The leading article, "The Psychology of Attention," is, as the title indicates, rather profound and heavy to be interesting to many, but the subject seems to have been well mastered. That recent, popular novel, "Alice

of Old Vincennes," is reviewed in a thoughtful and painstaking mood, all too rare among critics, which grasps the book with no uncertain hand and outlines clearly its defects as well as its strong points. "Nemesis in Shakespeare" is a very good article also, but in our opinion the author should not have neglected "Hamlet," for obvious reasons, in her study of Shakespearian "retribution in art."

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Another excellent convent publication claims our attention—the Niagara *Rainbow*. It also is a quarterly, and a good one. The only fault we can find with it is that the work of undergraduates is rather out of proportion to the size of the journal. The greater part of the *Rainbow* is taken up with articles, of undeniable merit however, from other pens. Among the work of the pupils the series of essays on Dante and his chief works is especially noteworthy. They are an evidence of a deep study and a genuine appreciation of the great Italian poet. But how does it come that there are no aspiring poets among the contributors to the *Rainbow*? Our convent exchanges as a rule seem to have a large number of verse-makers at command, and produce work of a first-class order. And, why the magnificent scenic beauties which lie so close to their convent home should be a never failing source of inspiration to the "mute, inglorious" Niagara poets! Not the least pleasing feature of this very enjoyable journal are its numerous illustrations, among which are some fine copies of well known religious paintings.



Of Local Interest.

The new century on its arrival has no doubt found us in the act of taking all sorts of good resolutions, though we won't vouchsafe that they will all be kept. Yet we may perhaps be excused, for it is cer-

tainly hard to settle down to real hard work after vacation. Since we must to business, however, let us begin by wishing all the compliments of the season.

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The great quantity of snow

which has recently fallen almost discouraged the shovelers. The snow-banks are probably the highest that have been seen here at this time of year. A change to good keen frosty weather is expected however, and will indeed be welcome to all, but especially to our hockey players.

* *

The members of the O. U. A. A. presented an athletic and musical entertainment on 18th Dec., to aid in filling the club's almost depleted treasury. The programme was both novel and interesting, the pupils of Prof. Morse calling for special praise. The music—both vocal and instrumental—was under the care of Rev. O. Lambert, and was rendered in a very pleasing style. A short two act comedy, entitled "Vacation," was added to the list, the cast being :

Mr. Pemberton,
Pres. of the Emplre Bank,
T. G. Morin.
Herbert Wells,
alias Jim Parr, formerly a
cashier of the Emp. Bank ;
at present, a guide,
H. Connolly.
Curtis Dunbar,
a truly good yonng man,
J. J. Macdonell.
G. Elliott Brayton,
a sweet member of N. Y. society,
J. E. Burke.

Old Obadiah Siggins,
a farmer with an eye for business,
G. I. Nolan.
Young Obadiah,
his son,
J. R. O'Gorman.
Jack Ashton,
of the N. Y. "Daily Cyclone,"
C. P. McCormac.
Raggles, a tramp,
W. A. Callaghan.
Dick Percival,
a leading actor in the Bon
Ton Theatre,
J. F. Hanley.
Dennis Clancy,
an all around man,
J. P. King.
Toots, a negro cook,
W. A. Martin.

* *

To Rev. T. Campeau, under whose direction the program was arranged and carried out, are due the thanks of every one. The little "spread" which he gave after the entertainment was highly appreciated by the boys who take this occasion to thank the Rev. Prefect. The entire success, both financial and otherwise which attended the efforts of the students was largely due to the fact that they joined heartily with the Director and aided him in every way possible.

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The opening debate of the season was a most interesting one. The question, "Resolved that there should be international

action in the suppression of anarchism," was thoroughly discussed, Messrs. Donnelly and Burke upholding the affirmative. Messrs. McGlade and Devlin supported the negative, but could not succeed in obtaining the judges' favor. — Rev. Father Walsh, of Boston, was present and addressed a few words of praise and encouragement to the members of the society.

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On February 13th Dr. J. J. Griffin M.A., of the University of Washington D.C. will lecture in the Academic Hall.

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The Philosopher's dancing class under the skilful direction of Prof. Cox is rapidly reaching perfection, "Bobbie," "Shad" and "Mac," never miss a lesson.

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Prof. (scanning poetry) "How do you divide marriage?" — Would-be-joker (from the back) "Divorce."

* *

Tommy (to F-l-y at 5.30 a.m.) "Say, Gee, I've got the chicken-pox sure."

F-l-y (frightened) "How's that."

Tommy—"Why, look at all the feathers in my bed."

J. K-ng : — "Where's this *draft* from anyway?"

Cap.—"From the snow-bank."

* *

Bl-te (in his usual day-dream style) "We've got the nicest bishop living, but he's dead now."

* *

Be ever sure in future, Paddy, that your friends from L. P. C. have really promised to meet you.

* *

The Kingston contingent didn't arrive alone, did they, Dick?

* *

G-bl-n has firmly resolved to have on his "nice striped silk stockings" the next time his friends call.

* *

"Are both my eye-brows the same shade?"

* *

"Can you change a 5?"

* *

"I—I—I'm sorry, but I'm engaged."

* *

A morning songster — The *lark* in our study-hall.

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A new book—I'm All Alone, yes, All Alone, or Locked Out, by J. T. W-rn-ck.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Among those raised to the priesthood at the Christmas ordination in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, we noticed the names of Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, Rev. John Ryan, '97, and Rev. M. J. McKenna, '97. The REVIEW extends most sincere good wishes to the young Levites.

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Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, '97, and Rev. Geo. E. Fitzgerald, '97, were ordained Deacons by Archbishop Duhamel at the Christmas ordinations at the Basilica.

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We are glad to congratulate Messrs. D. Jos. McDougal and Joseph U. Vincent, both of the class of '94, on their election to the City Council of Ottawa for the present year.

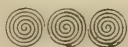
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Rev. J. J. Meagher, '93, has

been appointed Dean of Regopolis College.

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A very pleasing event took place at St. Joseph's Church at 8 a.m., January 16th, when Mr. Thomas F. Clancy, '98, was married to Miss Kathleen O'Leary, the youngest daughter of Mr. John O'Leary, the well-known contractor of this city. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. M. F. Fallon, '89, O.M.I., and was followed by a nuptial mass. The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful presents, including a silver tea service, with oak tray suitably inscribed from the O.U.A.A. After a charming wedding breakfast the young couple left on their honeymoon trip to New York. The REVIEW extends best wishes.



Junior Department,

Weighed down with the cumbrous weight of one hundred years, the old century has rolled into the mysterious past. The tide of time, however, has ush-

ered in a new era in which we must still toil along the rugged road of success, or faltering, walk the path of utter failure.

Standing on the threshold of

the new-born century, the Junior Editor extends to his time-cherished friends the hand of friendship, and to his new-made college chums he offers the words of welcome. His earnest heart gives utterance to the sincere hope that the inhabitants of Liliput will receive from Infant Time abundant measure of years and success in their prospective careers in life.

* *

On January 15th the Holy Angels' Sodality held its annual meeting to elect officers for the present season. The following young boys have received offices:

President, Ludger Bourque.
 Vice-President, George Verreault.
 Secretary, Arthur Laberge.
 Treasurer, George Leonard.
 Chorister, Roderic McDougall.
 Assistant Chorister, Joseph Coupal.
 Sacristan, William Mulligan.
 Assistant Sacristan, Horace Legault.

* *

On January 10th, the members of the Junior Athletic Association assembled in the study-hall and drew up for the hockey season the following schedule :

Jan. 13.—Dion vs. Girouard.
 “ 19.—McGee vs. Dion.
 “ 20.—Girouard vs. Bawlf.
 “ 23.—Dion vs. Bawlf.
 “ 26.—Girouard vs. McGee.
 “ 27.—Bawlf vs. Dion.
 “ 30.—McGee vs. Girouard.

Feb. 2.—Girouard vs. Dion.
 “ 3.—Bawlf vs. McGee.
 “ 6.—Dion vs. McGee.
 “ 9.—Bawlf vs. Girouard.
 “ 10.—McGee vs. Bawlf.

* *

The first match, which took place between Dion and Girouard, resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 5 to 3 goals.

Though the game was earnestly contested throughout both halves, yet it failed to offer to the spectators that interest which they are accustomed to feel when the Junior hockey-players contend. Girouard put up a great defense for his team at coverpoint, but he was unable to resist the continued rushes of Dion's forwards. In truth Dion has some very raw material on hand and if he intends to be among the victorious at the end of the season, he must practice faithfully during the half holidays. For Dion's team we can mete out no great amount of praise. We shall lavish our compliments on his efforts when we see on the part of the forwards and covers more combined team-work. If Dion won from Girouard Jan. 23rd, the victory was due to the weakness of the opposing team. We hope, boys, that you will all be faithful to daily practices,

You know well that there is always a large crowd of interested spectators at your games. Do not disappoint them therefore by displaying your ignorance of the hockey game. Give them their *money's* worth.

The Juniors cherish the hope that in the course of time they will be able to pay a *friendly* visit to that fourth team of the senior department. When the seniors are sufficiently confident of their own prowess, and when in fine they feel able morally to meet us with our own kind of weapons—skates, hockeys, and a *puck*, they may send a delegate to headquarters to conclude all necessary agreements.

Headquarters—Dark Room.

Prof. : What is a planet?

Stud : The flat summit of a mountain.

Doctor : Well, Flem, what's the matter to-day.

Flem. (who snugly clings to his comfortable bed in the infirmary) : Oh, nothing. I'm just like the other fellows.

T. S.... In will (if able), kindly keep his pedal extremities within the limited circuit allowed to all skaters.

Says McCarthy—My face is Irish, my speak is French.

HONOR ROLL.

First Grade—1st, A. Fleming ; 2nd, H. Casey ; 3rd, R. Bélanger ; 4th, W. Barrie.

Second Grade, Div. A.—1st, E. Poissant ; 2nd, S. Bourque ; 3rd, G. Kirwan ; 3rd, (ex-quo) P. T. Kirwan ; 4th, M. Moreau.

Second Grade, Div. B.—1st, L. P. Levecque ; 2nd, Jno. Walsh ; 3rd, U. Boucher ; 4th, Jos. Casey.

Third Grade, Div. A.—1st, F. Donovan ; 2nd, Jos. Coupal ; 3rd, E. Langlois ; 4th, Fred. Gervais.

Third Grade, Div. B.—1st, B. Hudson ; 2nd, J. Morris ; 3rd, L. Legault ; 4th, Joseph Ranger.

Graduating Class.—1st, E. Seguin ; 2nd, James Healey ; 3rd, Nicholas Bawlf ; 4th, Jas. Donahue.

HONOR LIST—COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade—1st, A. Fleming ; 2nd, W. Barie ; 3rd, F. Hamel ; 4th, H. Casey.


Second Grade, Div. A.—1st, E. Poissant ; 2nd, L. Bourque ; 3rd, P. T. Kirwan ; 4th, A. Coté.

Second Grade, Div. B.—1st, L. P. Levesque ; 2nd, Joseph Casey ; 3rd, J. Walsh ; 4th, U. Boucher.

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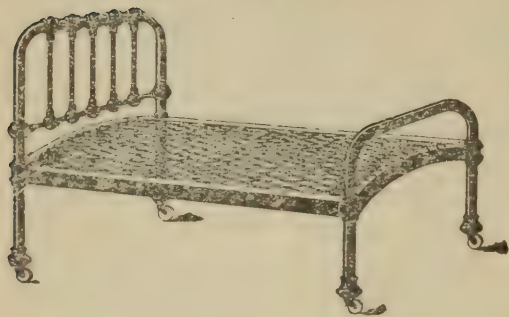
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
John Henry Cardinal Newman.....	262
Poetry :	
To Cardinal Newman.....	266
Newman and the Tractarian Movement....	267
Poetry :	
Lead, Kindly Light.....	275
Newman as a Catholic.....	276
Poetry :	
After Reading "Lead Kindly Light.".....	282
Newman The Poet.....	283
Newman Love for Ireland.....	289
Poetry :	
Prayer of Gerontius.....	295
John Henry and Francis William Newman.....	296
Newman's "Idea of a University.".....	300
Poetry :	
The Guardian Angel's Victory.....	305
Newman and Matthew Arnold.....	306
Editorials :	
The Queen.....	309
The Newman Centenary.....	310
Is It Bigotry?.....	311
Various.....	313
Exchanges.....	313
Athletics.....	315
Of Local Interest.....	320

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“Raffaelle is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman.”

Lord Coleridge.

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



JOHN Henry Newman was born in London, 21 February 1801. His father an English Episcopalian, was a banker, and his mother whose family name was Fourdrinier was of Huguenot descent. At an early age, he was sent to a private school at Ealing. While yet a boy he exhibited the future bents of his mind, poetry, religious controversy and theology, delighting more in these things than in his sports and pastimes.

Newman entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1816 but on account of the failure of his father's bank two years later, he had to rush his course, taking a scholarship, but without honors, early in 1820. In 1823, the quiet and retiring student was elected Fellow of Oriel College, but his father's death, in the same year, cast a gloom over his joy. For the next three years, his views were greatly influenced by Dr. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Mary's and then for several years by Dr. Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, both of whom greatly improved his young mind. Ordained in 1824, his rise was now rapid, being curate of St. Clemens in '24, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall in '25, Tutor of Oriel in '26 and Vicar of St Mary's Oxford in '28. In 1826 he published his first book, an essay on Apollonius Tyraneus, and preached his first University sermon. In 1828 his public life really began, his influence at Oxford now commencing. He was engaged on his book the "Arians of the Fourth Century" from 1830-32, and at the end of this latter year, he gave up tutorial work and left with Hurrel Froude for a Mediterranean journey. During this trip the great majority of his shorter poems, including the world famed, "Lead Kindly, Light" were composed. They returned home in the summer of '33 to find that a movement against "the antidogmatic spirit of the day," a movement now called Oxford or Tractarian, was about to begin. Newman joining it started a series of "Tracts for the Times," and as they progressed it was seen that they aimed at a new reformation, which was to make the English

Church a *Via Media*, which would avoid the errors both of Papacy and popular Protestantism. A new school was soon created and Pusey, already an influential person, was made leader. Newman's idea of the *Via Media* is seen both in his Tracts and in "The Prophetical Office of the English Church," written 1834-6. The death of Hurrell Froude in 1836 not only cut off the foremost in the race to Rome—for Rome, though the leaders did not themselves know it, must be the ultimate end of the movement—but cut off also Newman's dearest friend. From 1838 to '41 Newman was editor of the "British Critic" which became the organ of the movement. In February '41, appeared Newman's famous Tract No. 90, in which he stretched the Thirty-Nine Articles as far as possible towards Catholicity. The Tract was condemned by the University but the Anglican bishops decided that if Newman would stop the series they would not condemn it. Newman stopped the series and resigned his place in the movement, retiring to Littlemore, but acting upon the advice of his friends kept St. Mary's. Though Newman wished to be alone, a party soon gathered around him and he was as influential as ever; and now the Anglican bishops, in spite of their agreement one after another condemned Tract No 90. Meanwhile Newman was drifting further and further from Anglicanism, the Jerusalem Bishopric Affair in '41 being in reality his Anglican death bed. In 1843 he made a formal retraction of all he had said against the Catholics, and resigned St. Mary's. In 1844 he published his "Annotated Translation of Athanasius," upon which he had been engaged for three years. In 1845 he commenced his essay on "The Development of Christian Doctrine, and before it was finished he became convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church and immediately joined it. The effect of his conversion was immense. Gladstone considers the loss the Anglicans sustained by it, even greater than that caused by Wesley's defection. Newman's works during the Oxford or Protestant portion of his life, include besides those mentioned ten volumes of sermons and some treatises.

Newman left Oxford in 1846 for Oscott where he met Dr (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman. He then went to Rome where after a short preparation he joined the order of St. Philip Neri. Several of his companions who had followed him to the Church,

likewise joined the order, and he established an Oratory in Maryvale, which next year, 1868, was moved to Birmingham. Here he devoted himself to the service of the poor. In 1848 Newman published "Loss and Gain," a tale of an Oxford conversion far different from his own. Next year the cholera having broken out Newman and his friend Ambrose St. John voluntarily fought that dreadful plague. Newman's "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" in the same year, "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" in 1850, and "Present Position of Catholics in England," in '51 greatly increased his reputation as an author. The Achili case in this latter year serves to show how greatly British justice may miscarry even in this enlightened age. In 1852 Newman became rector of the Catholic University of Dublin and there published his "Idea of a University," and in '55, "Callista," a story of the early Christians. In 1860 he returned to the Oratory at Birmingham where he remained till his death. In 1864 he was the object of an attack by Kingsley, being charged among other things of preaching and practicing equivocation and of being a Catholic in disguise for many years at Oxford. To refute these and similar charges, Newman published his "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," a history of his religious opinions, the most popular of all his books. It is considered that this book did more to create a good feeling between Protestants and Catholics in England than anything else written during that century. In 1868 he published his wonderful "Dream of Gerontius" which marks him as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. Two years later he published his "Grammar of Assent."

A letter to his bishop in which he doubted the expediency of the promulgation of Papal Infallibility, then being thought of at Rome, having surreptitiously got into print, was misunderstood and misrepresented by many. In 1875 Gladstone having publicly attacked the doctrine, was answered by Newman, in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," his last work. This same year died Ambrose St. John, Newman's bosom friend for about a quarter of a century. In 1877 Newman published a revised edition of his works, some thirty-seven volumes, his misstatements in his Protestant works being corrected in foot-notes. The religious tests being abolished at Oxford, Newman was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, which he next year, 1878, visited.

But a far greater honor now awaited him. In 1879, Leo XIII, climaxed Newman's public life by making him a Prince of the Church ; and when he received the red hat in Rome, not only his friends and co-religionists but the whole English speaking world, joined in congratulations and well wishes to the new cardinal.

This was Newman's last appearance in public life and surrounded by his devoted Oratorians he lived in retirement at Birmingham till his death, August 9th, 1890. Newman may be considered in three ways, as a man, as an author, as an ecclesiastic. As a man, he was singularly noble and great ; as an author, he was a wonderful poet and probably the greatest master of English prose ; as an ecclesiastic, he was England's greatest son of the Church.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, O4.



TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

(BORN FEBRUARY 21ST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.)



HE Centenary of thy birth we keep,
 O thou whose soul serene drew all to thee
 In honor high, in reverent love and deep,
 Thy name by Memory held must ever be.

Thy genius unto goodness handmaid serv'd.
 For thee nor sweets of ease, nor shapes of power
 Thy purpose firm, thy judgment right e'er swerv'd.—
 So vain and brief—'twere fleetness of an hour.

The heights eternal were the goal e'er sought,
 Within that calm thy gentle spirit dwelt ;
 In that pure ether were such labors wrought
 As kindle souls to ardors seldom felt.

Majestic Newman ! solitary there
 Thou sitt'st enthron'd before whose gifts we bow :
 The contemplation of the summits where
 Thy excellence attain'd brings blessings now.

'Tis thus that from thy urn thou holdest sway
 O'er realms of thought beyond thy English shore ;
 Dispelling doubt thy kindly light to-day
 Thro' mists of Death still cheereth men the more.

And thou art Truth's and she for e'er is thine ;
 The blessed guide of all thy mortal way
 In turn, now holds thee close in bliss divine.
 No " Night is dark."—It is Eternal Day.

Thou noble son, for whom fond Earth hath tears,—
 Thou wert her scholar, poet, sage and saint—
 Forget her not thro' all the heavenly years,—
 With need of hers do thou our God acquaint.

—F. F. GREY.

Ottawa, Ont., February, 1901.

NEWMAN AND THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.



FROM the anniversary of Newman's birth cannot be dissociated the recollection of one of the most important crises in the ecclesiastical annals of the English speaking world, a crisis so mighty in its results that not only has it been the means of snatching from Anglicanism many of her choicest sons, but its pulsation is felt to this very time and is daily drawing thousands to the one true fold of Christ.

To trace the life of John Henry Newman from his thirty-second to his forty-fifth year, is but to narrate the history of this crisis, the great Tractarian Movement ; for though it is true that the Movement was a principle of action breaking out in different places and attracting to itself minds of widely different character, rather than a regularly organized party, still it must be admitted that in Newman was recognized its great chieftain guiding spirit.

A brief glance at the condition of religion in England during the first two decades of the late century will not fail to reveal the real cause of this remarkable movement. Anglicanism had reached the lowest ebb to which it had ever been its lot to sink. Attacked by corruption within and a host of enemies without, its total ruin seemed inevitable. The absence of religious belief among the bishops, the neglect of duty by the clergy, its treatment by the government as a mere creature of the state, the progress of secularism in the suppression of religious thought, all these were but a few of the circumstances that pointed to the certain conquest of Anglicanism by infidelity. Hence it is that Arnold was led to say, "The Church, as it now stands, no human power can save."

But at Oxford was a number of men of eminent abilities and deep piety who were endued with the desire of averting this ruin and restoring the church of their country to the position she held during the 17th century when they believed her to have taught the doctrines of the primitive church.

Among the many causes that conduced to this notion of a reformation within the Establishment was the peculiar mould of education at Oxford together with the revival of Catholic teaching

by certain professors of the University. And, as if to aid this on, was the appearance, in 1827, of Keble's *Christian Year*. This work, coming at a time when religious feeling had well nigh faded out of the land, awakened thousands of hearts to the love of the beauty and truth in religion. Newman has called it "the most soothing, tranquillizing, subduing work of the day." Keble found Anglicanism stripped of all devotional forms, ritual and ceremony trampled on, prayer a jumble of meaningless words. All this was to be renovated, and to this end the *Christian Year* was in no small degree instrumental. It threw over the Anglican Church a glow of sentiment, concealed its shortcomings, and endowed it with a beauty such as it had never before had. Moreover, by inculcating Catholic principles, it paved the way for the great Movement. It was not, however, until 1833 that the Movement actually took rise in the appearance of the Tracts for the Times which were planned, edited, and, in most part, written by Newman.

The immediate occasion of the Tracts was found in an action of the Government subjecting the Establishment to the influence of the State. Their aim was to battle against the secularizing influence of the State and the inroads of liberalism also to ward off the errors (?) of Rome. At first the idea of the Tracts was deprecated by some of the "red-tape" men, who advocated organized association as a better means than individual action in protecting the interests of the Church. Fortunately, however, Newman, supported by Hurrell Froude and Keble, was unwilling to give way to their plan and persisted in the publication of the Tracts. Since the object of the Tracts, as noted above, was to do battle against liberalism, the religious tepidity of Anglicans and "popery," the principles on which they rested, were, as Newman tells us in his *Apologia*, dogma, "a visible Church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace," and lastly, hostility towards Rome for having corrupted the faith. With the solid establishment of these principles was to be averted the doom that hung over Anglicanism. Little did Newman and his followers think that the first two of these principles had their only logical issue in that Church against which they preached antagonism. But it was not to the Tracts alone that Newman looked for the attainment of

reform. It is almost a truism that literature by itself has no very potent influence on the actions of men unless it be supplemented by oral teaching to dispose their minds for its reception. But how was this teaching to be effected? The class-rooms and lecture-halls at Oxford were closed against all teachers "tainted" with Tractarianism. The University pulpit was usually filled by men most bitter in their denunciation of the "Romanizers," so that even should a Tractarian have the opportunity of expounding his doctrines before the student-body his work was soon undone by the more frequent occupants of the pulpit.

But despite all plans to prevent it, this teaching was effected and its great instrument was the pulpit at St. Mary's Church, to which Newman succeeded when he became a fellow of Oriel. The congregation that filled this church every Sunday morning was made up of the members of the University. But no sooner had this audience quitted the building than another poured in. This second audience though supposedly the parishoners of St. Mary's was largely composed of the students of the University, young men drawn on by the irresistible charm that surrounded Newman. From his lips, Sunday after Sunday, they imbibed the principles of the Movement; and fired with zeal and piety by his words they were prepared to go forth after graduation, fully equipped to fight for the doctrines of Tractarianism. Thus by means of the Tracts and the pulpit, the Movement had been making silent and almost unnoticed progress until the year 1835.

At this time it attained great importance and success from the accession of Dr. Pusey who at once secured it a name and position. His character and learning, his position and family, gave the Movement such a front that the party has often gone by his name. It was not, however, in its exterior aspect only that the Movement was benefited by Dr. Pusey, for his influence within was soon felt and led to a very material change in the character of the Tracts. Newman tells us that the Tracts of the first year "when collected into a volume had a slovenly appearance." After Pusey's advent all this changed. The Tracts began to be longer and more solid and were marked with greater sobriety and painstaking. It was also due to his example that the Movement assumed a position of defence. Newman at once set to work to

prepare an explanation of the relation in which Tractarianism stood with "Romanism" on the one side and popular Protestantism on the other. And this he has given in *The Prophetical Office of the Church*, which was an attempt to establish in a positive, living form the religion which he believed to be founded on the doctrines of the primitive Church and to which he gave the name *Via Media*. The *Via Media* was to be a third system cutting between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It was a goodly edifice, but like all religious systems that owe their origin to man, was destined to topple over. Some religious sects have succeeded in prolonging their existence through several centuries. Not so, however, was it to be with the creature of Newman's brain.

During the summer of 1839 he was engaged in the study of the Monophysite heresy of the fifth century when he was struck with the first doubt of the tenableness of Anglicanism. The *Via Media* began to shake.

It was just about this time also that an article on "*The Donatist Schism*" from the pen of Mgr. Wiseman appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Going back to the fifth century Wiseman found an exact prototype of the Anglican Church of the 19th century. The Donatists, a schismatic sect of Africa, claimed to hold the true faith and declared the rest of the Church to be in error. Such was the claim of the *Via Media* in the 19th century. Having established the parity between the Donatists and the Anglicans, Wiseman applied to the latter the principle by which the former were condemned. This principle so necessary for the existence of the church was expressed by St. Augustine in the words: "*Quapropter securus judicat orbis terrarum, bonos non esse qui se dividunt ab orbe terrarum, in quacumque parte orbis terrarum.*" The prime requisite for membership in the Church, is recognition by the rest of the Catholic world. In a word, membership in the Church supposes communion with the Roman see. To dwell on the parallel between the different points of the Donatist and Anglican positions, would, though perhaps interesting, be superfluous and foreign to the purpose of this paper. Suffice it to say that the article was of wonderful significance and made a powerful impression. At first reading, Newman missed the keynote of the article, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. But when these words were called

to his attention by a friend and he realized their full depth, they kept ringing in his ears like the *tolle, lege*—*tolle, lege* that converted St. Augustine. He saw that they went beyond the Donatists, that they applied to the Monophysites whose similarity to the Anglicans had startled him before. By these words it was revealed to him that "the drama of religion, and the combat of truth and error were ever one and the same," that the Church had never changed in her treatment of heretics. Looking back into the past, he saw that in condemning the Donatists and Monophysites he condemned at the same time the Anglican body of the 19th century. By the words of St. Augustine, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, the *Via Media* tumbled into nothingness.

Previous to 1839 Newman based his position on antiquity, but when the *Via Media* collapsed, he shifted to the position held by most Protestants, a merely negative position which consists in bringing charges against the Roman Church or declaring it impossible to join a Church which has tolerated so many corruptions as they suppose Rome to have done. Thus placed, Newman tells us that he was "very nearly a pure Protestant"—a name, which, above all others, he despised.

We now come to the turning point of the Movement, the publication, in 1841, of the famous Tract 90. The Tractarians, following out the spirit of Keble's *Christian Year*, wished to invest the Anglican Church with the beauties of Catholicism. As well might they have tried to clothe a bear in linen and silk. That she would have none of these ornaments the Anglican Church clearly showed by her reception of Tract 90.

The occasion of this Tract was the impetuosity of some of the advanced followers of Newman, pre-eminent among whom was William George Ward. These men declared that the only condition on which they could remain Anglicans, was that it should be shown to them that their acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles was not inconsistent with their sympathy for Roman Catholicism. Newman had been enjoined by his bishop to keep these men in order, hence he considered it his duty to meet and overcome their objection to the Articles. This was the primary object of the Tract, but besides this he had a secondary motive, the finding and removing, as much as possible, the divergence between the creeds

of Rome and England. Despite the fact that the Tract was somewhat ambiguous, it was of incalculable service in the solution of a very practical question. It dealt not with the whole Thirty-nine Articles but simply with such of them as appeared to contradict Catholic doctrines. The wording of the Articles is in many places of such a kind as to admit no very natural interpretation. It is a notorious fact that they were intentionally drawn up by the English Reformers so as to satisfy their friends abroad and at the same time give the least umbrage possible to the Catholic party at home. They thus bore a Protestant aspect while their undercurrent was Catholic. Hence it was that Newman says, "fierce as the Articles might look at first sight, their bark would prove worse than their bite." It was Newman's purpose to check the Romeward progress of the advanced Tractarians, but in order to effect this he had no intention whatever of giving the Articles a biased interpretation; his sole aim was to give them a true interpretation, the interpretation that was inevitable.

The sense that he succeeded in extracting from the elusive expressions of the Articles was by no means unfavorable to the Catholic Church. The difficulty of Ward and his associates was overcome by Newman's declaration that the Articles were not opposed to Roman Catholic teaching and hence an Anglican might accept the Thirty-nine Articles and at the same time hold the essential belief of the Church of Rome.

Events of paramount importance to the movement crowded upon one another after the appearance of the Tract. The sensation it caused was tremendous. Four influential Tutors of the University made a protest in consequence of which the Tract was brought to the attention of the Hebdomadal Board (consisting then of heads of colleges and halls of Oxford) whose opinion was that the tract was worthy of censure. However, owing to the failure of the academical convention to ratify this opinion the Tract was never formally condemned. On the advice of Dr Bagot, Bishop of Oxford, Newman suspended the publication of the Tracts, but to any retractation he would never consent. By the discontinuance of the Tracts the great catholicizing power in the Anglican Church was broken to pieces

To the country at large Newman's interpretation of the

Articles was a severe shock, and appeared conclusive proof of the Romanizing aim of the Tractarians. Tractarianism was henceforth considered a masterpiece of Satan. Newman was quite unprepared for the storm of indignation that the Tract aroused. However, he tells us that on the whole his feeling was one of relief because it showed him to be unfit to direct the progress of the movement. But the position of an intellectual and religious leader is not so easily given up, and willing or unwilling, Newman was the chief of Tractarianism until the day of his conversion. After the appearance of this last Tract of Newman's the Tractarian party was disrupted into two branches; one looking askance at his view of the Articles, the other, in which was G. W. Ward who a few years afterwards brought the movement to a catastrophe by his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, going even further than Newman had gone in the famous Tract. This second party was the true continuation of the old Tractarians, and with it Newman's lot was cast. The popular displeasure with which Tract 90 was received was a source of deep pain to its writer, but what affected him even more than this was the manner in which the Tract was treated in the Bishops' charges of a few months later. Their censures were, to his mind, nothing other than a plain disavowal of the doctrines and practices which he had held to be Catholic and sacred. Immediately following the Bishops' charges, as if to show more forcibly the connection of Anglicanism and heresy, came the establishment of the Bishopric of Jerusalem. An Anglican bishop was to occupy this see and his jurisdiction was to extend to Protestants of any denomination whatsoever who were willing to submit to his authority. To Newman's mind this appeared an actual repudiation of Church doctrine on the part of Anglicanism, and gave him the blow which shattered his faith in the Established Church.

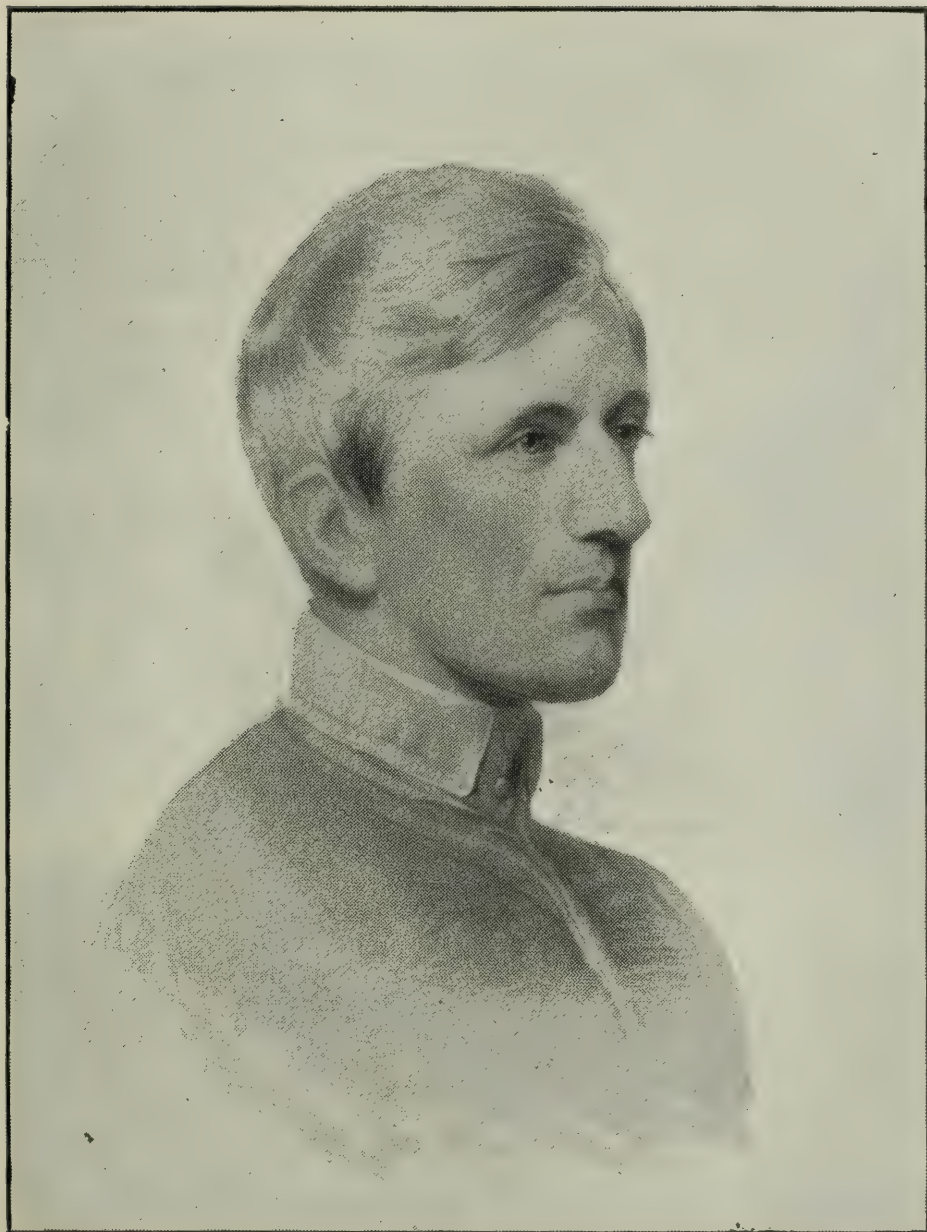
In 1841 began the agony of mind which he has aptly likened to that of a death-bed. The following year, feeling that his place at the head of the movement was no longer tenable, he retired to Littlemore, a living situated at a short distance from the University. He intended to fall gradually into the laity but the thought of leaving the Establishment does not seem to have entered his mind, for he considered it impossible to belong to a

church which permitted honors to be paid to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints that were due to God alone. When entering on his retirement at Littlemore his mind was convinced that Rome was right, but that corruptions were sanctioned in this church he still maintained. His notion of exaggerated honors to the Mother of God and the saints which chafed him so much and impeded his entrance to the Church was removed through the instrumentality of Dr. Russel of Maynooth who kindly furnished him with the sermons of St. Alphonsus as well as several packages of devotional pamphlets.

Along with this removal of prejudice came an intellectual element in his conversion. Towards the end of 1842 he commenced to work out the theory of development in dogma, which he has given us in his *Essay on Development*. With his progress in this work, his convictions that he should enter the Catholic Church, ripened and bore fruit, for as he tells us, "Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished." On October 9, 1845, occurred what had been for years the fear of Anglicans and the hope of Catholics, Newman's entry into his only true home, the One, Catholic, Apostolic Church. Then truly might he exclaim in the words of the canticle; *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.*

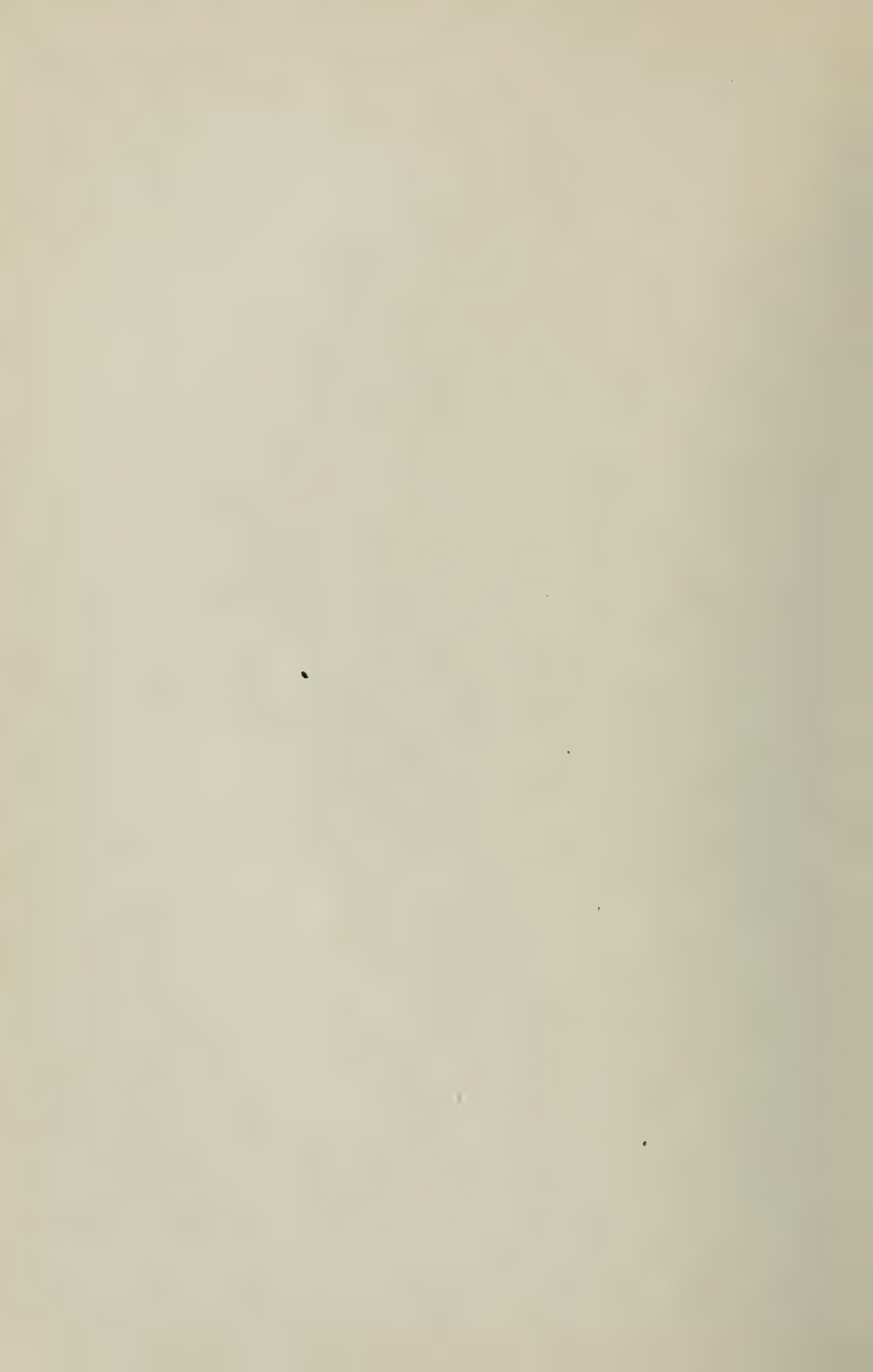
What the Church has gained by his accession is not easily calculated. Being a man of highest intellect and education, his action has once for all exploded the theory of opposition between Catholic truth and intellectual inquiry. Of the horror against Catholicism with which the minds of the English people have been saturated for the past few centuries, it is difficult for Catholics to have an adequate idea. The Church of Rome has been considered a perfect specimen of diabolical ingenuity, she was the scarlet woman, the Anti-Christ, anything and everything unchristian and hellish. But now all this is changed. England may dislike the Church but no longer does she despise her. To-day the Catholic Church enjoys in England a position such as she never before attained since the days of the Reformation. And how has this change been wrought? How have the minds of Englishmen been relieved of the virus of anti-Catholicism? No one, we are sure, will hesitate to attribute it to the Tractarian Movement which drew its life and strength from the man who stands preeminently as *the* man of the 19th century, John Henry Newman.

W. A. MARTIN, '02.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN IN 1844.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

NEWMAN AS A CATHOLIC.



STANDING in the salon of England's premier duke one afternoon in the month of August 1880 was an old man of seventy nine years. Before him passed the representatives of the first families in England, the exclusive nobility and the aristocracy of education, birth and wealth. There in the mansion of the scion of its first Catholic family was offered England's gracious testimony of homage to Newman who lately had been raised to the dignity of one of the Princes of the Church. The highest tribute to the unshaken faith and fidelity of the great Oratorian had now been paid by Leo XIII. whose wisdom and judgment the universal opinion of the world soon endorsed.

Looking back in retrospect over what had happened in the annals of that life since that eventful day of October 10th, 1845, we find that the great object of his work was to bring back England to its primitive Catholic Christianity. To that end he dedicated his years within the Church and to its attainment all else was subordinate. The drama of his life affords such an unfolding as truly wonderful as majestic.

Newman comes to our vision at a time when the "Kindly Light" had shown him the pathway of Rome. He came within the Church whilst midway in life, in the maturity of his powers and in all the grandeur of his noble manhood. Unlike many converts he had not been tossed by doctrines fashioned to the varying hour but had held to the tenets of the Anglican church conscientiously for he believed until 1845 that the church of Laud and Cranmer was the legitimate successor of that of St. Athanasius. With singular tenacity and concentration of purpose he adhered to his study of the Fathers of the Church and thus was prepared for the movement of 1833—1845 which threatened to overthrow every cherished doctrine of the Anglican Establishment. The crises came in 1845. And in the October of that year was consummated for Newman that change which had its foundation in his own Oxford. But what shall be said of that change? What of the trials of his mind, of the grief of separation from friends, the severance from devoted followers, the habits of life and thought



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

February 21st, 1801, - February 21st, 1901.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)

altered and changed, the scepticism and alarm caused to many friends ! All these contributed to make the sacrifice doubly painful to the convert.

Ere the last pages of his great work the *Essay on Development* had been written, the fullest conviction came upon Newman that he must no longer delay in his submission to Rome. Then with full confidence in the step he was about to take, in the plenitude of his powers, and in the freedom of his position, he made his submission to the Catholic Church.

From the date of his conversion may be said to have commenced the grandest epoch of his life. But his separation from the Anglican Communion was not unattended with sorrow. The parting from his university was perhaps the severest trial. Particularly painful was it to him for its aftermath was a series of misrepresentations and misinterpretations which sorely grieved the sincere mind of Newman. But he outlived the wretched persecution which was called forth by his secession from Anglicanism, and twenty years later he was able to satisfy even his enemies that he had acted on conviction, and on conviction slowly formed and slowly tested.

Newman had always led a religious life, and hence it was natural that once within the Church he wished to be numbered in its priesthood. This desire was soon gratified, for in October 1847, he received Holy Orders at the hands of Cardinal Franzoni, and became an Oratorian. The great object of his life, the conversion of the English people, now began to control his mind. Reared in a highly intellectual atmosphere, Newman naturally sought to obtain a special hold on educated minds, and to further this purpose he formed an English branch of the order of St. Philip-Neri.

The work of the Oratorian had now begun. His literary power was attaining its zenith. He had already secured the attention of the English people by the grace, form and variety of his literary gifts, and these helped him in no uncertain way to gain a prominent position in the reaction towards Rome. Newman's pen had virtually to re-Catholicize the English tongue, for it had grown unfamiliar with Catholic exposition and prayer since the Reformation. He was able to reach the masses by the most

potent means. His first literary effort as a Roman Catholic was a novel, *Loss and Gain*, published in 1848. It is an admirable portrayal of the difficulties of a convert, and has the additional merit of being an almost perfect representation of student life at Oxford. Following this work came *Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations* in 1849. These are without doubt the most eloquent and elaborate specimens of pulpit oratory, and fully established his power as an apologist of the Church. In these sermons there is a wealth of tender eloquence, force of scornful irony, and a luminosity of treatment which mark this work as one of the greatest of his publications. Newman had now given full reign to his genius, but fortunately he knew how to restrain his enthusiasm. *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties* reached a class of readers whom he held worthy of his efforts. Thousands of Englishmen were still in a state of perplexity regarding their religious beliefs, and Newman perfectly intimate with their unhappy mental condition, was able to come to their assistance as no other could be. This led to the publication in 1851 of the *Lectures on Catholicism in England*. Vividly and powerfully does he depict the nonsensical and fanatical side of Protestantism. In 1852 he came to Dublin to inaugurate the Catholic University, and in connection with that work, delivered a course of lectures on *The Idea of a University*. Newman was completely absorbed with the movement, and everything seemed favorable for the working out of his plans. Discussion had given away to fact, and the ideal for a time seemed to be realized. He entered into the project with fervour and energy, and with every hope of ultimate success. Lecture followed lecture, and essay after essay came from his untiring pen, until every phase of the educational question was thoroughly treated. The wants of the majority were made known, while the minority was not forgotten, although already well provided through the munificence of a government thriving on the patrimony of the Irish Catholics. Surrounded by a galaxy of clever men, the Ajax of the English educational world made known the importance of the University, not only to the people of Ireland, but to the whole of Great Britain. His precepts were accepted through the evidence of his own example.

Among the literary labours of Newman his two chief works as

an imaginative writer must not be forgotten. He had to seek out a new field totally apart from the romancers and idealists of his day in order to effect a character portrayal which had a distinct bearing on the matter most congenial to his predilections. In *Callista* he delineates the mutual relations of Christians and heathens in the third century and in *Loss and Gain* as already noted he traces the difficulties of a convert. His lectures, sermons and essays had obtained for him a distinguished position among the great literary leaders in England. Heretofore he was appreciated only by the cultured classes particularly at Oxford and by the followers of the Tractarian movement but two events occurred which allowed him the attention of the great masses.

One of the unexpected results of the publication of his *Lectures on Catholicism* was an action for libel brought by a notorious apostate priest named Achilli against Newman. This Achilli professed to be a convert from Catholicism but the most conclusive evidence was produced that he had been guilty of many gross offences for which he had been condemned and excommunicated by Rome. In his second lecture of this series Newman held up the ungodly Achilli as an illustration of the source from which Protestants derive their knowledge of Catholic faith. Contrary to the expectation of all, the verdict in the suit for libel that ensued was against Newman. Another heavy trial was laid on the gentle Oratorian. In the January 1864 number of Macmillans magazine, where Kingsley accused Newman of untruthfulness and hypocrisy. He would have had the English people believe that the zealous convert was more eloquent and clever than he was honorable. The answer came and all England listened to the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. This was the great work which virtually broke down English distrust of Catholicism and satisfied the most callous and intolerant of its critics. The appeal for fair play, the ring of definite truth and the manifest declaration of sincerity for once overcame the cold-hearted Englishman.

The period of Newman's life which has been mis-represented and often misunderstood by Catholics, embraces his action with regard to the Vatican Council in the matter of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He held that the time was not ripe for such a definition, and, though it is evident he had long before accepted

the doctrine, he claimed the time was inopportune, especially for that school which he was still leading to Rome. When Gladstone later on attacked the doctrine, Newman came forward to defend it. The great work of Newman was not unknown in Rome. An unusual anxiety was felt by the English Catholics at the accession of Leo XIII. to the Pontificate, for they looked for some Papal pronouncement or approval of the Catholic movement. To their great joy the gratifying news came on May 12th, 1879, that the red hat was to be conferred on Newman. Viewed in another light this event had a particular importance. The acceptance of this honor silenced for a while that party in England, a party by no means small in number or in influence, who had dared to hope that he would live unnoticed, and perhaps distrusted by the church to which he had given allegiance. The situation was now all changed. Rome had spoken. Its fiat had gone forth and all England proclaimed its faith in the man, its trust in his honor and its delight that he had been made one of the Princes of the Church.

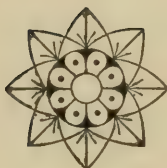
This honor came at a time when his work for the conversion of England had borne great fruit. To that laudable end all his labours had been directed. Time had little ameliorated the condition of the English Catholics. For years they were a minority kept within a narrow circle, seldom thought of as a power, but ever maligned and misinterpreted. The outlook for them at the beginning of the nineteenth century was not promising. Prayer was the only weapon with which a few faithful souls commenced the assault of the Protestant citadel. Innumerable difficulties appeared, but the energy and enthusiasm of such men as Dr. Wiseman and Father Spencer kept the faithful souls to the seige. At length the gates of this once impregnable fortress were opened and Catholic victors appeared on its embattlements, Catholicity was spread in England. The Tractarian movement was the relief force which aided the efforts of the struggling Catholic party. Then in 1845, Newman came to the breach and the might impelling force of his genius gave the movement new life. God grant that Catholic England may live again and that its church which claims a Bede, a More and a Southwell may yet become the glory of Christendom.

It was not given to Newman to see his great work finished,

though the evening of life came upon him only when a great part was accomplished. The long and laborious life was quickly terminated, for after two days illness at Edgbaston Oratory, John Henry Newman passed away.

The announcement of his death brought forth from the leaders of all denominations the unwonted note of harmony and concord, and from them came many eloquent tributes to the genius and personal worth of the great Oratorian. Public opinion, that familiar judiciary of the world, passed probate on his life and works and accorded him a high rank on England's roll call of illustrious citizens.

M. E. CONWAY, '01.



AFTER READING "LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.



LEAD gently, Lord, and slow,
For oh, my steps are weak ;
And ever as I go,
Some soothing sentence speak ;
That I may turn my face
Through doubt's obscurity
Toward thine abiding place,
E'en though I cannot see.
For lo, the way 'is dark ;
Through mist and cloud I grope,
Save for that fitful spark,
The little flame of hope.
Lead gently, Lord, and slow,
For fear that I may fall ;
I know not where to go
Unless I hear thy call.
My fainting soul doth yearn
For thy green fields afar ;
So let thy mercy burn—
My greater, guiding star !—

NEWMAN THE POET.

IT is the invariable rule that when a man has achieved the highest distinction in one line his efforts in other fields, however remarkable, are scarcely remembered. So it is that Cardinal Newman's literary reputation rests almost entirely upon his prose writings. These are so pre-eminently works of genius that his one small volume of poetry is generally overlooked. Yet this work contains some of the choicest gems in the treasury of English verse. It testifies to the author's wonderful poetical powers, which, had they been developed, would have undoubtedly placed him in the front rank of English poets.

But why then did Newman neglect the cultivation of these gifts? Because with him literature was ever only a secondary consideration, and he never coveted literary fame. His beautiful sermons and essays were not penned for art's sake, but for a purpose far higher and nobler. Probably had his life been one of leisure he would have chosen to devote himself to the wooing of the Muse. But he was unwilling to spare the necessary time for it from the all-absorbing duties of his self-appointed life-work, "that of winning his fellow-countrymen from their tepid and formal Christianity to a Christianity worthy of the name." He realized that he could not achieve success in both lines—and so the world lost a great poet.

Fortunately, however, we have been left a few specimens of Newman's poetic talent, thanks to the friends who saved them from destruction by the author. These poems were never intended for publication, but were seemingly written, as has been well said, "only for himself and his God." Newman being a man of true poetic temperament, uniting to a deep sensibility a vivid imagination, could not have passed through such a prolonged mental struggle as he did without giving expression to the various intense emotions which disturbed his peace of mind. His poems are the spontaneous outpourings of a soul seeking to relieve itself of its fullness. It is evident that his art is not the result of effort but of inspiration, of the inspiration which he drew from religion. To the influence of the high religious ideas which he always cherished

is due the impressive majesty of thought and the singular spiritual beauty that constitute the chief charm of his poetry.

These qualities are, however, more marked in the poems written after his conversion. It would seem that his poetic powers, incapable of development in the chill Anglican atmosphere, quickly matured under the genial influence of Catholicism. His earlier poems, composed when his mind was agitated by the most conflicting emotions and enveloped in a maze of doubt, exhibit a constraint of thought and a half-expressed feeling of uncertainty not to be found in those of his Catholic days. They have not even the same metrical perfection or fluent ease of language. In the bosom of the Church Newman found the ideals which he sought, the inspiration which quickened his responsive spirit to such a work of art as *The Dream of Gerontius*.

This wonderful poem is by far the most remarkable of Newman's poetical writings, and shows at their best his grand abilities. Considered worthless by the author, and published only as a special favor to an editor-friend, when given to the world it evoked widespread admiration. The conception is at once sublime and unique, and in this respect it can be compared with only two other works in the whole range of literature, the immortal "Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost." In all three poems we are introduced to the immaterial world. But while with the older poets we traverse the eternal realms of Glory and of Pain, *Gerontius* we follow through an altogether different, intermediate sphere. What grander or more original theme could be conceived than the narration of the soul's passage from Death to Judgment? And it receives justice at the poet's hands. More so than in any other of his poems is the effect of Newman's religious inspiration apparent. It kindled the imaginative powers of his genius into a flame glowing with all the warmth of a profound spiritual passion. The exquisite beauty of the spiritual scenes which he creates overwhelms us. We are carried out of ourselves, upward and onward with the liberated spirit, past the foiled and raging demons, through the chanting choirs of angels to the very foot of the Eternal Throne.

The poem opens with the deathbed scene, and we easily recognize in the graphic picture the hand of one who has often

stood by bedsides of the dying. What other could so well have entered into the higher aspect of that supreme hour as one who knows what it is to have prepared a passing soul to meet its God? Gerontius feels that his end is near. The agony of death is upon him, the strange, dread sensation of approaching dissolution—

“ That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss.”

For a while the horrible visions which afflict him are dispelled, and he is able to make his confession of faith. In the intervals when his failing breath prevents him from praying aloud we hear the beautiful prayers for the dying recited by the priest and his assistants. Finally, commending his soul to his Maker, Gerontius expires.

The wonderful vividness of Newman's imagination is shown in the next section of the poem, where he pictures the soul separated from the body and describes its varied feelings. Gerontius says :

“ I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream ; yes : — some one softly said
' He's gone ' ; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry ' Subvenite ' ; and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.”

Then he becomes aware that he is being borne to Judgment

by his Guardian Angel who sings in joyful tones the consummation of his task. Questioning the Angel, he learns why he does not at once appear before the dread tribunal. He is made to realize that time is no more, and that in the immaterial world

“ Intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with the intensity.

.

It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.”

Thus conversing the Angel and the Soul arrive at the “middle region,” the vestibule of the judgment-court, where the hordes of Satan gather to jeer at the saved and to claim the damned. How clearly their hideous scoffing proclaims the disappointment, jealousy and malicious hatred of those once-mighty spirits, now fallen past redemption! And how aptly the Angel likens them in their “restless panting” to

“ Beasts of prey, who caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.”

But it is not in the power of the demons to now daunt the spirit of Gerontius. All his thoughts are bent upon the divine Judge into whose presence he is about to come. Shall he see Him? Here we have a beautiful little passage which exemplifies to a striking degree how Newman has unconsciously wrought into the poem his personal emotions. We feel that he has given expression to one of his own most cherished beliefs and hopes in these touching words of Gerontius :

“ Nathless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe,
That, ere I plunged amid th’ avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.”

And now Gerontius hears the joyous songs of the proven angels, who recount the story of Redemption and “hymn the Incarnate God.” The angelic melody of the five choirs keeps pace with the progress of the soul and its guardian through the House of Judgment, until they at length come into the awful presence-

chamber. Gerontius hears the voices of his friends praying by his bedside, and to their petitions are now united those of the Angel who strengthened Jesus in His own Agony. Then the Angel-Guardian cries

. " Praise to His name !
 The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
 And, with the imtemperate energy of love,
 Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel ;
 But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
 Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
 And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
 And scorched, and shrivelled it ; and now it lies
 Passive and still before the awful Throne.
 O, happy, suffering soul ! for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God."

The Judgment is over and Purgatory has begun. What sentiments of unutterable love and sorrow, of supreme suffering, yet of untold happiness, are awakened in the Soul by that Beatific Vision !—

" Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn,—
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
 Of its Sole Peace.
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :
 Take me away,
 That sooner I may rise, and go above,
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day,"

This marvellous picture of the passionate transports of one of the elect recalls by force of contrast that no less remarkable passage in one of the author's sermons wherein he delineates the agony of a damned soul. But Gerontius now is safe. And the Angel, faithful guardian to the last, with loving care entrusts him to the "penal waters" :—


“ Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.”

Thus ends *The Dream of Gerontius*. We have dwelt upon only a few of its principal features, however. Reference to some of the most beautiful passages has been omitted, but it is impossible to properly set forth the merits of such a wonderful poem except in a lengthy analysis. Enough, we think, has been done to show its artistic strength and beauty, and to prove our assertion that Newman was endowed with the powers of a master-poet. It is a matter of much regret that he did not cultivate these gifts, and leave us more such fruits of his singular genius. But what was lost to Literature was gained to Religion ; the inestimable good resulting from Newman's work in the Church outweighs all other considerations. It is this fact which impresses us forcibly with the admirable unity of his life, the strength of character which always kept one object in view and devoted to it the full extent of extraordinary energies.

JOHN R. O'GORMAN, '01.



NEWMAN'S LOVE FOR IRELAND.

“CCUSTOMED, as we are in our country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trial or sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowds of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass before our imaginations like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory.” What Irving here says of Roscoe, we may adapt to the case of Cardinal Newman. So accustomed are we to associate his name with the great events that make his public career unique in the history of religious converts, that we lose sight of him as the man who condescended to love the little children about his Oration, and who found consolation, during years of missionary life, in ministering to the lowly. And, though he was prominent for some years as leader of a great educational revival in Ireland, we do not hear often enough of the great lesson of love he learned while mingling with the whole-souled people of the Green Isle.

But when we speak of Newman's love for Ireland, we must distinguish between *his* love and that felt by an Irishman. It was cast in a different mould. The friendly zephyrs from the girdling ocean, the exquisite lake and mountain scenery, the landscape of matchless verdure with its gaily flowing rivers,—thoughts of these and of the quaint custom, the native superstition, swell the breast of the patriot. Newman was not an Irishman. He had his “own dear country,” as he called her, England, the sacred guardian of his birthplace, the shrine of his sweetest associations, the home of the dear friends of his darksome days, and of the dearer friends of his days of light. The patriot's devotion throws a halo round even the failings of his countrymen; Newman's love for Ireland did not exhibit any of this blind ardor. It sprung from motives higher than the privileges of birthright.

A common faith smoothed the way for the first exchange of sympathies between him and the Irish people; the revelations of an intimate friendship drew them together more closely. The analogies of the struggles both had endured for their faith, and

even the contrasts of those struggles, may have afforded unconsciously a motive for mutual sympathy. Newman had to surmount obstacle after obstacle to arrive at Catholicity; the Irish had walked up Calvary for centuries to retain it. The great convert thanks reverses for tiding him over hidden reefs that lay in his voyage of research,—witness these words in his *Apologia*: “The truth is, I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral. I was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement.” Now, Catholic writers, in endeavoring to explain the marvellous devotion which the Irish have preserved for the Catholic faith from their first accepting it from St. Patrick, while most of their sister nations, enjoying all the liberty that power and independence ensure, have either lost that faith entirely, or preserved it at the expense of much of its original fervor,—Catholic writers, I say, tell us that this unswerving loyalty to the primitive faith has been nursed in the unutterable wrongs, national and religious, that have wrung the Irish heart ever since England added the Protestant fang to her persecuting lash. Again, the English delivered up both of them to misrepresentation, Newman for having left the Protestant fold, the Irish for refusing to enter it.

But there are more pleasing considerations that explain the affection which Newman cherished for the people of Ireland. The years which he spent in their midst failed not to unfold to him the secrets that make this historic people happy, despite their misery, and great, even in their weakness. There is something lovable in the Irish character, something attractive in Irish genius, something tender in Irish Catholicity, that appealed irresistibly to the large heart, the keen intellect, and the beautiful soul of Newman. In these is to be sought the secret of his love for Ireland,—a love of which he endeavored to leave a tangible proof in the establishment of a great Catholic University to perpetuate the true greatness of Ireland in perpetuating and strengthening her Catholicity.

Newman went to Dublin in 1854 as Rector of the Catholic University which the Irish hierarchy had revived there. He undertook his new work as a master, to breathe his genius into it,

and to stamp it with the impress of his individuality. However, to treat in detail of the noble work he so wisely directed is beyond the scope of this article. Suffice is to say that for five years he watched over the infant establishment with parental solicitude, and that whatever measure of success attended the good work, while under his charge, is largely attributable to the personal efforts he made, and to the high ideals he ever kept before the students, not to mention the prestige given to the institution by the lofty intellectual and literary attainments of its distinguished Rector.

But there is another side of his life in Ireland which we cannot pass over so cursorily. It is the personal side. His keen sensibility of mind and heart soon put him in touch with the Irish people. This is revealed in some very faithful sketches he has left us of Irish character,—faithful I say advisedly ; for it is a regrettable fact that very few of the foreigners, especially Englishmen, who have attempted to delineate the Irish character, have succeeded in anything more than misrepresenting it. Newman, however, had every opportunity of judging, and every disposition necessary for truly appreciating, the people of Ireland. The following passages taken from his sketches of Irish life are an evidence of this. Writing of an English visitor to Ireland, he says : “ If he happens to be a Catholic, . . . he has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith. . . . He has but one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith’s sake, who name the same sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions, as he does himself ; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of his soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country ; and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. . . . He finds the population as munificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings in another

hemisphere incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast ; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathies in their heavy trials?"

While Newman was drawn towards the Irish people by the pure charms of their domestic life, he saw nothing to repel him in the sterner side of the Irish character. The resentment which the Irish bear the English seemed to him as pardonable as their love of kindred. The Earl of Chatham said of the American revolutionists : " The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots " Such a generous sympathy for an injured people was Newman's for the Irish. He could reconcile the gentleness of their domestic life with the fire of their national spirit. He saw no inconsistency between their docility towards a spiritual supreme ruler at Rome and their unconquerable restlessness under the mildest of British sovereigns. Writing of the discontent of the Irish people, he says of the same imaginary English visitor to Ireland, referred to above : " He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. The voices, so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence where the name of England is mentioned ; and, even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those at a distance.

. . . . The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered ; her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment ; her name and fellowship are abominated ; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust ; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The

success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee and Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from Irish soil." If there is one wound, other than the sense of blasted national greatness, that bleeds ever in the Irishman's heart, it is the reflection that his forefathers, his kindred and himself have been persecuted for professing the only true religion under heaven. Too severely did the full force of this fact strike the author of the above extracts; and I see him bow his head in shame for his countrymen as he pens this analysis of Irish discontent.

To return to pleasing reflections, I hinted, in the beginning, that something in Irish genius attracted Newman. Is it any wonder that he, of whom Gladstone said: "He has an intellect that cuts diamond and is as bright as the diamond it cuts," should take delight in ranging, like the sun, through a firmament of Irish intellects, trailing them in his wake, and warming and brightening them with his rays? In an address to the Evening Classes of the Irish University, Rector Newman said in part: "It too often happens that the religiously disposed are in the same degree intellectually deficient; but the Irish ever have been, as their worst enemies must grant, not only a Catholic people, but a people of great natural abilities, keen-witted, original, and subtle. This has been the characteristic of the nation from the very early times, and was especially prominent in the middle ages. As Rome was the centre of authority, so Ireland was the native home of speculation. . . . Now, it is my belief, Gentlemen, that this character of mind remains in you still. I think I rightly recognize in you talents which are fearfully mischievous, when used on the side of error, but which, when wielded by Catholic devotion, such as I am sure will ever be the characteristic of the Irish disputant, are of the highest importance to Catholic interests, and especially at this day, when a subtle logic is used against the Church, and demands a logic still more subtle on the part of her defenders to expose it." In this appreciation of Irish genius, Newman contemplates a future "Isle of Saints and Scholars" which is to reclaim the world to Catholicity, just as that famous

one of history scattered the seeds of learning and religion over the world centuries ago.

There remains to be noted, perhaps the most tender tie that bound Newman to the Irish people. The warm devotion of Irish Catholics to the Blessed Virgin is one of the perfections of their faith. It is the treasury of Ireland's virtue, and the balm for her wounded heart. This devotion Newman found chastening the joys and sorrows of every Irish home. Hence it is he speaks of "an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice." Hence, too, at the sight of heaven so reflected on earthly faces, his tender soul melted into praises, and his heart opened wide to this long-tried and faithful people.

A. P. DONNELLY, '01.



PRAYER OF GERONTIUS.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



ANCTUS fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 Firmly I believe and truly,
 God is Three and God is One ;
 And I next acknowledge duly,
 Manhood taken by the Son.
 And I trust and hope most fully
 In that Manhood crucified ;
 And each thought and deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
 Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light, and life, and strength belong,
 And I love, supremely, solely,
 Him the holy, Him the strong.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
 Holy Church as His creation,
 And her teachings as His own.
 And I take with joy whatever
 Now besets me, pain or fear,
 And with a strong will I sever
 All the ties which bind me here.
 Adoration, aye, be given,
 With and through the angelic host,
 To the God of earth and Heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine.

—*Dream of Gerontius.*

JOHN HENRY AND FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

JOHN Henry Newman was four years the senior of his brother, Francis William, the other subject of this sketch. The two brothers had at their disposal the advantages of a good education, so that at an early age John Henry was placed at the private school of Dr. Nicholas, at Ealing, whither in due time he was followed by his younger brother. Both of them were distinguished students at the Ealing School and having made sufficient progress in their studies passed on to Oxford, where John Henry located in Trinity, and Francis at Worcester College. Up to this period of their lives it is not surprising that they have not differed, practically at least, in matters of religion, but as they grew older their views on religious questions became so widely different that in their more mature years they present one to the other a most complete antithesis.

When the time came for him to choose a life work, John Henry, with the apostolic zeal which characterized his later days, decided to enter the ministry and at the age of twenty-four he was ordained a minister of the Anglican Church. He was also anxious as the following lines addressed to his brother show, that Francis should become a laborer in the Lord's vineyard :

“ Dear Frank, we both are summoned now
As champions of the Lord ;
Enrolled am I ; and shortly thou
Must buckle on the sword ;
A high employ, nor lightly given,
To serve as messengers of Heaven.”

But Francis was not of the same mind as his brother concerning his vocation and did not find his way to the ministry of the church. On the contrary he seems to have taken an opposite direction and drifted far away from the course in which his brother steered. Though not yet twenty years of age the truths of revealed religion presented to Francis doubts that he was never able to overcome. It would be long to enumerate the views he held on religion, as it would be unfair in a brief sketch to attempt

to relate the various stages of doubt through which John Henry passed on his way from the Episcopal to the Roman Catholic Church. I prefer rather to take a glance at the work each has done in his respective sphere and to note briefly the contrast shown in their religious views.

Among the great churchmen of the century just gone Cardinal Newman is perhaps the most prominent figure. No man exercised a greater influence on the minds of his fellow men during his life time, and it may also be said that no man has left works that are likely to wield such an influence in years to come as will those of the author of *Apologia Pro Sua Vita*. His sincerity in the work of the Oxford Movement and in his religious opinions, and his earnest search for ultimate authority in matters of faith, are, leaving aside his great ability and deep learning, the two characteristics of the man that seem to stand out most prominently. He was not satisfied with the Anglican Church as he found it and entered heart and soul into the Oxford movement. The outcome of the part he took in that work is well known. After the appearance of *Tract Ninety* he was openly accused of a leaning toward the Roman Catholic Church, while at the same time he may be said to have been fighting against any compromise on his part, with that Church, against which in his early life he had formed an intense prejudice. Newman's aim at this time was to establish the *Via Media*, but this like the Oxford Movement if carried far enough, could reach but one goal. Fortunately that goal was reached and at the age of forty-six J. H. Newman was received into the Catholic Church.

His life after this event is in a large measure, the history of the advance of the Catholic Church in England for the last fifty years. During the first period of his Catholicity he was looked upon with anything but favor by the clergy and laity of the church he had left; but a life devoted to religious work with his firm adherence and sincere belief in the faith he had adopted eventually dispelled the clouds of prejudice and when, in 1879, Father Newman was created a Cardinal, none joined more heartily in tendering him tributes of respect and honor than his former Anglican friends. If for nothing else than the prestige he gained for the Catholic Church in England the name of Cardinal Newman would

not soon be forgotten, but what is this compared to the thousands of poor souls who from "amid the encircling gloom," have been led on and on and brought within the portals of the Church of Rome, solely through the influence and example of the saintly priest and Cardinal who lived a humble life in the oratory at Birmingham. There is something strangely grand about the life of Cardinal Newman, a something that gives him a position that has been occupied only by himself. One of his intimate friends writing of him at the time of his death said: "Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian. . . . His rare moral and spiritual excellence command a veneration transcending even the homage due to his superb intellectual gifts. In him we recognize one of those elect souls "radiant with an ardour divine" who as "beacons of hope" illuminate from time to time the path of "troublous and distressed mortality."

"Through such souls alone,
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us, i' the dark, to rise by."

It is difficult to understand—at least it seems very strange—that Cardinal Newman should have had for a brother, a man who advanced theories on religion so directly opposed to Christianity. However, Francis Newman in all his opinions on the revealed truths of the Christian religion, was directly at variance with his elder brother. Moreso, it is true, after his brother's conversion, because Francis had a special dislike for Catholic doctrines, but even while John Henry was an Anglican there was nothing in which they agreed.

In his lifetime Francis Newman enjoyed a high reputation for his scholarly attainments and this with the works he has left on various subjects, are proof positive that he was a man of no mean ability. He had, too, a great regard for his brother, though on account of their religious differences they suffered some estrangements, John Henry having once refused, in his Anglican days, to hold any communication with his perverse brother. Dr. Brownson in an opening paragraph of a criticism on two of the best known works of Francis, "The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations," and "Phases of Faith; or Passages from the History

of my Creed," has the following : "Mr. Newman, as far as he reveals himself in the works before us, is a man of a grave and earnest turn of mind, good natural parts, and respectable scholarship. He evidently has a kind and warm heart, and full persuasion of his own honesty and sincerity. As a man he interests us much, and we regret to see him wasting his fine powers and attainments in the unpraiseworthy effort to obliterate faith from the human heart, and reduce mankind in their own estimation to a level with the beasts that perish." Such is the influence that the works of the Cardinal's brother on religion are calculated to convey, and therefore, however Mr. Newman may be considered as a man, there can be no compromise with the doctrines he has set forth.

John Henry, Cardinal Newman, died in February, 1890, mourned not only by his own nation, but by the Christian world. His death was followed six years later by that of Francis. It is not difficult to note what a great difference existed between the opinions of these two brothers. It is not more difficult to remark the great power one was for good the other might have been for evil had his principles succeeded in making any advance. No doubt Francis Newman has taken his part in helping onward the march of Rationalism, but after all, the power wielded by the pet theories of men of the Francis Newman stamp is indeed weak when compared to the great amount of good that flows to mankind, to the Christian religion, and to a vast number of individual souls, from the life and works of a Cardinal Newman.

J. E. McGLADE, '01.



NEWMAN'S "IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY."



THE great question as to what standard of education should guide those who take it upon themselves either to found or govern a University has been discussed by the ablest men in all ages. At present it has become a subject for universal debate, but the most powerful intellects of which the age can boast have given us nothing more succinct, more convincing, more logical than did Cardinal Newman in that magnificent literary production, the "Idea of a University."

The great Cardinal has set before those who wish to raise the standard of education in our universities one of the grandest models which they could hope to imitate. He has begun by a consideration of the University in itself and in the object which it seeks to attain; and has proceeded, upon this foundation, to build up such a noble edifice that, if it could actually be constructed, it would not only bring everlasting fame to its founders, but would likewise remain to the end of time to spread learning and piety throughout the land.

Regarding the University both in its essence and in its aim it is a place where universal knowledge is taught. It endeavours to train the intellectual, not the moral side of man's nature, and to extend and diffuse rather than advance that knowledge throughout mankind. Indeed, if its object were purely scientific or philosophical discovery it should have no need whatever of students, while if religious training be its end, then how can it be the seat of literature and science?

Such, indeed, is the essence of the University, independent of its relation to the Church. True to its main office is intellectual education, yet it cannot, with any success, fulfill that object without being supported by the Church. "To use the Theological term, the Church is necessary for its *integrity*."

Newman, having discussed the fundamental principles of a seat of universal learning, proceeds to deal with the standard which it should adopt in its curriculum. Evident it is that the imparting of liberal knowledge should be the one great aim of the University, hence it must teach all those sciences which would



CARDINAL NEWMAN

“From one of his last photographs”.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)

enable it to produce broad-minded, intellectual, and thoroughly educated men. Thus we arrive at the important question, "Should Theology be among the branches taught in our Universities?"

Some would maintain that these institutions take in all varieties of knowledge in their own line, implying that they have some definite and particular line of their own. Admitting this, how are we to separate the science of religion and other sciences? Should we limit our idea of University knowledge by the evidence of our senses? In that case ethics are excluded; by intuition? history is shut out; by testimony? then must we drop metaphysics; by abstract reasoning? impossible then to embrace physics. And now, "is not the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestions of our conscience? It is a truth in the natural order, as well as in the supernatural."

Thus we have the science of Religion in its origin, but what is it now intrinsically worth? The word "God" is a theology in itself which suggests noble thoughts and ideas which entirely fill our minds. Further still, every branch of science is permeated with it; it crops up on all sides, both in the principles upon which our knowledge is based and in the conclusions we deduce therefrom; "it is truly the First and the Last." Theoretically we may easily divide knowledge into secular and religious, but in point of fact this division is wholly erroneous. "If the knowledge of the Creator is in a different order from knowledge of the creature, so, in like manner, metaphysical science is in a different order from physical, physics from history, history from ethics. You will soon break up into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge, if you begin the mutilation with divine."

These remarks embrace only a few of the weighty arguments which the great Cardinal advances in favour of theology being taught in our Universities, and yet thus far he has dealt only with natural theology. Should we advance into Revelation how many more reasons will we find for considering it a branch of knowledge which cannot be rightly excluded! Apart from this theology is the Queen of Sciences, and its study marks the completion of a thorough education.

Considered as a place of education there is none which can give the student so many advantages as the University. There we have "an assemblage of learned men, zealous for their own sciences, and rivals of each other, brought, by familiar intercourse and for the sake of intellectual peace, to adjust together the claims and relations of their respective subjects of investigation. They learn to respect, to consult, to aid each other." Thus the students' minds become broadened, they grasp the great outlines of knowledge and dig down to the principles upon which that science is based, and thereby form their minds to habits which will last them throughout their lives and make them men of freedom, moderation, and wisdom.

But apart from the fact that the University, by fostering such philosophical minds turns out truly educated men; it achieves another and a grander object, it shows its students that knowledge is in itself an end. The healthy, liberal mind is as much to be extolled and sought after as is the healthy and sound body. It even goes a step further. Knowledge as an end in itself is certainly to be gained, but there is yet a nobler height to which it forms but a step. This is learning. The man with universal knowledge is admired, even wondered at, by all, but it is the learned man, the man who has grasped all sciences in a systematic manner that is sure to become a leader among men and who alone can venture to guide them safely. Hence it is that the ideal University would strive to produce truly learned men by giving its students a thorough knowledge of philosophy. Philosophy is, indeed, the *form* of all sciences, for here as nowhere else throughout the course is the relation between the different subjects so clearly pointed out.

Newman up to this point dwells upon the necessity of the University's providing for its students a thoroughly liberal education, not until he has proceeded thus far does he undertake to show the folly of the elective system of studies, which unfortunately is too often met with at the present day in our so-called Universities. Those of course who are in favor of this latter system regard knowledge as something to be acquired because it is intrinsically useful. They therefore, wish to allow the student to choose his own course and to take only those subjects which

may now appear to be the only ones of any practical benefit to him in after-life.

It is not at all a difficult matter to perceive how this system finds so much favor with our educators at the present day. In this sordid and lucre-loving age when every hand is stretched out to clutch at money, the youthful student thinks he has no time to wait to cultivate his mind. The "almighty dollar" is for the man who's there to grasp it first, hence no one thinks he can afford to lose any time over "useless trash." Perhaps, too, the student is incapable of receiving a liberal education, or altogether too slothful to take the means to acquire it. Evident it is that men of this latter stamp can never reflect any credit on an institution which claims that it can and does turn out educated men, therefore no curriculum should be fashioned either to keep such students in attendance much less to induce them to enter. Yet every day do we see the course of studies in our Universities "regulated" to suit all comers.

In itself, however, the principle is not one which will eventually tend to gain the object which these seats of learning have in view; and certainly this should be sufficient to cause its overthrow. The elective system leaves the student—if I may use the expression—practically at his own mercy; he may choose a liberal education or he may not. In most cases, in fact in all, he will study those subjects only which he considers will be necessary or profitable in his chosen profession. Thus his mind becomes abnormally developed. "Talents for *speculation* and *original inquiry* he has none, nor has he formed the invaluable *habit of pushing things up to their first principles*, or of collecting dry and uninteresting facts as materials for reasoning. All the solid and masculine parts of his *understanding* are left wholly without *cultivation*; he hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions" True enough as Dr. Copleston says, the one art itself to whose study the student may wish to confine himself, "is advanced by this concentration of mind in its service, yet the individual who is confined to it goes back." Society however, requires more from the individual than the mere duties of his profession, and those who pretend to be educated men must in fact

be such, and show it by their good maners and intellectual conversation. A liberal education alone can therefore insure them success and fit them for the high station in life to which they are called.

Enemies of the Church would wish to maintain that she is opposed to science, yet here Newman clearly points out the stand which she must and always does take in the matter. Nature and Revelation are alike the word of God, and truth cannot contradict truth ; science is the handmaid of Religion. While science cannot err, the votaries of science often do and are led to advance theories which are founded upon principles wholly false or at best sophistical. To these opinions the Church is opposed, for it is her duty to watch over and shield her children from every taint of error.

Thus has Cardinal Newman laid down the grand principles upon which the University should be established. He has built upon a foundation which is the very essence of the university itself, and has pointed out just how the University should repudiate its curriculum and be guided by the Church to attain the end for which it exists. It is hardly to be expected that any University will ever reach the lofty heights to which he would have every University aspire, yet has not Newman accomplished a noble, a magnificent work in giving to the world for imitation his ideal, but none the less majestic seal of universal learning ?

J. T. WARNOCK, '01.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S VICTORY.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



MY WORK is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home ;
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia
And saved is he.

This child of clay,
To me was given,
To rear and train,
By sorrow and pain,
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

—*Dream of Gerontius.*

NEWMAN AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the strange, many strange, relationships, contrasts, extremes, resemblances, and very pronounced incongruities all at once, are those Oxford glories, the strangest thing being the fact that Oxford the Conservative did, indeed, produce "Newman the Romanizer, and Arnold the Rationalizer." Newman, a believer in indulgences, a devout suppliant at the Blessed Virgin's Shrine, &c., and Arnold, who attempted nothing less than to dissolve Revelation, who recognises 'sadly that there is no *knowable* God, no means of salvation except reason; who preaches, from his many volumes of essays, that the only resurrection is from selfishness to unselfishness. None the less it is not an incongruity to study these two men together. "Lead, kindly Light" tells us all Newman had to tell of himself. Arnold's pathetic endeavours to reach "sweetness and light" also tell of secret soul ache. The style of both men is singularly lucid, sweet, strong and irresistible; but how easy it is to feel the difference between the luminosity of Newman's style and that of Arnold? How gentle, too, both writers seem to be in their reaching out to our souls; how cleverly both men use the double-edged blade of irony! Can we not say of both that they are great witnesses of the power of religion? Newman, by his overcoming the objections to his faith; Arnold, by his efforts at filling the void with shadows, impressive and majestic shadows, but only shadows. The influence of both is far-reaching, Newman having sounded the foundations of doctrine as held in his beloved Oxford, found them unavailable and said so. He went back to the past as a refuge against the shallowness of the present. Arnold seeks to find in the *zeit geist*, the time-spirit, the solution that must satisfy each generation. Newman's influence to-day is as great as, if not greater than, in the full flood of the Tractarian movement; he impresses upon one, as he felt it himself, that there are but two things in the whole universe, "God and our own soul." Turn from Newman's clear firm utterance to Arnold's sad, would-be certainty. He says: "Let us all do all we can with streams of

tenderness and morality, touched with emotion, to supply God's place."

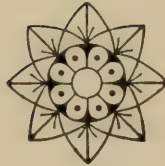
Some years ago one of the great English Reviews published a study of Newman, from which the following is here set down, from memory. It seems only fitting in this memorial of the hundredth anniversary of the beloved—the honoured witness to the nineteenth century's great achievements—to retain a true likeness of the man who so well, so largely, contributed to its glories, a word picture is so often truer than brush, colour, or pencil could portray. "Newman's was a wonderful face," says the loving admirer, "wide-spread, forehead ploughed deep with horizontal furrows, expressive of his care-worn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual, its aspect in the spiritual world; the pale cheek down which long lines of shadows slope, which years and curious thought and suffering give. The pathetic eye that speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man; and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of the mobile and reticent mouth, where humour, playfulness, and sympathy are instinctively blended with those severer moods that refuse and restrain. On the whole, it is a face full in the first place, of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next of that subtle and intimate knowledge of human limitations and weakness, which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless, indeed, it is guided amongst the stakes, and dykes, and pit-falls of the human battle-field by the direct Providence of God."

What is said of his face, all his devoted and constant readers will say of his style. It is not always manifest that *le style c'est l'homme*, but in the case of Newman and Arnold it is so. It would be delightful to continue this parallel study, to compare the sweetness of Newman that rests on humility with Arnold's condescending sweetness; Newman's wistful sweetness with the didactic sweetness of Arnold. Suffice it to say Newman yearns to reach your heart, Arnold seems careful only to throw light on your intellect. Newman's irony is only an earnest, indignant exposure of self-deception; Arnold's has been called "pleasurable scorn at the folly he is exposing."

Can there be any great doubt as to Newman's mission? Was it not undeniably to fight against the cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity of too many of his contemporaries? To fix our minds upon the eternal realities—which the modern spirit is as anxious to soften, blanch, and water down as the mediaeval spirit was to exaggerate?

WILL. L. STONER.

Ottawa, Ont., February, 1901.



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THE QUEEN.

The death of Queen Victoria was the signal for an outburst of universal sorrow such as the world seldom sees. Not only where the ubiquitous British flag floats, but in every nation under the sun, it might be said, the most profound regret was evinced. Nor is it surprising, for the late Queen commanded world-wide admiration, by reason of her many estimable qualities. But by us in Canada, who have always looked up to her as the apex of our government institution, who have experienced the kindness and solicitude which she invariably showed for her subjects, was she especially held in the most sincere respect. Hers was a long life, a long reign, and in the pages of history future ages will learn how she rendered both illustrious. As a ruler her power was only nominal, and we cannot therefore associate with her personally the wonderful progress in all directions which has marked the

"Victorian Age," nor, we as Irish Canadians are glad to say, its mistakes and mis-rule. But, nevertheless, Queen Victoria was no ordinary woman, for her Ministers testify to the keen insight and remarkable judgment concerning affairs of State which she always displayed. It is not, however, so much from the grandeur of her station that she acquired the esteem and veneration of the world as by her exemplary private life. For one placed as she was at the head of a vast nation, in the very forefront of the public eye, the duty of giving a good example is most stringent. And right nobly did our Queen live up to this requirement. The world's keen scrutiny could not discern in her life-long conduct the faintest cause for reproach. She has been in truth a shining light to the womanhood of the world, whether as maiden, wife, mother, or widow. As Tennyson expressed it "she wrought her people lasting good." It is this quality of real womanly worth, all too rare, especially among those in high places, which is the secret of Queen Victoria's greatness, which places her among the world's wisest and noblest sovereigns, which made her "every inch a Queen."

THE NEWMAN CENTENARY.

We don't feel called upon to offer any apology for devoting this number of the REVIEW entirely to articles on one or other phase of Newman's life and character. During the century just past there has been no more conspicuous figure in the English-speaking world, no man has wielded such influence as Newman did, no one has done so much to remove long-standing prejudices against the Catholic Church, and to advance the cause of Catholicity. Newman's renown is many-sided. He has won such distinction in the field of English literature as to seem almost unapproachable. Macaulay—himself a writer of no mean ability—is said to have been so fascinated with Newman's sermon, "The Second Spring," he learned it by heart and ever found new pleasure in repeating it.

In this age when many men who have not had the benefit of a college or university education, have risen by force of many natural talents to fortune, and to the distinction that comes therewith, there is a notion abroad that a university education is something

that is no aid to a man in the battle of life but rather an incumbrance. Newman's life bears eloquent witness against this belief—a belief that could have arisen only in an age that values money more than learning. Newman was the ideal type of a university man. His university education was the making of him, and his fame will endure when that of all the illiterate millionaires of the nineteenth century shall have perished, and when their mansoleums will be neglected and moss-covered ruins. Students of Ottawa University keep to the writings of Cardinal Newman. Read them over and over again, study them, meditate upon them. From them you will imbibe sterling notions of honor, of justice, and of truth ; thence also will you acquire the ability to express yourselves whether in speaking or in writing with clearness, with grace, and with force.

IS IT BIGOTRY ?

In a recent number of that well-known magazine the *Ave Maria* these remarks occur :

“ We have often been struck with the apparent loss of prestige suffered by the literary celebrity who forsakes the illogical system of Protestantism, for the colorless and luminous perspicuity of Catholic truth. Appreciatively quoted in magazines and reviews the world over during his non-Catholic career, no sooner does he become a convert than he sinks into comparative obscurity—at least as far as obscurity is synonymous with the appearance of his name in columns where once it shone as a brilliant star.”

All of which we endorse, and proceed on our own account to say : Nor is it simply that the convert of literary fame becomes immediately upon his conversion a non-entity to the magazine-making and magazine-reading public ; let him live as long as he may, and win a high and honored place in literature, he must be unnoticed by contemptible book-makers, and made by writers of manuals, and compendiums, and hand-books, as if he had never lived. Here is a case in point. *The Nineteenth Century Series in Twenty-five Volumes*, is the title of a work published by the Linscott Publishing Co., of London, Toronto and Philadelphia. The second volume of the series is entitled : “ Literature in the Century,” and is written by “ A. B. de Mille, M.A., Professor of English Literature and History in the University of King's

College, Windsor, N. S." We have not had time to read the volume through, or, to speak the whole truth, we soon found out it was not worth reading. We did however read carefully the table of contents ; we also went patiently through the index at the end of the volume. We ran across a long list of names, more or less eminent in literature from Crabbe, Blake and Burns, though Swinburne, Kingsley and other variations (including a namesake of the author's, of whom we never heard before), to Artemus Ward and Bret Harte ; but the name of Newman we failed to meet. In the index we found the names of many books with which we are acquainted, and of many more with which we humbly confess we have no acquaintance ; we found such books as *Sam Slick*, *The Origin of Species* and *Bug Jargal*, but of any one of the many volumes written by John Henry Newman, there was no mention.

Can it be possible that the Professor of Literature in the Anglican University of King's College has never heard of Newman? This was the question we asked ourselves as we turned over the pages. With that amazing charity which is our characteristic virtue we should have given the benefit of the doubt to the author, had we not lighted upon one sentence wherein was enshrined the information that Newman " was master of an admirable style and a most logical gift of reasoning." Neither of those qualifications however, were sufficient to win for their owner more than a mere *obiter dictum* in a book where Susan Terrier and George Barrow and other stars of similar magnitude have their pages. Does the compiler imagine that in one incidental sentence he has done justice to a writer of whom the well-known critic, R. H. Hutton, thus expressed his appreciation : " I have often said that if it were ever my hard lot to suffer solitary confinement, and I were given my choice of books, and were limited to one or two, I should prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespere himself."

Newman is not the only Catholic writer ignored in this publication. The same treatment is meted out all round to Catholics. This being so it is to be hoped that the Linscott Publishing Co., will not find any purchasers for their ware among Catholics, whose existence either as writers or readers they have outrageously ignored.

VARIOUS.

So the "little red school-house" is a popish invention after all. This is the information conveyed in a new book from the press of Appleton and Co. : "The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century." The fifth chapter of this work is devoted to "The Tradition of Education." In it we read :

"Our system of education is sometimes supposed to come from some fountain head in America, or at most to be a Protestant device dating from the Reformation. But the schools that sprang up after the change of religion in England marked the persistence of an ancient tradition that even such an upheaval could not destroy. To find a logical point of beginning we must ascend to the early Christian centuries, when the work of religious teaching and proselytism marched abreast. Education was carried on in primitive monasteries and in cathedral chapters of monastic type. These far-back monastic schools for teaching religion only are connected by an unbroken pedigree with our complicated modern systems of child training."

And in the same chapter :

"These early schools interest us here because from them is plainly traceable across the ages for nearly fifteen hundred years the long line of a tradition and habit of education. There have been variation and evolution, but there has been no break. The monastery school became a cathedral school in some cases, and the semi-monastic free school grew up alongside them both. The rudimentary school in the house of the detached priest got its impulse and direction from the higher schools in the cathedrals, and by slow changes the local priest's school became the parish school, and in prosaic modern times, by a series of transformations, the American district school, which last retains few traces of its remote ecclesiastical ancestry."



Exchanges

The chief features of *The Mount* are two very well-written and readable stories, "A Christmas Surprise" and "Janet's Repentance." They would do credit to more pretentious publications.

*
* *

The *Niagara Index* contains a very interesting paper on "The World of Omar Kayyam." It shows considerable insight into the wonderful "Rubaiyat," and the great Oriental poet's materialistic

conception of life is cleverly exposed. But "The Merchant of Venice" is a very poor attempt at essay-writing. It is merely a summary of the play, without one original or even borrowed comment. Nor is the sentence construction it displays of the best.

"A Concert" is an amusing description of a type of those not uncommon entertainments furnished by local amateurs.

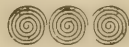
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* *

"La Cravate Rouge" in the *McMaster University Monthly* is a strange, pathetic sketch of French-Canadian life, the best by a long way we have seen in some time. In "The White Man's Burden," a prize oration, the writer claims that Great Britain alone of all white nations has solved "the world-problem" and rightly sustains the burden of colonization. Which statement, we think, is at least questionable. Referring to the natives of other European colonies he says: "Steeped in ignorance and habituated to vice, Kipling correctly describes them as half devil and half child." But it always was our opinion that the poet meant to apply this description of "new-caught sullen peoples" to some of the colonial races of his own country particularly, as indeed another quotation from the same poem, a little further on in the article, bears out. Strange, this discrepancy! It also struck us, when the writer was pointing out what Great Britain has done for her various colonies, that he might have looked nearer home and asked, what has she done for Ireland. If Anglo-Saxon civilization is so good to lift burdens, why does it not raise the weight which is crushing the life out of the sister-isle? Of all white men's burdens that of the Irishman is the heaviest and most unjust. Besides we think the writer does his subject an injustice in his all too brief reference to the more important "home-problem." The social question especially is a burden which should not be overlooked merely because "familiarity has bred contempt for it." It is a millstone around the white man's neck, and this very feeling of contempt is the greatest danger of the future. The oration on the whole is manifestly too unfair, one-sided, and incomplete to be considered a masterpiece, even if it did win a prize.

*
* *

The exchange man of the *Acadia Athenaeum* is not entirely

pleased with our REVIEW. Its literary merit is passable he allows, but "a spirit of narrow Catholicism pervades it from cover to cover," including therefore our very advertising department, though this is managed in so broad a spirit as to include every manner of advertisement from bedsteads to beefsteaks. We rather imagine our critic said more than he meant. Having said so much, he still went on to say that with us "the college gown is hid behind the popish robe." This we accept as a real compliment; we are papists first, last, and all the time. Our critic next deplores that truly sad state of things "when scholarship the avowed progenitor of liberal principle begins to foster bigotry." If the *Athenaeum* had been more precise, if it had laid its finger on some manifestation of bigotry that has appeared in our pages, we shall know wherein consisted the head and front of our offending; but of course the *Athenaeum* could not do this, that would be narrow, and the *Athenaeum* is broad, and with its broadness of view it sees narrowness everywhere in the REVIEW "from cover to cover." We will dispose of this broadness of mind. In some unknown respect or other we have offended its narrow susceptibilities, and like an injured baby it screams. Only that and nothing more.



Athletics.

CAMPEAU'S PETS VS. COX'S ARMY.

On the afternoon of February 16th, University Day, there was written on the glassy face of the Seniors' rink a parody on the game of hockey, such as Mark Twain might envy as inimitable. Several matches exhibiting as high a standard of hockey have been played on the same rink this season, all replete with brilliant dashes where the puck

was not, and friendly embraces when neither of two colliding amateurs was disposed to change the direction he had not voluntarily taken up. But all former events of this nature served only to single out for expulsion from the Boer-hockey ranks all those who displayed any ability to turn at will on skates or strike the puck at the first attempt. Such were immediately "classed," and for

the match on Saturday only those appeared in uniform who, during many trials, had betrayed no promise of ever acquiring skill at the game.

Hence it was that when on Saturday referee Fortier blew his whistle to summon the "Pets" and the "Army" from their camps many familiar figures were missing. The following, who had been tried in many games and found wanting in all, wiggled to their positions as follows :

Pets : — Harrington (Tim) goal ; Dowling, Harvey, defence ; O'Keefe, Chamberlain, Sloan, Foley, rovers.

Army:—Gilligan, goal ; Cox, Fay, defence ; McCormac, Dooner, Burns, Hanley, without portfolios.

The referee faced the puck at 1.59 p.m. sharp. A maze of men and sticks and shouts of "watch your man" from an in-rushing mob of Russians proclaimed that the game had commenced. The puck glided out from pandemonium, and O'Keefe, spying it from an outpost, darted at it. Hanley charged, but Spud cleverly evaded him, passed Sloan, and would have scored only Cox sprang to the defence, batted the puck and had completed a "double reverse" in

time to fall upon his opponent, leaving in the ice the impression of a boy on horseback. Meanwhile Bobby, who had been in hot haste after Spud, measured the rink with colossal strides, and secured the puck, but was "off-side," and five minutes were lost in getting the excited contestants to remain long enough in position for the "face-off." Play was resumed, and the puck slid within Dooner's reach ; that stalwart, rising to the occasion, driving the rubber before him, scrambled up the rink, and from the whirling motion he was acquiring near the side, Harrington told Dowling that Dooner must be going to shoot a "curve," which, in his usual modesty, Tim feared he could not "catch." Thus warned, Dowling charged bodily, took the puck, and flew down the rink, leaving Dooner to extract himself from the snow-bank. But the vigilant Fay, who was interested only in the puck, caught Flossy's eye with a wicked intent to "shoot," and thereupon, pretending he was tripped, fell deliberately across Flossy's path, and the Pets missed another chance to score. After this fortunate accident, Hugué whispered something to Cox, and the latter

shouted, "Every man play his game."

The game now went on with new vim. Hanley, acting under instructions from Mac, was describing the figure "8" around Harvey and Foley, who were passing the puck between them. Seeing Mac inactive, Bobby swooped down like a vulture upon chickens, struck Harvey's stick and—was "ruled off." Expressing nothing more than facial indignation he assumed the position of "coach" on the side line. After the necessary delay, the Pets, seeing the Army thus weakened, went up the rink *en masse*, and Chamberlain, after a feint, by which he avoided the Pennsylvania "strike," scored, causing one of the wildest outbursts of enthusiasm ever witnessed at an athletic contest.

A wave of depression passed over the Army ranks at this; but a grim determination on their leader's brow revived their drooping spirits. And as Bobby, all smiles, took up his old position, harangued the soldiers and ordered some "kids" to get off the rink, the general attitude of the Army looked like hand-writing on the wall for the Pets.

So it proved. For when play

was resumed Mac, getting the puck from centre, proceeded at a very affected gait up the ice, passed the pet defence, and scored, despite the fact that Tim, for no reason any one could assign, lay cross-ways in the goal.

Hereupon someone asked how much time remained to play, and no one knew. It was now discovered that no time-keeper had been appointed. The referee consulted the captains and they, regarding the omission as a joke, appointed Tommy Phillips to that position. Question then arose as to how much longer they should play. Carey, a past grandmaster at the game, was asked to decide and he said that as the first half had been played forty-five minutes; it was only just that the second half should be as long.

With this understanding the game went on, growing in grotesqueness according as the loss of "wind" maddened the players. But at full time the score was 2 to 2, and referee Fortier decided that the game should continue for ten minutes. At this juncture several complaints were entered against Sloan for secret devices he was practising with his stick on the limbs of the Coxyites. Now

Tod has been promoted only lately to the senior yard, and the irons are hardly cold which pressed those appendages to his knickerbockers, and it seemed too bad to have him removed from the field of battle just when the honors of victory were about to perch on the Pets flag-staff. But to avoid anything disagreeable, Captain Campeau took Tod's place.

This was the turning-point in the game. The presence of their courageous leader made the Pets bolder, for with him in the van they swept up the ice determined to score. Cox, divining their plan, ordered Fay to advance and break up the combination, while he himself should obstruct any single-handed attempt to score. But the watch-word of the Pets was : "Do or die," and though Fay offered himself as a martyr to the advancing host, and Bobby struck frantically on every side, and even Charlie caught up an impulse from the excitement and told Hanley his playing was "rotten;" still Capt. Campeau, with only Spud at his side who survived the onslaught, sped on to register his decree. At last Cox cried, "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders," and, stick up-lifted, advanced to the

charge. The two leaders met and fell in a cold embrace. But Spud had scored and the Pets had won.

The scenes which followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Friends of both teams rushed upon the rink and carried off their favourites. The rink itself, when cleared, had its own story to tell of the battle just fought ; broken sticks and shreds of garments lay strewn over its surface, and its snowy walls were frescoed with figures of athletes poised in every possible position. All honour to victors and vanquished. And it may truly be said that John Cox and his contemporaries of hockey fame will pass down through college tradition as the greatest exponents of any age of how *not* to play the game.

* *

The hockey season is now nearly over, and the annual series of games has been completed. They were just as interesting and keenly contested as those of other years. The four teams were captained by Messrs. W. A. Callaghan, R. Halligan, J. J. Macdone'l and J. W. Lynch, and consisted of the following players :

Callaghan's :—J. McDonald, W. Richards, O. Savard, F.

Blute, D. Rheaume, J. Gillies, H. Connolly, F. Taillon.

Halligan's:—T. Morin, H. Sims, L. George, Z. Labrosse, J. Keeley, E. Dupuis, A. Verdia, J. O'Gorman.

Macdonell's:—J. Meehan, J. Ebbs, A. O'Leary, J. McGlade, L. Brennan, G. Lamothe, H. Gilligan, C. Fallon.

Lynch's:—J. O'Brien, E. Valin, H. Smith, F. French, H. McCormick, R. Filiatreault, J. Callanane, T. Harpell.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

Jan. 19—Lynch vs. Macdonell, won by Lynch, score 4—1.
 Jan. 20—Lynch vs. Calligan, score, 2—2.
 Jan. 23—Macdonell vs. Halligan, won by Macdonell, score 6—3.
 Jan. 26—Callaghan vs. Macdonell, won by Callaghan, score 3—1.
 Jan. 27—Halligan vs. Lynch, score 1—1.
 Jan. 30—Macdonell vs. Lynch, won by Lynch, score 5—1.
 Feb. 3—Callaghan vs Halligan, score 3—3.
 Feb. 6—Callaghan vs. Lynch, won by Callaghan, score 3—0.
 Feb. 9—Lynch vs. Halligan, won by Halligan, score 2—0.
 Feb. 10—Macdonell vs. Callaghan, won by Callaghan, score 2—1.

Feb. 16—Halligan vs. Callaghan, won by Halligan, score 3—2.

Feb. 24 — Halligan vs. Macdonell, won by Halligan, score 2—0.

The series, it will be seen, resulted in a tie between the teams of Messrs. Callaghan and Halligan, each of which has 8 points to its credit, Lynch's having 6, and Macdonell's 2. The deciding game will be played on Feb. 27th.

The series of games between the College and the Juniorate First Teams resulted in favour of the former. On the Juniorate ice, Feb. 2 the score was 8—1. The teams were as follows:

Juniorate — Langevin, Chalette, L  roux (Wilson), Healy, Senecal, Lalonde, and Leonard.

College—Filiatreault, Savard, Callaghan, Sims, Ebbs, Smith, and Valin.

This score was just doubled on the College rink, Feb. 16th. The college team was minus Sims and Smith, who were replaced by Halligan and Lynch. Though the score would seem to indicate that the games were rather one-sided, they were in fact hard-fought and very interesting. The College team is well balanced, while though the Juniorate has some good indivi-

dual players, it is weakened by a lack of combination and poor shooting abilities.

Other Games.—The "Philosophers" and "Professors" played a draw, 2—2. The "Soutanes" played the "Prof's"

on Feb. 24, and were defeated, 3—0. The "Boxers" and "Boers" played two draws. The former team broke even with the "Sems," each winning once. How this series will end is yet in doubt.



Of Local Interest.

The preparations for a celebration to be held on March 18th, in honor of the great Saint and Apostle of Ireland, have already taken a definite form. At a meeting of the Sixth and Seventh Forms on the 11th inst., the following committee was chosen to make all the necessary arrangements :

Director—Rev. W. J. O'Boyle, O.M.I.

Chairman—J. R. O'Gorman, '01.

Secretary—W. A. Martin, '02.

Treasurer—J. T. Warnock, '01.

Committee—J. E. McGlade, '01 ; M. E. Conway, '01 ; A. P. Donnelly, '01 ; J. P. Gookin, '02 ; E. E. Gallagher, '02, F. P. Burns, '02.

* * *

The excellent example set by our first debaters this season has been followed in the two

debates which have since been held. At the regular meeting of the Society on January 27th, the resolution that "the United States' Senators should be elected by the popular vote," was discussed, Messrs. F. P. Burns and C. P. McCormac upholding the affirmative. The evils of the present mode of election they set forth in two very interesting speeches. The leader of the negative followed in a splendid speech and showed to the audience the follies connected with the election by popular vote, his remarks being ably seconded by Mr. J. R. Giblyn. The judges however, awarded the debate to the affirmative.

At the next regular meeting, February 10th, the debate read "Resolved that the Elective System of Studies in undergraduate Schools is detrimental to the student." The affirmative

side was championed by Messrs. M. F. Burns and L. M. Staley, while Messrs. G. Nolan and J. Ebbs spoke for the negative. The speakers all showed that they had thoroughly mastered their subject, however, the leader of the negative is deserving of special praise for the clearness and force with which he brought forward his arguments. The negative won.

*
* *

Side by side with our English Debating Society the French students have organised another Club and report great success. Rev. G. Gauvreau their energetic Director, has succeeded in getting the students from the Juniorate to join in making the discussions more enthusiastic and interesting. The first debate of the season was "Resolved that a fiery is preferable to a meek character." Messrs. Rainville and Leroux supporting the affirmative. The champions of the "meek characters" were Messrs. Dallaire and Hudon. The speeches on both sides were thoroughly prepared, however, the affirmative carried off the honors. Rev. Father Lajeunesse honored the boys by being present.

*
* *

On 18th inst. our Dramatic

Society presented "The Chancellor," a drama consisting of a prologue and three acts before a very large audience. This play has been adapted from the French by Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99, to whom are due the sincerest thanks of the Society for his translation.

The following was the cast :

Duke of Florence.....	G. NOLAN.
Antonis Appiano, a tailor,	
afterwards the Chancel-	
lor.....	T. G. MORIN.
Paul, his Son.....	H. LEGAULT.
Lorenzo, Paul's friend.....	E. COTE.
Pietro Bergolini, brother of	
the ex-Chancellor..	J. J. MACDONELL.
Count Spinola.....	J. F. HANLEY.
Count Bramante	J. KING.
Fabin, Antonio's companion.	J. BURKE.
Stephen, Captain of the	
Guards	W. J. COLLINS.
Monza, a citizen	R. LAPOINTE.
Guards, courtiers, pages, etc.	

The actors all acquitted themselves in a style highly complimentary to Prof. T. Horigan, under whose guidance they have been. It is generally conceded that the acting is the best which has been seen here since the staging of "Riche-lieu."

Owing to the fact that the play was translated from the French, it bore traces of the style of the original and hence lacked action, the dialogue being altogether too long to suit an

English stage. The Professor however overcame this difficulty to a great extent by training the actors thoroughly, thus enabling them to enter entirely into the spirit of the drama. To Prof. Horrigan's great efforts and skill are due the success of the work of the society, although the boys as well as Rev. Father Lajeunesse likewise share in the compliments.

The play was staged in Buckingham on the following evening before a bumper house. The work of the students was highly appreciated by the people of the town, and the boys report a very pleasant trip.

*
* *

The lecturer from the lay-prof.'s corridor has now turned his attention to philosophy. He is "coming down to the psychology of the thing" we believe, for he has announced his intention of favoring us with an instructive discourse on "The Ego" and also on "memory as one of the chief faculties of the intellect."

*
* *

Bob. lately endeavored to persuade the class of physicists that the aneroid barometer was composed of springs. The professor suggested that Bob's

head was full of *springs*, aye whole rivers.

*
* *

Prof. (in Grammar class.)—"You tell me that the relatives 'who' and 'which' cover all things in nature and are therefore used for everything we can think of: now when is 'that' used?"

Pupil—"For things we can't think of."

*
* *

D wl-g and his friend from Mass proved to be a very lovely and loving pair.

*
* *

McSwiggen's latest — "He doesn't say anything but it's the way he says it."

*
* *

Sh-r-d-n says "it's pretty hard to carry a dead man across the stage especially when he's alive."

*
* *

|| This is how Chas.' trousers look after they arrive from the tailor's; () This is their appearance when he gets them on.

*
* *

Tin Soldier.—Say Cap. this is a regular coast town.

Cap.—Well, how's that?

T. S.—Because we have so many light houses.

Lapsus linguae gleaned from Bob's discourses "divulge Philosophy," "investigate (invest) his money," "speculate (expectorate) on the floor" "heating a liquid turns it into the gastric (gaseous) state."

* *
*

"Spud's" peroration "May my songous voice ever continue to elaborate your tender feelings !"

* *
*

A Philosopher informed his class that the etymology of pedagogue was *pede* and *ago*.

* *
*

Prof. of Physiology.—"How can you perceive the respiratory sounds?"

"Ric."—By applying the ear to the stomach."

* *
*

Bl-te (waking up to the beauty of his surroundings) "Buckingham must be a nice place in summer time."

* *
*

The echo of "Balance like me. L. E. O. P. is "Two-step like me. M. E. C." It is heard on all sides.

"Hey Prof. old boy, its up to you now !"

* *
*

"Say McG-de, get off the Ecliptic."

* *
*

Come, list unto a tale I tell
Of one who home at midnight came,—
What to that reveller befell
Who bears a far-famed Gaulic name.

Slow stealing up the corridor,
Brim full of spirit warm within,
The F—chman saw two glaring eyes,
That pierced the darkness, fixed on him.

Spell-bound he stood and thought him
well,

While onward came the eyes of flame ;
A visitor he had from hell,
And terror filled his throbbing brain,


Full sore his conscience smote him
then ;

He thought of nights in revel spent,
Then shrieking turned around and
fled

As terror to him wings had lent.

MORAL.

Beware ! Oh friends, be not abroad,
Till midnight in the silent street
Lest, coming in by the back way,
A grim, blood-thirsty rat you meet,



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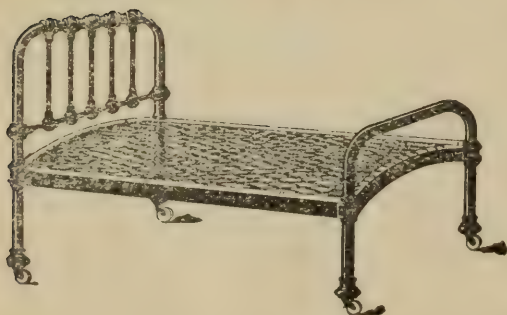
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Poetry :	
Eternal Love.....	325
In Remembrance of a Truly Great and Good Son of Erin.....	326
Poetry :	
The Patriot's Grave.....	327
Poetry :	
Irish Missionaries.....	330
Poetry :	
Robin the Comforter.....	337
"Irlanda! Irlanda! Sempre Fidele.".....	339
Poetry :	
Irish Love-Words.....	346
A Toast for St. Patrick's Day.....	347
The Annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet.....	348
Editorials :	
St. Patrick's Day 1901.....	383
The Royal Declaration.....	384
In Memoriam.....	385
The Gaelic Society.....	387
The Students' Thanks.....	387
Obituary.....	388
Various.....	389
Exchanges.....	391
Athletics.....	392
Of Local Interest.....	394
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	399
Junior Department.....	399

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 7

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Vol. III

ETERNAL LOVE.

“When I shall be raised on high I will draw all things unto Myself.”



FATHER forgive, they know not what they do,
These men for whom my life-blood ebbed away,
Remember not the rage, the taunts, the hate,
Poured out in torrents on that woful day ;
Appeased thy justice, calmed thine ire
Aroused by foul transgressions multiplied,
Father forgive and from abysmal depths,
Draw those for whom I fain again had died.

My plight-word this — all hearts to draw
Unto mine own, when from the heights
This earth-world lov'd and lost I saw.

F. F. GREY.

Ottawa, Passiontide, 1901.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A TRULY GREAT AND GOOD SON OF ERIN.



HERE is such a wealth of treasured names to recall in connection with Ireland's great day one must stifle the desire to invoke them all, cherishing none the less each beloved claimant for a souvenir in this feast of reason and flow of soul. Let me, because the desire is irresistible, recall the ever regretted John Boyle O'Reilly, sure that all of Ireland's dear departed are honored in him, and may the following condensed appreciation of this gifted and beloved man suffice,—it is only a fragment of the many splendid eulogies evoked by his too early death. We all are still in deep mourning for John Boyle O'Reilly, and though we do not refuse to be comforted as those who have no faith, it is safe to assert that we all want him. Men who knew him admired him for his splendid courage, his generosity, his invincible sense of honor ; women admired him for his great personal beauty, his daring and his tenderness. He was a poet, too, not a long-haired mope, but a mighty six-footer who cropped his hair. He was a Fenian when he was a wild Irish boy. They arrested him, tried and sentenced him to death. He was so young that they commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and they sent him to Australia. He escaped, with the assistance of the gaoler's daughter—God bless her !—and put to sea in an open boat. An American sailing vessel—good luck to her Stars and Stripes !—picked him up and landed him in Boston. He turned newspaper man and afterwards owned a journal. A great light went out when the fine Irishman closed his eyes. There was this inscription on a portrait of him :

Races and sects were to him profanity—
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one ;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity—
Large in his record, the work he has done.

What a tribute ! what a fine epitaph ! Well may all the world miss this mighty Celt, miss him as they loved him. His own tribute to Robert Emmet seems the most fitting of his many poems to quote here.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

"I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that is dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections ; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom ! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence ! Let no man write my epitaph ; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance or prejudice asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace ! Let my memory rest in oblivion, and my tomb uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—*Speech of Robert Emmet in the Dock.*

I.

Tear down the crape from the column ! Let the shaft stand white
and fair !

Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air !

We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight ;

We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and the child ;

This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are
undefiled ;

Its ashes are inspiration : it giveth us strength to bear,

And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a gravestone—and written thereon no
word !

And behold ! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch, and a
sword !

And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless
stone

For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's
red work to be done !

II.

With pride and not with grief

We lay this century leaf

Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter ;

A few brief, toiling years

Since fell the nation's tears,
And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar !
The people that are blest
Have him they love the best
To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need him ;
And vain the chords that bind
While the nation's steadfast mind,
Like the needle to the pole, is true to freedom !

III.

Three powers there are that dominate the world—
Fraud, Force and Right—and two oppress the one ;
The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
Against them ever standeth Right alone.

Cyclopiian strokes the brutal allies give ;
Their fetters massive and their dungeon walls ;
Beneath their yoke, weak nations cease to live,
And valiant Right itself defenceless falls !

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth ;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive !
But when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong Right is still alive !

Alive, like seed that God's own hand has sown—
Like seed that lieth in the lowly furrow,
But springs to life when wintry winds are blown ;
To-day the earth is gray—'tis green to-morrow.

The roots strike deep despite the ruler's power,
The plant grows strong with summer sun and rain,
Till autumn bursts the deep red-hearted flower,
And freedom marches to the front again !

While slept the right, and reigned the dual wrong,
Unchanged, unchecked, for half a thousand years
In tears of blood we cried, "O Lord, how long?"
And even God seemed deaf to Erin's tears.

But when she lay all weak and bruised and broken,
Her white limbs seared with cruel chain and thorn—

As bursts the clouds, the lightning word was spoken.
God's seed took root—His crop of men was born !
With one deep breath began the land's progression ;
On every field the seeds of freedom fell ;
Burke, Grattan, Flood and Curran in the session—
Fitzgerald, Sheares and Emmet in the cell !
Such teachers soon aroused the dormant nation—
Such sacrifice insured the endless fight ;
The voice of Grattan smote wrong's domination—
The death of Emmet sealed the cause of Right !

IV.

Richest of gifts to a nation ! Death with the living crown !
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down !
Font of the hopes we cherish—test of the things we do ;
Gorgon's face for the traitor—talisman for the true !
Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child ;
Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild ;
But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless
price,
The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.
How can the debt be cancelled ? Prayers and tears we may give—
But how recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live ?
Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the strength of life—
Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife.
This was the heart he offered—the upright life he gave—
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.
Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame.
Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
“A nation among the nations,” or forever a nameless grave.
Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we still must bear ;
But even from death he reaches the legacy to share.
He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who
aspire —
That men must follow freedom, though it lead through blood and
fire ;
That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freedom still must quaff—
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

IRISH MISSIONARIES.

The nations have their parts assigned :
 The deaf one watches for the blind :
 The blind for him that hears not hears :
 Harmonious as the heavenly spheres,
 Despite their outward fret and jar,
 Their mutual ministrations are.

--AUBREY DE VERE.



HIS world is a stage on which each man plays a part assigned to him by an all-wise Providence. This part is called the man's vocation. Its proper fulfilment is destined to advance, however feebly, some cause. This is called the man's mission. A person becomes identified with the cause that he espouses ; so that, the nobler the cause that it is his mission to further, the nobler he becomes. The noblest of causes is the cause of religion, the cause of the one true religion, of Catholicity. He, therefore, who is called upon to do a work for the Catholic Church, has a mission that raises him above his fellow-beings.

What is true of individuals, is true of nations. And this ennobling religious mission is Ireland's mission. The philosophy of the history of Ireland that proceeds from any other hypothesis, than that the Irish people are destined, by Providence, to be the apostles, witnesses and defenders of God's Truth, will inevitably become entangled in a maze of inexplicable mysteries. Once admitted that the Irish nation has received the task, not of developing commerce, nor of perfecting agriculture, nor of conferring any such temporal benefit on mankind, but of bestowing on others that faith which they themselves so cherish, the finger of God becomes visible in every phase of the nation's existence. The Irish race is a race of missionaries.

When God calls an individual to a high mission, He fits him for the accomplishment of the duties inherent in his mission. This principle, applied to nations, explains the high state of civilization that Ireland had attained before the arrival of her apostle St. Patrick. It is well known to antiquarians that when the inhabitants of the neighboring countries were painted savages, the

Celts of Erin were a cultured people. Their bards sang the heroes of the clans in strains rivalling those of ancient Greece ; the Brehons digested a code of law equal, in its conformity to natural justice, to the ancient Roman code ; but their civilization far surpassed that of either Athens or Rome in point of morals and religion. Druidism, which taught the existence of one omnipotent God, was far superior to any other ancient religion, with the exception of revealed Judaism. It had an elevating influence on the mind, in singular contrast to the debasing influence of the material polytheism of Greece, Rome and other nations of antiquity.

The Irish were therefore better prepared for Christianity than any other nation. And when St. Patrick announced the Truth to them, they embraced it with unexampled readiness. Their minds "challenged by truth, with recognizing voice cried out, 'Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone !' and cleaved thereto." They were better prepared than others to understand the teachings of Christianity. They grasped them more firmly. Hence, Erin became a land of saints and scholars, with a celerity that seems miraculous, when compared with the tardy success that crowned the strenuous efforts which Christianity in other lands put forth in raising up to its own high level the degraded adepts of polytheism. St. Patrick himself was surprised at the ardor that his spiritual children manifested in consecrating themselves to the service of God in the highest form of Christian life, the practice of the evangelical counsels. This ardor went on increasing until the island became one vast monastery, the centre of learning and piety for all Europe.

A glance at the Roman Empire, that is, at the civilized world outside of Ireland, for the terms were then synonymous, will reveal the place that this wonderful development of Christianity in Ireland occupied in the designs of Providence. It would be hard even to imagine greater enervation and corruption than that of Roman society, before the fall of the Empire. Christianity had not succeeded in infusing new life into the decrepid form. "Christianity," says Montalambert, "had accepted that abject condition, as it accepts all, with the supernatural confidence of aiding what was good in it, and of lessening the evil. But

despite her divine force and origin—despite the humble and zealous devotion of the Fathers and pontiffs to the decrepid majesty of the Cæsars—despite her men of genius and her saints—Christianity had not succeeded in transforming the ancient world. Had she succeeded in taking full possession, with the elements which then constituted it, she could only have made a kind of Christian China.” The corrupt refinement that has been called civilization, had to be swept away in a deluge of blood. God sent this avenging deluge, and history calls it the invasion of the barbarians. The hardy and manly Huns, Goths, Vandals and Quadi replaced the enervated Romans. They were ignorant and ferocious races, but they were simple-minded and energetic. They were the material of which the Church was to form the sturdy European nations. The work of their regeneration was long and tedious, but the Church at last triumphed over their ignorance and barbarity.

The part that Ireland took in the holy work, remains to this day her brightest glory. During all this troubled period, Erin, that vast monastery which Providence had erected at the extremity of Europe, poured out over all lands, from England to Austria, a constant stream of learned scholars and zealous missionaries, apostolic men, who displayed surprising energy in their efforts to convert pagan nations, to rekindle the light of faith in minds in which it had become extinct, to extirpate abuses, to raise the drooping courage of the persecuted, to bring back the degenerate to their primitive fervor. Their passage was marked by the erection of monasteries, centres of faith, piety and knowledge, that perfected and perpetuated the work begun. Irish monks founded 13 monasteries in Scotland, 12 in England, 7 in France, 12 in Brittany, 7 in Lorraine, 10 in Alsace, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Switzerland, many in Thuringia and along the left bank of the Lower Rhine. and 6 in Italy. A short sketch of their labors, will suffice to show to what extent Europe is indebted to the Island of Saints and Scholars, for its reception of christianity and its consequent civilization. Saint Columbanus and his numerous followers evangelized the ancient kingdoms Neustria, Austrasia and Burgundy, which occupied the part of France that is contained between Brittany and Germany, north and east of the river Loire,

nearly half of the present Republic. The christian religion already existed in these regions ; but there were also many pagan tribes, as the Salian Franks around Amiens, and the Celetes of Normandy; and the Christians, owing to the fury of their continual wars and the negligence of their bishops, were Christians only in name. St. Columbanus revived Christian virtue and ecclesiastical discipline, by means of the monasteries that he founded. The monastery of Luxeuil, which he built in the primeval forests of Sesquania, now Franche-Comté, became the monastic and educational metropolis of all France. Monasteries chose the abbots among the monks of Luxeuil. Dioceses vied with one another in their efforts to obtain, for bishops, men trained in ecclesiastical sciences, and in the ways of the spiritual life, by the sons of St. Columbanus. The nobles of the south as well as of the north of France, considered it a distinction, to have their children educated at so famous a school of wisdom and sanctity. The principal cities of France, Autun, Lyons, Strasbourg and Langres, sent their sons in crowds to be educated at Luxeuil. The influence that St. Columbanus exerted through this monastery, and through the numerous monasteries that were founded all over the country, by colonies from Luxeuil, was so great that he is said to have civilized and educated France.

One of the most prosperous of the colonies that went out from Luxeuil was that which was established in Sithin, now St. Omer, in Belgium, by four Alamanni, St. Bertin, St. Omer, Mommolin and Ebertramnus. The country was inhabited by the Atrabates and Morins, who had already received the light of the Gospel, but who had returned to paganism. The work of their conversion, which had never been complete, was begun over again ; and the monks of Sithin took a glorious part in the accomplishment of the task.

From France, St. Columbanus passed into Germany, where he preached to the Sueves and Alamanni, along the Rhine. But these tribes would not receive the Gospel ; and Columbanus crossed the Alps to combat Arianism, which was predominant in Lombardy. He founded the monastery of Bobbio, which became for the north of Italy what Luxeuil was for France. He died at Bobbio in 615.

In Germany and Switzerland St. Columbanus left disciples, who were more successful than he had been. St. Gall converted Switzerland, of which he is still venerated as the apostle. St. Gall and his companions, Magnoald and Trudbert, converted the Alamanni. St. Kilian, St. Totnan and St. Colomat preached the Gospel in Bavaria. To show to what measure Germany has received the benefit of Irish missionary zeal it is sufficient to state that the catalogue of the saints of Germany contains the names of 150 Irishmen, whom the gratitude and admiration of the people evangelized by them have placed on the altars.

Scotland is another country to which the bright light of Erin's Faith was carried by her faithful sons. Caledonia, as the country was then called, was inhabited by the Picts and the Scots. The Scots occupied the western islands and part of the western shore. They were a colony that had left Ireland, shortly after the conversion of the island, and had probably remained Christians, at least in name. The rest of the country was inhabited by Picts. The Picts of the south had already been evangelized by Roman missionaries, Ninian and Palladius, but no traces of Christianity remained among them. No missionary had ever ventured among the ferocious Picts of the north. St. Columbkille, a voluntary exile from the Emerald Isle that he loved so well, established a monastery of Irish monks, on the rocky island of Iona. Thence, he and his companions made numerous voyages over all Caledonia, preaching to both Picts and Scots. St. Columbkille spent the last thirty-four years of his life in this work. He built more than a hundred churches and monasteries, remains of fifty-four of which are still found in Scotland. He had the happiness of seeing the Christian faith spread over all Caledonia before his death.

The monastery of Iona continued to flourish after the death of its founder, and its monks carried the Faith into England. St. Augustine, a Roman missionary, sent out by St. Gregory the Great, is the apostle of England. But it must not be supposed that he was to England what St. Patrick has been to Ireland. St. Augustine, and the Italian missionaries that accompanied him, succeeded in converting two of the seven kingdoms that formed the Heptarchy, Kent and Essex. Though Ethelbert, king of Kent,

was baptized by St. Augustine, all his subjects did not follow his example. Among those that remained pagans was his own son, Eadbald, who succeeded him on the throne, and brought nearly the whole people back to idolatry. In Essex, the Christian king, Sebert, was succeeded by his three pagan sons; and the people hastened to conform their religious persuasions to those of their sovereigns. Mellitus, the bishop of London, was expelled from Essex and took refuge in France. So that, in 645, forty-eight years after the landing of St. Augustine on the shore of Kent, all that remained of Christianity in England was a small community of Christians in Kent, grouped around the church and the monastery of Canterbury. In this year a Saxon prince, Oswald, who had been baptized whilst an exile among the Celts of Caledonia, whither the invasion of his country by the Britons had driven him, became king of Northumbria, after having expelled the invader. Oswald was a fervent Christian, and his first care was to call missionaries from the land of his exile to convert his countrymen. St. Aidan was sent over from Iona, with several of his brethren. He established a monastery on a small and almost barren island in the North Sea, near the coast of Northumbria. Lindisfarne, as it was called, became "the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons." From Northumbria Christianity gradually spread over the seven kingdoms. Sussex offered the longest resistance to the Gospel, but it was finally converted in 681 by St. Wilfrid, a Saxon monk, educated at Lindisfarne. So, thirty-six years after Oswald's appeal to the Irish monks of Iona, all England was Christian. She remained true to the Faith which she had received from Ireland until she was robbed of it by Henry VIII.

Though the countries already mentioned occupy no small part of Europe, Irish missionary enterprise was not limited to them. There is hardly a spot in Europe that has not witnessed the arder of the divine charity which prompted Irishmen to communicate to other lands the blessings of religion and of learning, in which their own dear isle of the ocean was so rich. Contemporary writers speak of them as "swarms of learned men," an "inundation" that swept over all Europe.


And whilst Irish missionaries were working prodigies of zeal in foreign countries, a not less apostolic work was being carried

on in Ireland. The Emerald Isle was the university of Europe, to which the youth that aspired to excellence in either sacred or profane science, instinctively directed his steps. The same schools that sent forth legions of missionaries, opened their doors to Cymbrians, Britons, Angles, Franks, Saxons, and Scots. In the monastic cities that were called the schools of Bangor, Clonard, Clonfert, Armagh and Louth, thousands of strangers, from all countries, received a gratuitous education ; not only instruction, but books, lodging, food and even clothing being furnished them free from remuneration of any kind. The schools were supported by the princely donations of the chieftains and the continually in-pouring gifts of the clansmen. The Irish had, and have always had, a sort of veneration for the scholar, that made them consider it an act of religion to aid in his education. The clansman's humble gift, as well as the chieftain's lordly donation, was indeed an act of religion ; for by it he was taking part in the fulfilment of Ireland's grand mission. He was helping to diffuse, throughout Europe the wealth of Ireland's Christian faith, Christian learning and Christian civilization. These schools gave England her Alfred the Great, and France her Dagobert. Louth alone educated more than a hundred European prelates.

Thus was Ireland the " lamp of the north when half the world was night." God gave her a sublime mission, part of which was to raise up civilized Christian nations from the hordes of barbarian invaders, that He, in His justice, had sent to wreak vengeance on the crumbling sin-cankered Roman Empire. Nobly and generously did she accomplish this part of her mission.

A. MADDEN, O. M. I., '98.

ROBIN THE COMFORTER.

 POOR little lonely wanderer
Singing at close of day,
A song that breathes of sorrow,
A weary mournful lay ;
You have struck a chord familiar
That echoes in my breast,
The song of a tired spirit,
A plea for love and rest.

We are kindred, robin red-breast,
And your song is sweet to me,
Though it tells the old, old story,
Of things that ne'er can be.
A story told so often,
That none will pause to hear,
For the great world must be working
While we linger, idle, here.

So we'll mourn together, red-breast,
Till the sun has hung its head,
And the dying blush of twilight
From the dark'ning sky has fled
And I shall call thee comforter
For the blood-red sign of old,
For the mark that Calv'ry gave thee,
In the sacred legend told.

For 'tis said that thou, O red-breast,
Saw the bleeding Saviour die,
Saw His sacred life blood gushing,
Heard his last despairing cry.
In that one supremest moment,
When a God gave up his will,
Thou whisperedst soft a requiem
And nestled closer still.

It is growing darker, red-breast ;
It is dark within my heart ;
There will be no light, O robin,
Till in life I've played my part.
But still I call thee comforter,
For the promise thou hast brought,
For the glimpse of rest eternal,
For the lesson thou hast taught

T. F. M.

Passion-tide, 1901.



“IRLANDA ! IRLANDA ! SEMPRE FIDELE.”

TWO grand organizations lead men to their final end. The State is organized to look after man's well-being in the present life. It is his servant commissioned to keep order around his dwelling, that he may not be disturbed from the great affair of his life. Unutterably nobler is the mission of the Church; for to her—and to her alone—has Christ entrusted the heavenly work of safeguarding God's rights on earth, of preaching His infinite mercies to mankind, of ministering to the wants of souls that hunger and thirst and of bringing them home to the arms of their fond Father.

Truly a momentous truth is this that the State and the Church lead us to our last end. From it in fact, as from their source, spring the duties the exact performance of which entitles a man to be called Christian, to be called Catholic. The Catholic loves his country, the Catholic love his church, but he loves his church more than his country. No right has he to the glorious title of Catholic who fails in rendering these duties; whose love for the Church manifests itself in sweet edifying words that lose their sweetness when contrasted with his actions; or whose life is marked by a love of preference for the State. But what is here laid down as the criterion for judging whether an individual is a genuine Christian, applies not less certainly to the body of individuals called the nation. Any nation on the one hand, across the page of whose history is written the tale of frequent violation of the authority of Jesus Christ in the person of his Vicar on earth, that has sanctioned, tacitly, if not outspokenly, a system of iniquitous laws framed to cripple the action of the Church by imposing outrageous restrictions upon her clerics, or that has not blushed to stand by rulers whose lives have been or are an avowed conspiracy against the Catholic religion, that nation surely cannot reasonably say that her history is preëminently Christian; while on the other hand, the nation that throughout the course of ages that separate us from the day of her baptism, has shown herself jealous of the rights of the Holy Father, that has been ever on the alert to ward off danger from her priests, that has abandoned rulers who be-

trayed the cause of the Catholic faith, is it not with truth and justice that such a nation glories in her essentially Christian character? With justice then and with truth can the Irish people glory in their past, for their past is essentially Catholic and without a parallel in the history of the world.

Of loyalty and love to country, to its laws and customs, which are the distinctive marks of patriotism, what nation has shown more lasting proof than the Irish? Feudalism confronted Europe—feudalism which vested in the king alone all rights to the land and left to the lower classes no choice but to be slaves—and asked to be admitted. For a while France would not hear of it but growing weary of the conflict submitted. Germany and England, Italy and Belgium likewise bowed down before it. Ireland alone of all the European nations refused to become a slave of this system. The Normans had imposed it upon France, they had imposed it upon England and in 1169 they landed in Ireland, there to try a similar experiment. They built their castles, they claimed the land, they filled the island at times with troops to force the population to be serfs. But did they succeed? After four hundred years of ceaseless war they had to admit that they could not succeed. The king of England had the title of Sovereign Lord of Ireland and no more. "The Irish Lords," wrote Sir John Davies, "governed their people by the Brehon law; they appointed their own magistrates and officers; . . . they made war and peace one with another, without control; and this they did not only during the reign of Henry II., but afterward in a long time, even until the reign of Queen Elizabeth." But remarkable indeed! not only did the Irish not submit to the English laws but in the words of the same Sir John Davies "the state of things was so turned about, that the English, who hoped to make a perfect conquest of the Irish, were by them perfectly and absolutely conquered, because *Victi victoribus leges dedere*." The ever famous "Statutes of Kilkenny," the terms "*Hibernis hiberniores*," the name "English rebels" are but so many proofs of this triumph of Celtic patriotism.

The Irish had likewise been true to their country when the fierce children of the north in the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries swooped down upon lovely Erin to rob her of her faith and freedom. Far greater courage did they show than any of European countries

where the same intrepid warriors landed their hosts, for France gave up Normandy, England gave her entire kingdom, Italy ceded part of her territory, while Ireland gave to these brave Norsemen for their inheritance a briny ocean grave. Truly Irishmen have proved by these deeds alone, that they loved their country with an all-sacrificing love.

Notwithstanding their intense love for Erin, the children of St. Patrick have never forgotten the sacred duty of loving the Church more than country. Of this they gave a grand proof at the time of the so-called Reformation. Ireland was then dis-united and had been so for four hundred years. Kings disputed with one another the supreme rule in the isle, chief warred upon chief. National unity seemed gone forever, since not even the danger from enemies without could inspire the chieftains with wiser counsels. But no, not yet. What love for country could not do, love for religion was quickly to accomplish. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were to be the saviors of Ireland's nationality. They had abandoned the Catholic faith—the faith to which their ancestors had clung for a thousand years—they had even invented a religion of their own, and having had it accepted by their countrymen, they tried to force it upon the people of Ireland. The result was wonderful. At once, by a common impulse the barriers of the clan were thrown down, petty quarrels were forgotten and the entire nation rallied to the standard of the cross, around which they have stood to this day.

The Irish have loved their Church with an unparalled love. Since Patrick taught the nation the Truth Divine more than 1400 years ago, never has this race elect rejected one iota of the Church's teaching, nor adhered to doctrines that have fallen under the Church's censure. Heresy appeared but once in the island, and even then it was fostered not by Irish but by Anglo-Normans. "It is a remarkable fact," says Father Thébaud, S.J., in his "Irish Race," "that at the beginning of the fourteenth century the name of heresy is mentioned for the first and last time; the new doctrines bearing a close resemblance to some of the errors of the Albigenses, and their chief propagators being all lords of the Pale." He further adds that "the number of the sectarians was so small as to become almost insignificant;

the English of the Pale were always few in comparison with the natives, and heresy had been adopted by only a small body." To stamp it out "the sentence of the bishop, the decree of excommunication pronounced from the foot of the altar, was all that was required." Thus it is Erin's glory never to have produced an heresiarch. Can the same be said of any other nation? At an early period the eastern countries were ravaged by heresies. Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Africa, were all in succession invaded by frightful heresies which were soon—too soon, alas! to make such rapid strides in the countries of Western Europe. France, from the year 1148 to 1228 was the stronghold of the Albigenses, a sect so powerful and so vigorous that Pope Innocent III. enjoined upon the faithful to take up arms to crush it. The heresy of Jansenius found in France some of its most ardent supporters. Spain and Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Poland, history tells us, at some time or other found themselves ravaged by heretical teachings, whilst heresy became the State religion of England, Sweden, Denmark, and some provinces of Germany. Am I claiming too much when I assert that Ireland's fidelity to the Catholic Church is unparalled in the history of the world?

The Irish race has ever shown a love of preference for the Church. The priest has ever held first place in the affections of Irish people. As Father Thébaud beautifully says "from the first preaching of Christianity among them, all earthly dignities have paled before the heavenly honors of the priesthood." To have their son a priest offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has ever been the greatest happiness of Irish mothers—a happiness for which they would refuse no sacrifice. And it was their best son, their most gifted son, whom they set apart for the service of God. This setting of the Church's claims above those of the State is characteristic of the race. In the twelfth century McMurrough, king of Leinster, was expelled from his kingdom by his subjects whose feelings of morality his scandalous elopement had glaringly outraged. In the sixteenth century Henry VIII conferred patents of nobility on the Irish chieftains O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Brian, Burke and Fitzpatrick, and bestowed upon them lands of which he had robbed the Dominican and Franciscan Friars in Ireland. Now came the test of Ireland's Catholicity. What would she do? Her

chiefs were honored by the king of England with brilliant titles on the one hand and they loved their chieftains; on the other their chieftains had accepted the abbey lands belonging by right to the ministers of religion and the nation loved its priests. Yet there was no hesitation. Instead of loud acclamation and welcome greetings the false Irish chieftains found on their return that the people had cast them off and gathered around new chieftains. They all died miserably for having violated the religious feelings of the people. And still the race stands jealous of its religion. Parnell was high in the people's love and veneration, and great hopes were built on his Home Rule policy. Had he not the whole of Ireland at his back, and yet, when he was about to reap the fruits of his long labor, when he was about to confer an inestimable boon upon Ireland, the nation would not accept it from his hands, but turned away from him as it had turned away from O'Neill of old. He had outraged the moral feelings of the nation.

This has been Ireland's way of acting towards her priests and her religion. Is there a nation in Europe that could not learn something from these examples? The French people especially would do well to have imitated and to imitate Ireland. Their history is conspicuous for the frequency with which they allowed their kings to encroach upon the rights of the Catholic religion. In fact Louis XIV. had the whole French clergy, and of course the people, from 1682 to 1692 upholding him in opposition to the See of Rome. Previous to that time the nation had been the cause of the famous Western Schism, for this schism in the words of Darras "*se perpetua sous l'influence de la politique française.*" A hundred years ago France not so much as protested against the indignities heaped upon Pius VII. by Napoleon Bonaparte. To-day France and Italy are governed by Socialists and Freemasons vowed to destroy the Church. Surely the land of St. Louis could learn a valuable lesson from Irish history. What love can a people have for their priesthood when they consent to laws which force seminarians to take their place in the rank and file and spend a year of military service?

At the beginning of the last century (1813) the Irish gave to the world a remarkable proof of their jealousy of State interference

in Church affairs. Three centuries of gloom had visited the island, all which time the strength of the British empire and the ingenuity of crafty legislators were called into play to put an end to Ireland's faith. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen had been slaughtered or exiled, hundreds, nay thousands, of priests had been killed, education had been proscribed, the land had been taken away from the people, but the Faith lived on. At length the spirit of tolerance awoke and John Bull growing ashamed of his inhumanity and bigotry resolved to repair the wrong he had done. Canning drew up a bill of Emancipation giving back to Catholics the rights of which they had been robbed, asking only in return that England should have power to "veto" the nomination to bishoprics. The Premier of England was, no doubt, sanguine of success. Ireland had been suffering so long and so terribly that she would welcome any measure tending to emancipation, even conditional. Moreover, had he not seen Catholic France in the person of her emperor Napoleon Bonaparte force upon Pius VII. the memorable "Concordat," a measure which gave to the State far more power than did the "veto." Besides Cardinal Quarantotti, who managed affairs in Rome—the Pope was in a French prison—thought the measure a great boon for those stormy times and wrote to Bishop Poynter of London advising him to accept it. English Catholics, lay and clerical, welcomed the measure, and a few so-called "respectable" Catholics of Ireland were fully in favor of it. But Ireland on that question would take no condition from the state. Bold, inflexible, fearless, the nation would not hear of the English government interfering in the appointment of bishops. They rose to a man under immortal O'Connell, and never stopped till in 1829 they wrested from the English parliament and King full unconditional independence for the Catholic Church.

Ireland is then a nation which has always preferred the rights of the Church to those of the State. Would that this truth were more universally recognized as this essay attempts to make it, would that students of history comprehended it more fully, would that writers of history would tear from their eyes the scales that blind them to this fact. Our gloriously reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., has on two different occasions distinctly recognized this truth so glorious for Ireland. The first occasion was four or five years

ago when Very Rev. Prior Glynn conducted an Irish pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Here are the beautiful words uttered by His Holiness : "My children, I welcome you from my heart. I am the Father of the Faithful, and you are the best beloved of my children. You come to me from the most Catholic country in the world—a country that has suffered fearlessly, cheerfully, persecution, imprisonment and death for the Faith's sake. Yours is a peculiar faith. This faith that was planted in your country by the blessed Apostle St. Patrick it is impossible to eradicate." What he said in Father Glynn's time he confirmed last year when Rev. Father Ring, O.M.I., conducted the Irish pilgrims to the shrine of St. Peter. It was then the Pontiff uttered those glorious words which begin this essay and by which it here ends : "Irlanda ! Irlanda ! Sempre fidele."

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I., '01.



IRISH LOVE-WORDS.



LONG years have passed, since when a child, I heard it
The Irish tongue, so full of melody ;
Yet memory oft, like strains of sweetest music,
Recalls my mother's fond "Agra machree."

When pain or grief oppressed me, how caressing,
Her soft "Alanna"; as she stroked my hair ;
What other tongue hath term of fond endearment,
That can with these in tenderness compare ?

Acushla ! sure the hurt were past all healing.
That was not soothed when that fond term was heard ;
Asthere ! the pulses of my heart, receding,
Would thrill responsive to that loving word.

Mavourneen ! time and place and distance vanish ;
A child once more beside my mother's knee,
I hear her gently calling me, "Mavourneen" !
And in her eyes the tender love-light see.

What matter whether dark my hair, or golden,
She greeted me her "colleen bawn" most fair,
To other eyes I might be all unlovely ;
I was her "colleen dhas" beyond compare.

Long years have passed, alas, since last I heard it,
That sweetest music to my listening ear,
My mother's voice, perchance, when life is ended,
"Cead mille Failthe !" once again I'll hear,

CATHARINE HIGGINS,

In The Gael.

A TOAST FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



HERE'S to the gladsome day so long wished for, prayed for, fought for, died for, of Ireland's readjustment ! Back to the days when Malachi wore the collar of gold ? Oh, no ! Nor back to the days of the four kingdoms spoiled by a McDermott ? No, no. Back to the days of good Queen Bess ? Ye powers forbid ! Back to the ungrateful times of Stuart defection ? Never. Forward is the cry, not backward ; forward to perfectly understood *Home Rule*, and to all that the wisest and best expect from nobly administered Home Rule ! May the saint whose name brings each year a new glow to Irish hopes make his power felt. May he impart to us the true spirit for a national holiday. May we never lose the spirit of faith that has been Ireland's glory through all years of sorest test ; above all things, may St. Patrick's day be ever for us a commemoration of the triumphs of faith. May the soul joys of this day prevail wherever the blessed bells are heard, wherever the bright tapers shine in his honor. May no Irish heart to-day fail to return thanks for the good done through Irish faith and hope and love ! And while we, here, in the farther west look wistfully toward that once beauteous land, may we be granted the vision of the restored beauty ; may we see plainly, through the shadows, the sunburst beginning to gleam upon its hills and dales ; may we never lose the true spirit of this day ! Erin's sorrows are still felt, but this day is and always must be a glad day. The sons of Erin, wherever their lot be cast, are strong to serve ; God bless them ! The history of Ireland may be a sore puzzle to our believing hearts, but there is a just God, and all justice-loving people in God's fair world will bring about at last the revelation of the "glory of the sum of things ;" and the mystery of the long-suffering nation will be cleared, the sighs of Erin's children will be heard no more ; her exiles will return home, her enemies will be enlightened, and Patrick's land will once more be the "fairest gem of earth." So here's to old Ireland and to new Ireland—from the Canadian Irish who pray—

God's blessing and His holy smile
 Rest on our dear old Erin's Isle,
 And her immortal shamrock !
 From fresh hills though far away,
 While through these western lands we stray,
 From those dear hills there come bright rays
 Of the golden light of other days,
 So here's to the maple leaf and shamrock !

Ottawa, 17th March, 1901.

WILL L. STONE.

THE ANNUAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

“ For every land their life
Has flowed profuse, their piercing genius planned
And swelled the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.”

IUST sixteen years have elapsed since the Irish students of Ottawa University introduced the custom of celebrating their national holiday with a grand banquet. We may well surmise that that patriotic entertainment did not attract much attention ; however it was a step in the right direction and was destined to be far-reaching in its effects. If its promoters were actuated by the belief that from “ low beginnings rise oftenest the works of greatness,” as we have no doubt they were, their most sanguine hopes have, long since, been realized ; for their example has been emulated ever since, and each succeeding year, with increased facilities and greater experience, some new feature has been added, until the St. Patrick's Day banquet has come to be recognized as an event of annual occurrence, and St. Patrick's Day the most important fixture in the College calendar.

This year, owing to unfortunate circumstances over which the students could have no control, it was feared that the time-honored practise would have to be abandoned. Up to Thursday, the 14th instant, it was generally thought that there would be no banquet, but on that day came the glad announcement that all difficulties had been smoothed over and that no departure from the usual manner of keeping the anniversary of Erin's patron saint would be necessary. With only three days left to prepare, the energetic committee set about their difficult task ; but it was a labor of love, and the gratifying results show that the obstacles to be surmounted only served to ensure the achievement of a more splendid success ; for so well were their efforts rewarded that the banquet of 1901 is unanimously pronounced to be in every way equal, and in many respects superior, to any similar festivity in the history of the institution.

As the 17th fell on Sunday, the celebration was deferred to the following day. At 12.30 p.m. the doors of the senior recreation hall were thrown open, and the spacious apartment was soon filled by an enthusiastic crowd of students, whose merry, laughing faces betokened universal good feeling and general rejoicing. Next were ushered in the guests, foremost among whom were His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada ; Very Rev. Fr. Jodoin, Provincial of the Oblates ; Rev. Dr. Fallon, Hon. John Costigan, Mr. F. A. Anglin, '85, and Mr. D'Arcy Scott. The other places around the guests' table were filled by Rev. N. Nilles, O.M.I., vice-rector ; Rev. Fr. Corbett, V. G. Cornwall, Ont. ; Rev. Fathers Lambert, Lajeunesse and Fallon, jr. ; Rev. Brothers Kirwin, Ouimet and Fortier ; Mr. G. E. Fitzgerald, '97 ; Mr. G. D. Prudhomme, '97 ; Mr. E. P. Stanton, Prof. Horrigan, Mr. T. F. Clancy, '98 ; Mr. Jos. Fahey, Mr. W. Ralph, Mr. J. A. Meehan, '00, and Mr. Bob. Cameron.

Difficult indeed would it be to give anything like an adequate idea of the magnificent sight that met the gaze of the assembled throng. Suffice it to say, that while nothing more could be desired in the form of edibles, the beauty of the decorations surpassed all previous efforts. McGillicuddy's orchestra was in attendance, and entertained the company with choicest Irish music ; the selections rendered being well-timed and appropriate, contributed largely to the genuine enjoyment of all. When the hundred and fifty enthusiastic admirers of Ireland's great apostle had taken their places around the festive board, and the dulcet ring of St. Patrick's Day had ceased, His Excellency pronounced the grace. That was the signal for the commencement of hostilities, and forthwith everyone fell to with a will. While the good things so lavishly provided are disappearing, we may be permitted to make a clipping from the menu card. The intellectual feast in store comprised eight courses, as follows :

TOASTS.

1. The See of Peter—

Response by J. R. O'Gorman, '01.

2. The Day—

" Fusion of hearts and confusion of colors,
Is an Irisman's toast on St. Patrick's Day."

J. E. McGlade, '01,

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3. Our Fair Dominion— M. E. Conway, '01.
 4. Ireland's Glories—
 " This land is Eire, no nation lives like her."
 W. A. Martin, '02.
 5. The Land of Washington— J. P. Gookin, '02.
 6. Ireland's Sorrows—
 " O weep those days, the penal days,
 When Godless persecution reigned."
 J. T. Warnock, '01.
 7. Alma Mater— E. E. Gallagher, '02.
 8. Soggarth Aroon— Rev. E. J. Cornell, O.M.I., '95.

Add to this that toastmaster A. P. Donnelly, '01, who united in his person the concentrated essences of every known literary relish, seasoned every dish, and you may form an idea of how thoroughly this part of the programme was enjoyed. After the material part of the good things had been treated as they deserved, and smoke began to rise serenely from the ruins, the toastmaster also arose, to the announcement of the speech-making. Letters of regret were read from the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor General, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, and Rev. Fathers Murphy and Antoine, all of whom were unable to attend, owing to previous engagements. Mr. Donnelly then proceeded to open the literary part of the entertainment with a few appropriate remarks relating to the object of the banquet.

Hon. John Costigan was the first speaker. The honorable gentleman regretted very much that he was not at liberty to spend the whole afternoon with the students, but duty called him elsewhere. He spoke feelingly of the pleasure it afforded him to be present at such a gathering, and especially in an institution like this where, he felt sure, the future lights of the country were being trained up; he also referred to his connection with the Coronation Oath resolution, saying that what he did, he considered his duty as a representative Catholic. In conclusion he thanked the students for their invitation.

Hereupon the first toast was duly announced; proposing "The See of Peter" Mr. Donnelly said: "You will note, gentlemen, that, true to the genius of Irish history, we toast first the

See of Peter. March 17th is Ireland's national day because it is the feast of her great apostle. It is first and above all a religious feast. Celestine sent Patrick in the fifth century to turn pagan Ireland into a garden of the Catholic Church. Since that time the children of Erin have never lifted a hand against a successor of Celestine. In recent years when nations of Europe treated so rudely peaceful Pius IX. and our own illustrious Leo, from helpless Ireland the Popes received sympathy and blessings. And now when our Holy Father stands almost on the threshold of eternity, his last feeble glances ranging dolefully over the wrecks which sin and error have wrought among his family of nations, his eye lingers on that green little isle amid the waves, and from millions of warm hearts flash back messages of love and loyalty to cheer and support the aged pontiff in his Vatican prison. It is to do him honor by all his titles and, with the prayer that he may add years and lustre to his already long and glorious pontificate, that I ask you, as Catholics and as Irishmen, to drink with me a toast which I propose to the See of Peter."

Mr. J. R. O'Gorman, '01 responded ; which is equal to saying that this inspiring theme was ably, and worthily treated. For beauty of thought and style this address could hardly be excelled. It is as follows :—

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :

St. Patrick's Day is with us again. One more we are assembled to celebrate the national feast of our race, to commemorate the joys and sorrows and glories of Ireland and the Irish. To-day, the world over, the sons of the Emerald Isle unite to do honor to the great saint who brought to the dear land of our fathers "the gift of God's faith," that priceless boon whose heroic preservation has crowned with an immortal halo the name of Ireland. And when we recall that sad, sweet story, should not we of Irish blood render unto the Almighty most fervent thanks for the constancy and perseverance of our ancestors, which has been the means of endowing us with an unsullied heritage of faith? Thankfulness for our fathers' unshaken loyalty to their religion through centuries of direst sufferings, joy and pride for their glorious triumph over the heretic foe—these are the

sentiments uppermost in the Irish heart to-day. It is in this spirit of devotion to the Faith, which the blood of a martyred people has kept alive, and which to-day burns as brightly as in the lifetime of our Apostle, that we are prompted upon this annual celebration of St. Patrick's feast to turn first of all to the eternal fountain of our religion, to that Christ-built rock which has been Ireland's inspiration and support in her day of trial, the See of Peter

The bond which unites the Papacy and the Irish race has stood the crucial test. The isle of his early thralldom Patrick in turn made captive to the Roman Pontiff with the golden chain of Faith, a chain which has never been broken. No, for these links upon which the persecutor's sword wrought its power in vain were forged on Cruachan's Mount where Patrick's indomitable will gained his beloved country God's pledge of eternal fealty. Fifteen hundred years have passed away, and Rome has seen that chain withstand the repeated shocks of a tyrant's relentless hate, while less fortunate nations weakly fled "the sacred scandal of the Cross." But to Ireland as to Peter's See, Christ's covenant that against it "the gates of hell should not prevail," assured the invincible strength of that tie of Faith. Not all the powers of Satan behind the legions of the Saxon could stamp out our holy religion in the island of the shamrock.

From the day that Celestine commissioned Patrick "to win to Christ one realm the more," there has existed an uninterrupted communion between Ireland and the See of Peter. This is the peculiar glory of our nation, that of all Catholic countries, she alone has never for a moment been estranged from the Papal rule. Dangers many and great she passed through, but guarded by her Apostle's prayers and guided by some supernatural instinct, she never faltered in her allegiance. No anti-pope or heresiarch ever led Ireland astray. The Celestines and Innocents and Leos, that long glorious roll of those who have occupied the Papal chair, have been gladdened by the knowledge that one nation at least remained ever true to them.

During the first five centuries of the Christian era, Ireland was the missionary and educational centre of Europe. Then was her Church "in the full beauty of its bloom," the consolation and

hope of the Pontiffs. St. Patrick's dying words were yet fresh in the minds of the people, bidding them cleave unto the "rock of ages" with unquestioning obedience and confiding love. Every difficulty they unhesitatingly referred to the "Head of Cities." It was this unwavering filial devotion which saved Ireland in her hour of trial, as it was proud self-reliance and lukewarm affection which proved the bane of other nations.

When the trying period came, Erin was not found wanting. The heaviest because most unexpected blow came from Rome itself. Misled by false Henry's exaggerated representations of the disordered state of Ireland, the Pope granted him a Bull, approving his design to enter the country and repair the alleged abuses. To find the Holy Father for whom they entertained such a sincere regard, countenancing the invasion of their land, considering themselves as little better than heretics, this cut to the quick the sensitive Irish people. What wonder had they, then and there, lost confidence in the See of Peter and fallen away. For less than this have other people forsaken the banner of the Church, and this cruel blow would probably have sounded the death-knell of Catholicity in any other country save peerless Ireland. But, it is remarkable, never for an instant did the faithful Irish cherish a bitter feeling towards the Holy See for its unfortunate action. They seem to have realized by some divine intuition, that the motives animating the Popes were just though mistaken. Their confidence in Rome remained unshaken, their respect and reverence undiminished, even when the misused authority of the Church weighed heaviest upon them. There is no prouder page in Erin's glorious annals than this record of her patient endurance of undeserved affliction at the hands of the mother she loved.

But the time arrived when the Papal court saw its mistake. In England the Popes had leaned upon a broken reed, to learn by contrast the worth of her sister isle. To Ireland now they turned as their last hope, nor were they disappointed. The deep-rooted faith of St. Patrick's children nobly withstood the final test. Erin's days as a nation were numbered, but though vanquished she was not conquered, for the enemy could not deprive her of her faith. We need not dwell upon her sufferings during that "long

night of sorrow." They are imprinted in undying characters upon every Irish heart. Never till the latest day shall the world forget the heaven-inspired heroism of the people which through 300 years fought, bled and endured worse than the pangs of death for Faith and Fatherland,

" The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained."

All through that long, fearful struggle Rome stood by her martyr-daughter, ever ready with material as well as moral support. More than once were expeditions fitted out at the Papal expense to aid the armies of Catholic Ireland. The former misunderstanding seemed but to have made the Irish nation doubly dear to the heart of the Supreme Pontiffs. The tie that bound them received new strength from each fresh persecution. In fact from the moment of the destruction of their national monarchy the Irish seem with one accord to have turned to the viceroy of the King of Kings, the head of their Faith, as to their rightful sovereign. 'Twas his cause for which they fought, 'twas his counsels guided them. Side by side with Erin's Sunburst of green and gold floated the yellow and white standard of the Pope-King, and "the Catholic Army" of Owen Roe emblazoned on their banner the cross and keys, proclaiming to the world that Ireland's nationality and her religion were one.

And when her sons were forced to bid farewell to the green hills of Innisfail, Rome, the Eternal City "to which from the earliest date their hearts fondly turned," afforded a kindly refuge to the unhappy exiles. Thither the two great Earls, O'Neil and O'Donnell, as well as many another illustrious Irish chieftain, took their way, and were received with open arms by the Holy Father. It was indeed fitting that these heart-broken sons of Erin who had fought so long and valiantly for the Faith should find their last resting place in the city of the Popes, "the common asylum of all Catholics." Such a happy consummation to his labors was the wish also of the famous liberator, the greatest of Catholic laymen, Daniel O'Connell. It could not be gratified, but when with his dying breath he commended his noble soul to his Creator, and his massive frame to the sod which gave it birth, he bequeathed his heart—that heart, great, generous and loyal to

the core, whose every throb bespoke its overflowing love for the faith of his native land—that heart he bequeathed to the Rome for which he had fought, and which he fain had seen. And if the Irish nation has no longer to fight for her religion as in penal days, yet the attachment of her sons to the Holy See has by no means grown cold. When the throne of the gentle Pius IX required defenders, many an Irishman was to be found enrolled under the Papal colors. But last year a new proof of Irish love and devotion to the See of Peter was shown in the grand jubilee pilgrimage from the Emerald Isle. What feelings of pride and happiness, what mingled memories of grief and glory must have possessed the hearts of those devout pilgrims when they knelt at the Holy Father's feet in special audience and heard him exclaim, "The dear Irish, always faithful, they never fell away." These few simple words of the saintly Leo need no comment ; they speak volumes.

To him then, the grand old Prisoner of the Vatican, let me offer an humble tribute in behalf of that race which he loves so well. When the history of the latter part of the nineteenth century comes to be written the most prominent name on its page will be that of Leo XIII. It has ever been the distinguishing feature of the Papacy—that which has contributed most to its preeminent grandeur and proclaims it a divine institution—that the choice of the Sacred College has fallen upon a man who was particularly suited to the needs of the times. This characteristic of all the Popes has perhaps in none been so exemplified as in the present venerable occupant of the chair of Peter. The tendency of the age to rationalism and the disturbed state of society especially required at the helm of Peter's barque a man of rare gifts. Such undeniably is Leo. The world to-day admires not only the strength of will, the lofty courage and sagacious statesmanship which he has manifested in his intercourse with the nations, but as well his wonderfully keen judgment, his sublime wisdom and prudence in providing for the welfare of his flock and combatting the evils of the time. Truly has the thirteenth Leo been to his generation *Lumen in Cælo*.

The presence amongst us here to-day of his representative in Canada, Mgr. Falconio, is an honor which we highly appreciate,

and we wish to extend to him a hearty Irish welcome. No doubt this grand festal celebration will reassure His Excellency of the warm devotion to Mother Church which exists on this side of the Atlantic, and will be a convincing proof that the sons of the exiled Gaels are just as loyal Papists as ever were their fathers. Let us trust that such may always be the case, that neither Ireland nor the Greater Ireland beyond the seas may ever swerve in their fond allegiance to the See of Peter, and that her children may ever take pride in the glorious history of her adherence to the Faith. But we need have no fear on that score while such scenes as the present mark the loving efforts of Irish youth to "keep St. Patrick's memory green."

At this point His Excellency Mgr. Falconio was obliged to retire, but before leaving the hall he favored the company with a few words. He first took occasion to compliment the speaker who had just taken his seat ; then went on to dilate on the subject of Ireland's fidelity to the doctrines of her great apostle, paying a glowing tribute to that heroic race which was willing to give up all rather than desert the standard of the cross. It gave his Excellency pleasure to see that the Irish students of Ottawa University have lost none of the sterling qualities that ever characterized their ancestors ; in the name of the Holy Father he could wish them no greater blessing than that they might ever continue to emulate the virtues of that people who "never fell away."

The Glee Club, under the able direction of the students, untiring friend, Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.M.I., rendered "Come Back to Erin," Mr. W. A. Martin taking the solo. At its conclusion the toastmaster proposed "The Day," to which Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, replied in the following eloquent strain :

"This toast to which I have the honor to respond is one that can arouse none but the most tender feelings of which the Irish heart is capable. St. Patrick's Day, it is true, is Ireland's national holiday, but first it is the greatest religious festival of the Irish people. Yesterday the millions of Irishmen scattered throughout the world made it their first duty to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in loving and grateful remembrance of their illustrious saint and apostle. The little sprigs of shamrock that adorned

their breasts attested the undying affection of the Irish people for the faith St. Patrick brought to their shores. To-day gatherings like unto this, or of some other form, will be held in almost all lands, where fond tributes of honor, reverence and gratitude will be rendered both to the memory of Ireland's glorious apostle, and to that of the saintly heroes and martyrs who have so linked Ireland's faith with her nationality, that one cannot be conceived without the other. But particularly on St. Patrick's Day do the thoughts of those through whose veins Irish blood tingles revert to the little isle across the sea where there still remains a remnant of the dear old race, even now fighting the good fight, still keeping the faith, and still clinging to that faith and their nationality against most fearful odds. Yes, gentlemen, in all parts of the world the festival of Ireland's glorious saint and apostle is fittingly celebrated, but nowhere is it more highly or more sacredly honored than in the little Emerald Isle St. Patrick won to the Christian religion.

The story of St. Patrick's early life and later of the conversion of Ireland, and of his apostolic labours is too well known to every gentleman in this assembly to admit of any rehearsal at my hands. I am deeply sensible, too, that no poor words of mine can add to the loving esteem in which we all hold the memory of Ireland's saint. It seems fitting though, to-day, that we the sons of Irish parents should gladly wander back through the lapse of ages, and make at least a hurried review of Ireland's history, of every page of which we may be justly proud.

For what a history is that of Ireland? What varied pictures do its pages unroll ! And what a blending is there found of joy and sorrow ! Ireland, before the flame of Christianity had lighted up her hills and illumined her valleys, was the most civilized of the pagan nations. She stands out pre-eminently, the only nation that never asked her apostle to sacrifice a drop of his blood, nor even to shed a tear of sorrow in testimony of his firm and sincere belief in the truths of the faith he taught. For three hundred years Ireland is known throughout the world as the schoolroom of the nations, sending forth saintly missionaries who bore the glad tidings of the gospel to all parts of the continent, thus cancelling in a measure the debt she owed her own apostle.

For three centuries Ireland wore the proudest title ever yet bestowed upon a nation—Ireland the isle of saints and scholars. But also there is a dark side to the scroll of that history. For six long centuries following the golden era of her great sanctity and learning Ireland was in the throes of dreadful warfare. The Danish invaders had hardly been repulsed when Ireland's Saxon foes began their well-timed onslaughts on her nationality. Thus it is that the little island was almost conquered and ready, for the sake of peace, to submit even to Saxon rule, when in addition to surrendering her national rights she was called upon by Henry VIII. of saintly memory, to embrace the so-called reformed religion. Then it was, gentlemen, that Ireland's devotion and attachment to the faith of her apostle was put to the test, and to her everlasting praise be it said she was not found wanting. But I must not anticipate the toasts that are yet to come, else I might deal at greater length with this period of her history. These references remind us that the pages of Ireland's history are indeed a blending of joy and sorrow; but through that joy and sorrow there shines indeed a bright sun of glory. In all her struggles we see Ireland sometimes victorious, sometimes—alas too often—defeated, but never, gentlemen, in victory or defeat, have we seen her dishonored. And what a consolation does Irish history afford when we pass to a consideration of the personal virtues of the Irish race. Even before her conversion the standard of civilization and morality among the Irish people was looked upon as a marvel. After she entered the fold of the Catholic Church she became almost immediately a nation of priests and bishops and holy nuns, a nation of saints and scholars, and later of heroes and martyrs. The noble character of Ireland's manhood and the renowned sanctity and purity of Ireland's womanhood are, gentlemen, the gems that sparkle in the emerald crown that now surrounds her ancient brow.

Fitting, indeed, is it then that we should gather about this board to testify our admiration for the traditions of the Emerald Isle and render our tribute of love and affection and gratitude to the land of our forefathers. It did not happen to many of us to be born in Ireland, but we are the sons of those who first saw the light of day in dear old Erin, and we have imbibed our love for

everything Irish from the lips and at the knees of our Irish mothers. And to-day when we pour forth our feelings of love towards Erin, we are not unmindful of the loyalty we owe our own country. Nor are we unmindful of the noble part other nations have played in the world's history. All honor to France and Spain and Italy for the work they have done in spreading Christianity and civilization, and for the conservation of that Christianity when it seemed doomed to perish. But we claim first place for Ireland in the ranks of the nations, when we salute her by the noble title Leo XIII. has just bestowed upon her—the most faithful daughter of the Catholic Church.

And now, gentlemen, in concluding let me remind you that we are celebrating the recurrence of this anniversary at a period fourteen hundred years removed from the death of Ireland's apostle. With the history of those fourteen centuries we are well acquainted, but what the future has in store for Ireland we are not permitted to know. There is a duty, however, developing upon us, the sons of Irish parents, of which the spectacle witnessed in this city yesterday afternoon in the grand procession of Irishmen that marched to St. Joseph's Church affords us a most edifying example. This magnificent banquet, too, at which we are now assisting, reads us another lesson lest we forget the love and affection we owe the land of our forefathers. It is for us, gentlemen, to take our part in helping on such fitting celebrations at every anniversary of this great festival, and I feel that it is the earnest hope of us all that as long as time shall last Ireland's scattered sons may remain true and devoted to the traditions of their country and fondly attached to the faith of their glorious apostle.

When the toastmaster next rose he had to announce that Mr. Anglin, Mr. Scott and Rev. Fr. Fallon, having business to transact in connection with the concert to be given that evening in the Russell Theatre, would not be able to remain for the conclusion of the programme. Before leaving however, each contributed somewhat to the entertainment of the banquetters. Mr. Anglin was first called upon ; he spoke of the great pleasure it afforded him to revisit alma mater, particularly on such an occasion. As he was billed for an address that evening he

refrained from speaking at great length, but before resuming his seat he sang "The Minstrel Boy" in a manner that captivated all present and evoked a veritable thunder of applause. Mr. Scott and Rev. Fr. Fallon rising in turn, gave their impressions of the banquet and spoke in the most flattering terms of the able manner in which everything was conducted. Fr. Fallon laid special stress on the propriety of such a celebration.

"The Land of the Maple" was sang by Mr. R. Halligan, '04, and made a fitting prelude to the toast—"Our Fair Dominion."

Mr. M. E. Conway, '01, replied in a manner calculated to prove that the confidence reposed in him by the committee was not misplaced.

"Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen : The honourable distinction which has been given to me, to respond to the toast of Our Fair Dominion involves a duty of weight and delicacy. Of weight for the utterance of tongue only feebly proclaims the words of the heart of any Irish-Canadian when to-day we unite our hearts with thousands of Irishmen throughout the world to thank God for our Irish faith and the miraculous preservation of the Irish people. Of delicacy, for under the protecting ægis of the Union Jack, Irishmen in Canada have worked out a destiny which was denied them under similar conditions in the old land. In rising then to speak for the Irish-Canadians I trust that I feel the responsibility which is attached to the task. What warrant has the Irish-Canadian for his devotion to the land of St. Patrick? Are we not the descendants of Irish patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-day? Do we not carry in our veins the blood of a race which has been prolific in martyrs, heroes, warriors, statesmen and poets? Shall we forget the land purpled with martyrs' blood? Shall we forget the centuries of ruthless persecution which the Irish people have suffered? Shall we forget the yoke of tyrannical oppression laid on our ancestors? Ah, no; while we forgive the wrongs and crimes of the Saxon we shall ever remember the greatness and glories of Erin. We shall not be unmindful of the land where Patrick's gospel was first preached and whose people, by reason of that untarnished faith suffered a persecution such as no other nation ever endured.

“To-day, we entwine the shamrock and the maple for they speak to us louder than words can convey what Irishmen have done to promote the growth and development of this great Canadian nation. Open the page of our history where you will, and look along the vista of time from that bright September morning, 1759, down to the present era, and there emblazoned in letters of gold you will find recorded the names of illustrious Irishmen who have played a remarkable part in the making of this great northern empire. The history of their achievements in the Church, in the halls of our legislatures, in the learned professions, in science, in literature and in art is told by the deeds of a Lynch, a Walsh, a Baldwin, a Blake, a Thompson, a McGee, a Sadlier, a Foran and an O’Hagan. Whenever the cause of the old land required assistance, Canada gave with a lavish hand, and with not less zeal and enthusiasm have Irishmen stood up for their rights when questions of home interest affected them. How the cold-hearted Englishman must have been startled when the Canadian Parliament came rapping at the door of the British House of Commons with the Home Rule resolutions, and again with the protest against the obnoxious declaration to the Coronation Oath! Our rights have been recognized, but they have not always been accorded us. For our worthy industry and power we deserve something better than the cheap admiration and encouragement offered by designing politicians. We protest against the unjust discrimination against Irish Catholics in the judiciary of Ontario, and against the deliberate exclusion of our people from their just share of the public offices of the nation. It is our plain and manifest duty to protest against these abuses and to endeavor by all peaceable means to promote the national welfare.

“Irishmen form too strong an element in our national life to be denied their rights. ’Tis true we were not the pioneers of this land—they came from the fields and valleys of sunny France, but at a very early date Irishmen began to lay the foundations of this fair Dominion. The great impetus to our Irish emigration was given by the terrible famine of 1847-48. They came to us at the noontide of that awful affliction, when Ireland saw her desolate sons and daughters fleeing from her shores to the new world. Canada received thousands of them and gave them a welcome, a

home, and perfect equality for all. Then with new life and vigor infused into them, they penetrated our virgin forests and began those prosperous settlements, which to-day are the pride of Ontario and Quebec. Since then, however, the tide of Irish emigration to Canada has not at all been in proportion to our advantages and to the strenuous efforts put forth by the Dominion Government and by the Irish-Canadian people themselves.

"Many reasons may be adduced to account for this failure, but one at present strikingly presents itself. It is not the shadow of the British flag that blights the aspirations of the Irish emigrant, but the fact is that they see a section of our people fast losing their nationality and willing to sink their individuality in the whirlpool of Imperialism. We behold the sad spectacle of a class of Canadians who are more English than the English themselves. Our first duty is to Canada. And yet in the face of all our prosperity, and despite the fact that the genius of our statesmen has ever labored to maintain our Federal Union, we find a miserable few who espouse every Imperial fad to wreck our constitution. Time will soon cast these degenerates into oblivion. And we on the other side cannot do better to promote the national welfare than to remember those bracing and inspiring influences which come as our birthright. That spirit of liberty, that sincere loyalty to Church and State, that generous charity which raises the lowly and despises oppression, come as our national heritage to guide the Canadian Irishmen. 'Tis true we live under a Canadian constitution, and yet are aided by the strong arm of England. The one guarantees our liberty and the other justice. The knowledge of our strength gives force to our demands, when our own vested rights are in conflict with English authority.

"Such, gentlemen, is the position of the Irishman in Canada and the part he has played in the land of the pine and the maple. Let us then, the descendants of these illustrious sons of Ireland, show to the world that we have preserved the faith of St. Patrick, that we have been true to Patrick's gospel and that the same spirit of patriotism and independence which burned within them still animates the Canadian Celt. With other nations we have

preserved all friendly relations of peace and concord, and in an especial manner with the great nation that lies to the south of us. We come of a common kindred and naught but an artificial line divides us. Let us hope that harmony and good will, social and commercial relations, and the ties of kindred religion and fraternity may ever continue to bind the people of both countries, Then can we pray for that union of hearts and say with the greatest of Irish American exiles that

“ For love of old Erin, and love of each other,
The boards of the Gael are full to-night,
Their millions of men have one toast and one topic—
Their feuds laid aside and their envies removed ;
From the pines of the Pole to the palms of the Tropic
They drink : ‘ The dear land we have prayed for and loved ! ’
They are One by the bond of a time-honored fashion ;
Though strangers may see but the lights of their feast,
Beneath lies the symbol of faith and of passion
Alike of the Pagan and Christian priest ! ”

An Irish medley having been rendered in pleasing style by the orchestra, Mr. Donnelly rose and proposed

“ IRELAND’S GLORIES ”

in the following suitable terms :

“ Gentlemen: If the measure of a country’s glories is the pride of her sons, then indeed the history of the Irish race is a glorious one. For where is the son of Erin who finds not a source of pride on every page of Irish history ? Whether he reads of a feat of arms, a triumph of oratory, a conquest of the muse, the immortal priesthood or the lovely and virtuous women of Ireland,—his heart throbs ever with pride ! Yes, the sons of Erin are proud. Proud that they can point to so grand a lineage,—proud that oppression has served only to reveal the genuineness of Irish worth—proud that the ancient honor of their race has remained to the present hour untarnished—proud that they are deemed worthy to transmit that honor to generations of Irishmen yet unborn, its radiance unshrouded, its brightness undimmed.

“ As heirs, then, to that splendid honor, heirs not unwilling to hand it down as unscathed as you received it, I invite you to join me in a toast to Ireland’s glories, linked with the name of Mr. Martin.

Mr. W. A. Martin, '02, made an excellent reply. He said: "What a spectacle meets our eyes to-day when Irishmen the world over, feuds and strifes thrown aside, envies and enmities forgotten, arise as one man on this the day of the Christian Beltane, and, with hearts overflowing, toast the land they all pray for and love, the dear old Isle of Erin. True, indeed, it is Ireland's day, and how like herself is its celebration—joy commingled with sadness. Which of us does not smile through the tears in his eyes like her, who, as a desolate queen "remembers in sorrow the crown of her glory?" We have drunk a toast to Ireland's glories. But, gentlemen, where are these glories? What may have made Ireland glorious? Do we hear her name bruited in the mouths of men? Do we behold her a leader in the political arena of the world? Do we see her a conqueror, subduing nations, bringing home spoils? Do we find her an emporium of the world, her ports crowded, and her sails dotting every sea? To all this gentlemen, must we answer "no." But you will ask "are not these the constituents of a nation's glory?" If you consult the opinion of men, the answer is inevitably "yes." Gentlemen, let us not be deceived by the opinion of men, for we must remember that the judgment of the world is not that of God. The loudest names are not those of the greatest men. The greatness of a nation, as well as that of an individual, cannot be estimated from its worldly position. But what then, is a great nation? Let me ask, gentlemen, what is a great man? Is it not he who is imbued with the highest and greatest cause? So, indeed, is it with nations. Now, what has been the one great cause in the whole course of history? Need I reply—religion—the one religion, the Church of Rome, in which, as the truest and highest expression of divine revelation is found the noblest and sublimest of ideals. And, hence, gentlemen, will not that nation which has ever been impregnated with this divine cause, and which has always carried out the holy ideal of this cause, merit well the title of glorious and great, glorious and great in the highest and truest sense of the words? How then can we refrain from sounding with loudest voice the glory and praise of that lone, sweetly sad isle, which for centuries has lived the life ideal, another life of Christ; like Him in its joyful child-

hood, like Him still more in the bitter suffering of its maturer years, and like Him risen, we know it shall be in its glorious future. Ireland's joyful childhood ! How the recollection of those bright and prosperous days makes the heart of every Irishman swell with purest pride.

“ Up to the fifth century the land of Erin had known no conqueror. She had seen neither Hun nor Goth. Never had Rome's imperial legion set foot on her virgin soil. But now in the fifth century this ancient people, valiant and free, fall victim to a conqueror. Yet no ordinary conqueror he, but one heaven-sent. Patrick landed on Erin's shore, he alone the host. But before this single host that proud and warlike people, bards, chiefs and clansmen, all prostrated themselves, and “all their clans put on the great Clan Christ.” How different this, the second coming of the Redeemer to the elect of God, from that His first coming in Bethlehem ! There, as the sacred writer tells us, He came unto His own and His own knew Him not; He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But here He came unto His own and they seemed to recognize Him as one but returned. He came unto His own and with what love and joy and gladness did they welcome Him, exclaiming as they did at Cashel, ‘Join us to Christ.’ This, indeed, was a conquest unique. Not a drop of blood was spilled, not a sword unsheathed, but

“ With naked hand firmly they clasped
The naked Truth.”

By the sudden fulness of divine light they became a nation of believers. ‘God dropped on them the robe of Truth,’ and their minds became filled with the intellectual and spiritual joys of faith.

“Then began three centuries of glory such as the world never witnessed before or since. Ireland became the home of saints and scholars. Hill and valley were dotted with schools and monasteries. Thither flocked from every land those who sought knowledge and the service of God. Cimbri and Pict, Saxon and Frank all alike were received with that glad welcome, with that warm hospitality which has ever characterized the Irish race. But the sons of St. Patrick were not content that their own isle should be the only land favored of God. Their impetuous nature, their apostolic zeal, but most of all their unbounded charity, drew them

off to lands beyond the sea. Ireland became the missionary nation of the world; her sons the apostles of Europe and founders of schools. Ah, gentlemen, these were the days of her joy and her pride, the days when, holding the intellectual supremacy of Europe, she was indeed the 'Lamp of the North' enlightening the benighted world. Such, gentlemen, was the joyful childhood of our beloved motherland.

"But Erin had her ideal in Christ; hence did she need her passion, her calvary and her cross. And how like her great Exemplar did she embrace and kiss the cruel rood. Over the past twelve centuries of Ireland's history, I would fain throw the veil of forgetfulness, but in so doing I fear I would shroud the brightest gem of her glorious diadem, the triumph of her holy faith. In the 9th century began the sorrows of Erin when she was forced to meet a storm of suffering and woe, unparalleled in the annals of the world's history. First came the Dane, enemy of her faith more than of her nationality; and it was only after three centuries of fighting neck-deep in blood, that the invader was cast off from her shore. Then came slaughter and persecution in the sacred war of Erin and faith, against England and heresy. Then it was that Ireland lost the palm of freedom, and her name was blotted from the list of nations. Like Christ, was she forgotten and left upon her bloody cross to die. But in the depth of her agony she cried out, "I will not die but will live to proclaim the works of God." And, gentlemen, through the dispensation of an all-wise and loving Providence, she still lives, and, after four centuries of misery and woe, to which the sufferings of the early Christians under pagan Rome were as nothing, she is to-day as truly the isle of saints as she was in the days of the great apostle. Ah, gentlemen. what other nation can claim a glory such as this? What other nation can arise and say "never have I been untrue to my God, never have I swerved from my fidelity to His Church." In vain do we seek for its like in the pages of the world's history. O Erin, what glory is thine; afflicted, scourged, bleeding, yet art thou the noblest and comeliest daughter of the church of God!

"Thus, gentlemen, do we find the Irish to have lived in joy and sorrow according to the highest and sublimest of ideals, the

life of Christ. The Irish were always seekers of the ideal; to them the ideal was more than the real. God and country were paramount. Hence, being religious and patriotic must they be poetic. In the early days when Ireland as the seat and centre of the religious and intellectual world was called the 'Island of Saints and Doctors,' she enjoyed another singular and glorious title, the 'Island of Song'; and this is hers to-day as rightfully as it was in the olden time. The poetry of Ireland from the days of Ossian down to the present, has been inseparably linked to the Catholic faith. And like this faith had it long to undergo the fate of repression. But despite the proscription of the tyrant the harp has remained the emblem of Erin, and through the irony of fate is at this day emblazoned on the official British arms. The genius of Irish poetry, rooted deeply in the hearts of the people, never died, it but awaited the coming of a poetic soul to 'wake it again to life, freedom and song.'

"And this poetic soul did at last come in the immortal Moore. Sitting at the grave of the martyr and patriot, Moore sang to the ancient airs of Erin, words of such sweetness and pathos, that not only have they opened the heart of mankind for poor, suffering Ireland, but for Ireland herself they have been and shall be the seeds of patriots and heroes.

"When Moore laid down the harp of his country it was not suffered to rest in silence and darkness, for it was soon taken up by Mangan, Davis, McGee and by him who is justly called Ireland's greatest poetic son, who stands among the poets of our day as an Enceladus among pigmies, Aubrey De Vere. Through these men has been established a national poetry unsurpassed in our times, a poetry, moreover embodying the highest and truest ideal. But not in her poetry alone has Ireland's ideal found expression, we see it likewise in her oratory. And what an oratory is Ireland's! The world has yet to see its equal. Truly, indeed might Gladstone say "the Irish are a nation of orators." Witness but Burke, Grattan, Flood, Curran, Sheridan, Shiel, Fr. Tom Burke, and him the greatest son of Ireland, her liberator and uncrowned king, whose imperious voice shook the very British Parliament and wrought more in one day than had the arms of centuries. Need I name him the greatest orator of

modern times, the only man that ever was a nation? When shall he be forgotten? Not, indeed, until there is not longer an Irishman to breathe his name shall the world forget Daniel O'Connell.

“Not only has the ideal of Ireland animated her literature, but besides this it has enkindled the martial ardor of her sons so that they are, as all the world proclaims them, a nation of fighters. And why should they not be? The history of Ireland has been for twelve centuries one long war; blood has for ages dripped from her sword. But to the everlasting glory of the Irish be it said they have never shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in the best and holiest cause—God and their native land. Thus we see, gentlemen, Ireland, with the true ideal of Christian revelation, with a truly national literature, with a martial spirit that has won the admiration even of her persecutor, has all the essentials of a great and glorious nation. Fitting it is, therefore, that on this the day of Ireland, we her children, should with all our hearts and souls proclaim her countless glories: the glory of her centuries of learning and sanctity, the glory of her confessors and martyrs, the glory of her holy priests and spotless virgins, the glories of her sons who fought and died, the glory of her bards and scholars, the glory of her patriots and orators, but most of all that greatest of her glories, the glory of her *faith unsullied*.

After the applause following the rendition of “The Star Spangled Banner” by Mr. Geo. Nolan, '03, “The Land of Washington” was proposed, and Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02 rose to make the following response:

“The applause with which the toast to the Star Spangled Banner has been received by all present, is a testimony of your love and affection for that flag.

“Would that I could find words expressive of the sentiments which arise in the heart of every patriotic American, when he beholds the flag of his country waving before him. He cannot behold that Star Spangled Banner, unfurling itself in the breeze, without being filled with sentiments of loyalty and devotion. The Stripes which he sees remind him of what his country once was the Stars of what his country now is. Never, never, will he suffer that flag to be lowered or crushed under foot while he is able to

defend it. To him it is the emblem of all that is good, true and bountiful. It inspires him with love, and enkindles in his heart the ardent fire of patriotism. Wherever he sees that flag floating, be it on land or on sea, his mind reverts to the glorious history of the land of Washington. Time and again he has looked at that flag, and felt proud to claim America as "his own his native land." To him, that flag is the emblem of that sweet name of liberty, which was so dearly bought in 1776, and which has been transmitted to posterity without spot or stain. It is a type of that purer, of that higher, of that nobler life of independence, which has ever been a characteristic of the American people. It is a symbol of all that is dearest to the heart of every patriot, but most of all it enflames within our hearts that vital spark of patriotism, which is ever ready to show itself, whenever the honor of the country is at stake. It was this fire of patriotic love which caused so many noble heroes to feel how sweet it was to die in defence of their own native land.

"To the passionate nature of the Irishman the sweet name of liberty has appealed most strongly; not the liberty of unrestricted freedom, but that higher notion of liberty which is subservient to right reason, and conformable to the Eternal Law. Erin's sons long to be free, and to satisfy this desire they have sacrificed all that was near and dear to them at home. Although persecutions and sufferings have ever been Erin's portion, she does not complain, for as Christ's ambassador she must expect to suffer, that from her very sufferings she may accomplish the sublime purpose of her existence. It was in consequence of these persecutions that the Irish people have been compelled to find new homes. Carrying with them that glorious standard of the cross, they have traversed every sea and settled in every land, from the icy regions of the north to the flowery lands of the south. America was to the Irish a "land flowing with milk and honey," and many of Ireland's bravest sons fled to this fair country, where they found peace and repose under the banner of the Stars and Stripes. Irishmen have ever been the foremost defenders of the American flag. Dauntless in courage, true to convictions, and above all filled with sublime patriotism, they gladly gave their lives for their adopted country. What history can boast of

greater names than Jackson, Wayne, Sullivan, Barry, Meagher, Montgomery, Sheridan and Sherman? Their courage was never hesitating, and whenever any act of noble daring was to be performed, they were ever ready, for with such men it was "not to reason why," it was "but to do and die." Let us honor the memory of those heroes, and never let it be said that we were so ungrateful as to forget them. Each year let us deck their graves with the choicest laurels, to remind us that it is to them, that we owe our present greatness. In exchange for this gift of liberty and protection, Ireland has reciprocated by helping to propagate in our fair republic, her most precious heritage, the religion of St. Patrick. . And such a religion ; the religion which has stood the test of many centuries ; which has seen the rise and fall of many nations and still exists. It is the same religion which, long before the Saracens were driven from Europe, or before the barbarians from the north invaded England, had existed in all its glory, and still continues to exist, more revered, more honored, more respected than ever. This was the religion that the Irish individually helped to propagate in the land of the Golden Rod, and well have they accomplished their mission. The names of Carroll, Hughes, Kenrick, Gibbons, Ireland, Corcoran, Williams, and many others too numerous to mention, will ever be regarded with the greatest admiration by every true Irish-American. Whilst listening to the stories of Erin's joys and sorrows, we have all felt the blood of just indignation rising in our veins, but let us hope that those sad days are over ; that the veil of sorrow which has so long decked Erin's brow will be changed into a crown of roses ; that the dark clouds which have so long darkened her horizon will be replaced by a glorious sunshine. May the harp that pealed so sweetly through Tara's halls in former days, once more ring out its sweet notes of liberty, and may that dear flag of Erin float freely o'er the Emerald Isle.

Let us all cherish a tender love for our country, our liberty and our flag, and let our watchword ever be "independence forever." We do not realize how deeply the love of our flag has sunk into our hearts until we are far from home. It is then that the sight of those Stars and Stripes warms our hearts with a thrill of devotion May that spark of patriotism

never be extinguished. May it ever be a beacon light to guide us onward and upward, that with the honour of our country ever before us we may never do an act that might reflect dishonor upon her spotless integrity. When many nations will have fallen into decay, may God protect that Star Spangled Banner, that it may ever continue to wave.

“O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

“Ireland’s Sorrows” elicited from Mr. Warnock, ’01, one of the most eloquent speeches of the day. He spoke as follows :

“In responding to the toast ‘Ireland’s Sorrows’ I hope I feel the responsibility which is attached to it. Other speakers who have preceded me have eloquently described to you the glories of Ireland. Pleasant indeed is it to refer to the centuries after her conversion when Ireland shone forth the bright gem of the ocean, renowned alike for her learning and her sanctity. Peace was then upon her shores. Her fertile lands, tilled by the diligent monks, gave forth abundance to feed a happy and contented people. Schools and colleges dotted the land and prosperity was everywhere evident. But a sad change was near at hand, and the blissful peace was soon to be turned into chaos. The envious Dane perceiving her wealth and prosperity resolved to subjugate the island and swarmed to her shores a murderous band. For three hundred years the struggle continued and though the war was disastrous to Ireland, yet she finally succeeded in driving off the invaders. Sorrowful as was this period of her history yet these disasters are entirely forgotten in the direful persecution which followed the advent of the cruel Saxon. True this, her first appearance as a nation at war added a brilliancy to her name and pointed her out as the land of valiant and noble heroes, but it is the sufferings and persecutions of the period which followed the entrance of Henry VIII. of England into the country that have surrounded her name with the brightest halo of glory. Three hundred years of fighting left the island an easy prey to the conqueror and Henry subdued poor Erin in a little less than twenty years. Then her sorrows, her real sorrows began for during the next three centuries Erin saw her sons unjustly robbed of their lands, cruelly butchered or exiled simply because they refused to

give up the true faith, the faith which St. Patrick had brought them hundreds of years before. Oh land of sorrow, what have you not suffered ! Oh land of bloody persecutions, what memories are recalled by the names of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, of Cromwell and of William of Orange !

Scarcely had the mild and holy Henry VIII turned from his conquest than he resolved to make himself head of the Church in England, and invited the sons of Erin, likewise to acknowledge him as such. But from the land of St. Patrick, no such acknowledgement ever came, no, gentlemen for "attachment to the Holy See was more than a sentiment ; it was a passion in the Irish bosom" and infidelity to the Church of Christ was never known in the Emerald Isle. The wrathful king receiving rebuke from so unexpected a quarter, rose sword in hand and gave orders to exterminate the race. The cruelty of the measures which Henry took to carry out his awful threat is almost incredible. Of the two thousand priests who were in Ireland at the beginning of this persecution, but four only four, of them were left when it ended. And what of the rest? Ah, easy indeed is it to answer. They all had spilt their heart's best blood in glorious martyrdom. And, gentlemen, if Ireland's clergy suffered to such an extent, what must have been the mortality among the Irish laity who clung so tenaciously to the faith.

"Thirty years passed by and the saintly Elizabeth appeared upon the scene to continue and complete if possible the awful work which her scrupulous father had set about to perform. Fifty years of persecution and bloodshed followed, but Erin never flinched. No, gentlemen, Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh from her hands, and blaspheming God—Ireland was as Catholic that day as she was the day that Henry VIII. vainly commanded her first to become Protestant. But the end was by no means near. No, the Emerald Isle was yet destined to bear other and severer tortures. Cromwell, who succeeded soon as ruler of the British Isles, saw that the Irish race must be destroyed before Protestantism would have been universally accepted in his kingdom. He therefore set about his task of extermination, and bloodthirsty as he was, he never stopped at any means to attain his cruel designs. A few years of fighting, com-

bined with his treacherous murder of the gallant Irish leader, Owen Roe O'Neill, laid the down-trodden country at his feet, and God knows she never stooped before a more heartless villain. Eighty thousand of Ireland's best and noblest sons he sent as slaves to the Barbadoes, together with six thousand of her choicest youths. Ah, who can ever describe the awfulness of this action! Who amongst us has ever seen the parting of an old man from his sons and daughters? Who amongst us has ever heard the heart-broken cry go forth when those loving hearts were separated? Who amongst us, that has seen and heard, can ever forget these things? No, the youth of Ireland, the bone and sinew fled." In many places a few aged men and women alone were left and these heart-broken with bereavement lay down to die on their little family plots, content that at least their ashes should find a resting place in their beloved Erin. Nor was this all. Scenes more awful than even these were yet to be beheld within the Emerald Isle. Not satisfied with exiling thousands of her children who would not forsake their faith Cromwell resolved to force the remainder into submission and failing, to exterminate them. The siege of Drogheda affords us a striking example of the wholesale butcheries that then took place. Here the English roundhead after promising mercy and protection to the citizens if they would surrender treacherously allowed his cruel soldiers to murder every man, woman and child of the town after the garrison had laid down their arms. Five days elapsed and the bloody work continued with unabated fury. The streets flowed streams of blood but the unholy work ceased not until the last one of the thousand helpless inhabitants who had taken refuge in the city church lay a bleeding corpse at the feet of the bloody conqueror. Ah, gentlemen, let us not dwell on scenes like these, they cause us sorrow, intense sorrow for they are too merciless, too cruel, too horrible.

A short respite was now given Ireland, for the Stuart kings were occupying the English throne, and she once more endeavored to raise herself from the dust. The country though sadly neglected, once more began to prosper. Nevertheless this peace was not destined to remain, for James II who was a Catholic, having been dethroned, was succeeded by William of Orange.

Endeavoring to regain his lost crown however, James landed with a French army on the shores of Ireland. The Irish believing him still to be their lawful king flocked to his standard, and the war with William began. Glorious as the outcome of the last campaign seemed for Erin, yet the treachery of the Saxon here again manifested itself. Ah yes, gentlemen, the violation of the Treaty of Limerick is another and a more lasting stain on the honor of selfish England.

“But why, gentlemen, continue further? Why recount the wrongs which have caused Ireland so much sorrow? I might continue for hours upon the subject and still leave much unsaid, for it is but the history of the country since Henry II. first claimed sovereignty over her. I might have mentioned why it is that she to-day receives the glorious title of Ireland the martyr. I might well have commented upon the trials, persecutions, and murder of thousands of Irish Soggarths who now sleep their last long sleep 'neath the green sod of the land they loved so well. I might indeed have told of the unjust confiscation of the lands of Irishmen and have endeavored to explain why it is that Irish exiles form such a great factor in the government of foreign countries. I might also have referred to the fact that Irishmen are not given justice in the English Parliament to-day. And above all, I might have stopped to pay a tribute to the noble Irish women who are ever connected with the sorrows and tribulations of dear old Erin. But, gentlemen, there is something too touching, too sacred, about all the sufferings of Ireland for them to be recounted by one so unworthy as I. Would that they were described to you in terms as eloquent as are befitting them! Moreover, gentlemen, there is another and a stronger reason why Ireland's sorrows should not be retold in all their awfulness. Yes, indeed, Erin though wronged, though foully wronged, has forgiven, as far at least as it is possible for her to forgive, those who have been the cause of her distress. She looks upon these terrible persecutions in another and a different light, and regards them as having come from the hand of God who chastises those He loves.

“But apart from this the sorrows of Ireland afford us many consolations, for though her learning and her sanctity alike have made her famous the world over, yet her sufferings have made

the name of Erin shine with a glory for more brilliant, with a lustre for more resplendent. In spite of all the tortures she has had to endure, she can proudly point to such noble representatives as Hugh O'Neil, Lord Clare, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, Curran, Grattan, and the peerless Daniel O'Connell, so rightly styled the greatest of great Catholic laymen, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands saintly and priestly martyred heroes whose dust has long since mingled with the blessed soil of Erin.

"And still throughout all these distressful reverses Ireland has preserved her nationality. Never, no not even for one instant has Ireland been considered a mere province, a "West Britain." No gentlemen, for "the vaster empire than has been" is not the empire of Great Britain alone but the empire of Great Britain and Ireland. Oh Ireland, land of sorrows how great has been thy mission! Erin among nations what Christ was among men! Ireland Martyr, Ireland, the land of saints and scholars! What glorious titles are truly thine! Oh, may you ever preserve and cherish them without spot or stain! And when God shall appear to judge all nations may He find you high enthroned with all your glorious titles untarnished and unstained, but especially may He find you wearing that noblest that proudest title, that title which embraces all the rest, Ireland, the Fairest Daughter of the Catholic Church."

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall" was rendered by the Glee Club, and at its conclusion the banquetters were invited to drink to "Alma Mater." Mr. E. E. Gallagher responded in a manner that met with evident appreciation :

"With the speakers who have preceeded me this afternoon you have ushered in this day of joy and celebration ; through them you have done honor to your faith at the throne of the Fisherman Apostle, you have trodden the hallowed soil of Erin with her saintly Patriarch. In concord of sentiment you have associated yourselves with gatherings of patriotic Irishmen in every part of America, grouped about the festive board, all doing honor to, and singing the praises of him who brought to the Emerald Isle the precious and full-satisfying gift of faith.

From the midst of these associations, then, gentlemen, I would ask you to withdraw yourselves, and visit with me our dear *Alma Mater*, she who rejoices as we rejoice and welcomes with us this day of glorious festivity.

“Gentlemen, the years we are spending under the kind and tender guardianship of our “*Alma Mater*” are years that will never be forgotten. When we shall have entered upon life’s sterner duties, and shall have cast our lot amidst the uncertain and ever-changing affairs of men; when we shall have come face to face with the difficulties which so stubbornly beset the onward path of men, and when in these we shall have triumphed, ’tis then that we shall look upon our college home with feelings of deepest gratitude, and bless the time which saw stored up and fortified in us those true christian principles, which have enabled us to fight our own battles, and assert our manhood in glorious and well won victories.

“Truly can it be said that we are what our college training makes us, and our success in whatever sphere we may find ourselves in after life launched into, depends upon the merits of the institution to whose care our youthful years were entrusted. That on leaving this institution our efforts will be crowned with the fullest measure of success, we can be perfectly assured, when we consider what our *Alma Mater* has done and still does for those whom she shelters under her watchful protection. The training which this institution affords is, in all its details, most liberal; it is something more than the mere cramming of facts and book matter, for which so many so-called institutions of learning have become noted. Being essentially Catholic, it combines moral with intellectual and physical development, and educating in this way, engrafts and builds up in the student all that is comprehended in a noble and sacrificing manhood. That the moral training is most carefully attended to is quite evident from the programme which is followed out from day to day. Each day’s instruction is carried out under the surveillance of men who have sacrificed every self interest that they might the better qualify themselves for the responsible position of master. Coming day after day in contact with men whose highest aim in life is the glory of God,

we imbibe from them that spirit of moderation and true generosity, without which, even the most ennobling qualities must count for naught. Nor are they the only religious influences which are brought to bear on our college life. Favored with the happy privilege of taking part in the various religious devotions throughout the year we become imbued with that spirit of high veneration for the Church, ever the mark of a zealous and truly devout Christian.

“In point of detail and perfection, no less is to be said of the intellectual than has already been said of the moral training which this institution affords. The programme of studies takes in all the essential branches of learning, and these, too, have been grouped together with such precision of judgment and delicacy of selection, that the youthful mind in whatever way it may be disposed, has little difficulty in selecting the course of studies best suited to its nature. In the university course, the student is made acquainted with all the elements of higher learning ; a thorough science course affords him a sound knowledge of scientific principles ; while, in the commercial department the boy with a taste for mercantile pursuits receives a practical business education, and, having completed his course of studies, is prepared to enter into the busy world, and take part in that free competition which is so highly characteristic of the present times. But the class-room is not the only place where development of the mental faculties is promoted. Through the various societies which have been organized and successfully conducted in this institution, a means has been afforded the students of giving their knowledge practical shape, and of drilling themselves in the arts of argument and investigation, upon which attainments success in life will in a large measure depend. A college journal records the doings of the students in and out of class, and gives them a chance to develop their taste for literary work ; while, in accord with a popular movement to revive Irish literature, a Gaelic class has recently been opened up, and from the progress which has been attained at this early date from its inception, we can assume for this society a long term of prosperity. But moral and intellectual development alone do not suffice. The physical make-up of man must

receive careful attention. For physical development, *Alma Mater* provides everything that could be desired in a school for athletic training. A large and well-equipped gymnasium is the property of this institution, while spacious grounds for outside sports are ever thrown open for the use of the students.

“ But, gentlemen, the training afforded by the means already mentioned, are not the only benefits which *Alma Mater* confers upon her children. In this institution we have students assembled from all parts of Canada, from the neighboring Republic, from the distant lands of Mexico. Though each prides himself on his nationality, and glories in the triumphs of his native land, still, in our college home every national prejudice is forgotten; we live united in a common brotherhood, loyal and faithful sons of a kind and tender mother. The influences of constant association and agreeable companionship is a most potent factor in true liberal education. Since the purpose of our college training is to qualify us for positions of honor in the world, where we may do the most good for ourselves and for society, our success in the accomplishment of this mission must, in a large measure, depend upon the use we have made of the opportunities afforded us during our college years of acquiring social accomplishments. Then, gentlemen, if *Alma Mater* does so much for us, it is our duty, at least to remain ever loyal to her. While under her protection let us honor and exalt her in a manner becoming the sons of a kind and affectionate mother; and when we shall have ceased to move under her tutelary care, and shall have taken up our plan in the struggle of life, let our every act reflect credit on the institution which nursed us in our youthful years, and instilled into our minds those true Christian principles which have made us what we ever hoped to be. May the fullest measure of success ever attend the labors of those who are charged with the responsibilities which the conduct of this institution entails, and may she long prosper,—*Alma Mater*.”

After a few instrumental selections by the orchestra, Mr. Geo. Nolan, '03, sang “ Kathleen Mavourneen ” in his own inimitable style. “ Soggarth Aroon ” being next proposed, Rev. Fr. Cornell, O.M.I., rose to respond. In an earnest and lucid discourse, Fr. Cornell pointed out the fact that the priest always

occupies the most prominent place in the affections of the Irish people, and showed that to this circumstance might be traced almost every one of the glorious moral triumphs for which the race is so justly famous. Unfortunately we cannot give more of this touching eulogy of the Irish priesthood, than a very brief syllabus reconstructed from memory.

"It is related of Agassiz, the great comparative anatomist, that once when handed but one prominent bone of a lately discovered fossil animal of a hitherto unknown species, he immediately sketched upon the blackboard a complete frame, corresponding in every important detail with the original skeleton. Similarly, if the annals of the Irish race were lost forever, and there remained but one relic of the past, the term Soggarth Aroon, it seems to me one might reconstruct at least in its large general features, the story of Ireland.

Soggarth Aroon ! Soul-friend dear ! in that one expression is crystallized the history of a nation. It tells of a people endowed by Almighty God with

"A childlike faith, and a will like fate
And that theistic instinct great ;
New worlds that summons from the abyss
The balance to redress of this."

* * * * * * *

"History shows that from the very earliest days the Irish were gifted with the "Theistic instinct great" that from the days of Patrick they were gifted with "a childlike faith;" while the story of Ireland during the years of slaughter and pillage under the Danes during the years of slaughter and pillage under the Normans, under the Tudor, under James and Cromwell and William, demonstrates that the Irish were gifted in addition with a "will like fate."

* * * * * * *

During 1000 years of suffering, during 700 years of political slavery, during 300 years of religious persecution of the bitterest kind, Ireland remained steadfast, immovable in her adherence to the faith, until even at the present day, Dr. Douglas Hyde, a distinguished Irish scholar and a Protestant, is able to say of the Irish at the opening of the twentieth century :

‘“A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by very nature. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. What is invisible for other people is visible for him; he feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. His mind on the subject may be summed up in the two sayings; that of the early church, ‘Let ancient things prevail,’ and that of St. Augustine, ‘Credo quia impossibile.’”

“It is precisely this theistic instinct, this childlike faith that gave and that gives the Irish the true idea of the priesthood. The priest for them is one who holds the keys of the spiritual world. He exercises spiritual powers. He is the incarnation of the invisible. He is the link that binds them to heaven. He is the coadjutor of God, the Vicar of God, he is another Christ. It was precisely because of this theistic instinct and this childlike faith, that the Irish required among them something more than a mere priest to offer sacrifice at the Altar of God, something more than a mere father. They required a soul-friend, one who should receive them at the threshold of life to conduct them into the fold of Christ, and who should accompany them throughout all the intricacies of life and leave them not until the grave had closed upon them for all time. This friend they found and recognized in the Soggarth Aroon. There are two periods especially in the life of the individual as well as a nation when a soul-friend is needed. In the years of prosperity and glory, on the one hand, and in the years of reverse and misfortune on the other. Prosperity and glory lead to pride, misfortunes lead to excessive dejection, Presumption and despair have proved equally disastrous to the faith of nations. And since Ireland walked for centuries upon the very mountain tops of joy and glory and again for centuries in the very depths of the valley of tears, she required in a special manner a Soul-friend; and him alike in glory and in sorrow, she found in the Soggarth Aroon.

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“Oh, if the priests of Ireland could only realize the depth of the reverence of their people for them, if they could only realize the wealth of the love that is given them, their hearts would swell and their souls leap for joy within them, and in holy fear they would drop upon their knees to beg of God that they might never fall through pride! And oh, brother Soggarths of Greater Ireland,

how vast is the ocean of love and reverence that surges round us, and how great and glorious is the mission that is ours of being the soul-friends of such a people as is ours! And you, young gentlemen, stand fast by the traditions of your race. Be true to the Soggarth Aroon. Remember that wheresoever you go in after life, you will always find the Soggarth a soul-friend faithful and true to you. For you and yours he has sacrificed all that is nearest and dearest to him. Day and night he holds himself in readiness to bear to you at your request those life-giving sacraments of which he is at once the minister and the guardian. He is ever ready to share in your joys and your sorrows and to identify himself with every plan that tends towards your betterment and your success. And though it should happen, as it has happened for others before you, that you should fall so far that there will be none so low as do you reverence, though your hand be against every man and every man's hand against you, yet the Soggarth will extend to you the hand of friendship, the Soggarth will trust you though all the world persecute and calumniate you, he will believe you against the whole world, for he judges not according to the standard of the world and of worldlings, but according to the standard of eternity and of eternal interests.

“And so, gentlemen, I toast you Ireland's dearly beloved, Greater Ireland's faithful and true, our tried and trusted soul-friend—the Soggarth Aroon.”

The last toast on the list, “To Our Guests” was next proposed; with a rousing “Varsity” cheer, the boys proclaimed their gratitude to the friends who had so kindly honored the occasion by their presence. Mr. E. P. Stanton, T. F. Clancy, Prof. Horigan and Fr. Fallon, jr., made suitable responses. Rev. Father O'Boyle was the last speaker called upon, and as he was concluding, his voice blended with the sound of the Angelus bell.

Mr. Geo. Nolan sang “God Save Ireland,” everyone being invited to join in the chorus, and still singing the happy gathering dispersed.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to those who had charge of affairs. In view of the difficulties they had to contend against, the remarkably successful termination of their programme is really marvellous.

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Surely such a becoming commendation of St. Patrick's Day does equal honour to the patriotism and ability of the students who prepared it, and to the laudable management of the University authorities who encourage it. Let us hope that it may long continue to be an event of yearly occurrence.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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MARCH, 1901.

Vol. III.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1901.

St. Patrick's Day in Ottawa University has long been considered one of the red-letter days of the scholastic year, and for fifteen years the Irish students have held a banquet in honor of Ireland's national festival. It was with no little surprise, then, that the committee in charge of this year's banquet heard that for trivial reasons, permission to hold the banquet in the Recreation Hall, the place in which it has always been held, and which is best suited for the purpose had been refused. In view of this, the committee decided not to hold the banquet unless their request was granted. We are perfectly in accord with the action of the committee, and we think that the refusal of the Recreation Hall was characterized by anything but good judgment. We are glad, though, that later on better counsels prevailed, and that permission was willingly given,

and we hope that no such difficulty will ever arise again. Notwithstanding the late date at which the hall was secured, the committee got to work with a will, and the banquet on Monday, March 18th was perhaps the most successful the students have ever held. The speeches, though hurriedly prepared, were from a literary point of view, equal to those of former years, and reflected great credit on the ability of the young orators. Everything passed off most successfully. We congratulate the committee for having undertaken the affair at so late a date, and for having thus kept up the old traditions, and particularly do we congratulate them on the grand success of the banquet.

THE ROYAL DECLARATION.

It is a source of pleasure to the Catholics of the British Empire to know that the declaration against certain Catholic doctrines, which the law of England imposes upon each successive sovereign, will soon be a thing of the past, and that, henceforward, the accession of a new sovereign will not be for them an event fraught with pain and mortification. The condition of affairs which bespeaks this happy consummation, has not been brought about suddenly. On the accession of the late queen, the historian Lingard wrote a letter of protest against the declaration, but it had no perceptible effect. The Catholics of England had, at that time, scarcely ceased to be a *gens lucifuga* and little attention was paid to the historian's letter. But many things have taken place since. England has witnessed the Oxford movement, and has grown accustomed to see the best lights of the Establishment pass over to the Church of Rome. A school of honest historical writers has sprung up, and Catholicity is reaping the benefit of their labors. The Protestants of England and of the Empire, have gone to school to Wiseman, and Newman and Manning, and have learned to divest themselves of many prejudices and to practice the virtue of toleration. All this has contributed to being about the present all but unanimous sentiment against the offensive features of the Royal Declaration.

In recent years Canada has played a conspicuous part in the agitation on this matter; and it is with pleasure we recall

the fact that it was an alumnus of Ottawa University, the Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I., who first opened the eyes of the Catholics of the Dominion to the importance of the question, who first reminded the Catholics of the Empire that it lay in their power to have the offensive declaration removed from the statute book, and that its continuance thereon while they possessed such power, involved their dishonor. In a lecture delivered in Feby., 1898, under the auspices of the St. Joseph's branch of the C. T. S. of Ottawa, Father Fallon dealt exhaustively with the history and nature of the Royal Declaration and advanced conclusive reasons for its removal. But our public men were apathetic, perhaps they deemed it unseemly to take up the question while an aged and beloved sovereign occupied the throne; perhaps they thought the elections were not far enough away; perhaps they were jealous of clerical dictation; perhaps—but we shall not multiply conjectures. The abrogation of the Royal Declaration is within sight; and what though the “relic of hateful fanaticism” has been allowed to survive longer than was necessary, let us be glad that it is to go at last.

IN MEMORIAM.

Patrick Donahoe, founder of *The Pilot*, died at Boston, March 18th, 1901. Far from the land of his childhood days—far from the land whose every memory kindled anew his youthful aspirations, far from his own native Erin—in the new Ireland beyond the sea, out in the beautiful St. Augustine's cemetery, South Boston, sleeps the great friend and guide of the Irish race in America. When the sad news came that the veteran publisher had passed away, the Irish Catholics of America felt that they had lost a leader who in his time took the foremost part in every movement for religion and country. Though the United States was the land of his adoption, Canadian Irishmen well knew his sterling worth, integrity and nobleness.

Patrick Donahoe was a man with a mission; no saint had greater trust in Providence. He was not always favored by Fortune, for twice she bent unkindly towards him; he was not favored by any adventitious aid of wealth or rank or position;

not even was he aided by a college education, for at an early age he was thrown entirely on his own resources, but by sheer force of ability, concentration of purpose and unswerving attachment to his holy religion, did he rise to a high position in his adopted country. He was but eleven years of age when his family came to Boston in 1821. With a modicum of education he seemed ill-equipped for the battle of life, but gifted with an abundance of energy and determination, supplemented by what is familiarly known as backbone, he early began to lay the foundations of his splendid career. He saw the position of his fellow-Catholics in a new land where they held but a minimum of influence, and he determined on establishing a paper to protect the rights of his creed and race. His determination begot *The Pilot*. The new paper soon became a power in the hands of the young publisher. It was the ardent defender of Irish rights and the uncompromising opponent of any movement which threatened the advance of Catholicity in America. Prosperity and influence smiled upon him until 1872, when fire destroyed his establishment, and then came the financial panic of 1876, which wrecked the Emigrants' Savings Bank, an institution in which he was largely interested. These losses forced him to part with *The Pilot* to Archbishop Williams and John Boyle O'Reilly, but in 1890, he again secured control of the paper. In 1893 the University of Notre Dame bestowed the Laetare medal on him for services rendered to the Catholic religion in America.

The services of *The Pilot* to the Irish Catholic cause make up a glorious page in the history of Patrick Donahoe. If to day it possesses an almost world-wide influence in the cause for which it was established, next to God's providence, we can attribute the great measure of its success to the energy and ability of its founder. It succeeded despite the fact that circumstances were not favorable in the early forties for the prosperity of any Catholic institution. Bigotry was then rampant, and the Catholic American had not the wealth and power he enjoys to-day. *The Pilot* in the days of storm and stress was a beacon light to guide Catholic America. It triumphed over fanaticism and intolerance, made its power known wherever the Irish emigrant penetrated and brought to the literary horizon a host of Catholic writers. D'Arcy Mc-

Gee, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. J. Roche, D. McCarthy, K. E. Conway, L. I. Guiney, M. Gilmore, truly represent some of the cultured power which gravitated to Boston through the influence of *The Pilot*. The good which Patrick Donahoe wrought has not been interred with his bones ; it lives after him. May there ever be worthy and willing and capable hands to carry it on.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY.

Enthusiasm among the Irish students has this year been very evident, and, though they have shown naught but good will toward all races and classes, they have demonstrated unmistakably their genuine love for the isle of the shamrock and for everything connected with its history. Among other things the formation of a Gaelic Society has been perhaps the most noteworthy. It is of course needless to say that this society has been organized to awaken an interest in the study of Gaelic, and to likewise enable its members to become fairly well acquainted with the language in which the famous Irish scholars wrote. We are especially happy however to note that the Faculty has readily consented to aid in raising from the dead a language which has almost decayed. The society already boasts of a long roll of members, and is at present in a prosperous condition. The following able management has been appointed to look after its interests : President, Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I. ; Vice-President, Mr. E. P. Stanton ; Secretary, J. J. O'Gorman ; Treasurer, T. Tobin ; Committee : Rev. C. McGurty O.M.I. ; J. A. Meehan, W. A. Martin, J. J. Macdonnell.

To these and to all others who are connected with the society THE REVIEW wishes the greatest success. We believe this to be certainly a step in the right direction, for it is only by such means that we may ever hope to revive that grand old Gaelic tongue which was once the delight of the most cultured minds of Europe.

THE STUDENTS' THANKS.

One of the remarkable features of the recent St. Patrick's Day celebration at the University was the artistic decoration of the banquet hall. The harmony of colour, unison of tone and origin-

ality of design came in for especial praise. This is more noteworthy when it is borne in mind that the Decoration Committee were somewhat handicapped by reason of the few hours at their disposal for this work. Thanks to the artistic taste and energy of Messrs. Burke, Collins, Fay, McCormac, King, Burns, Lynch, O'Gorman, Hanley, Macdonell and Conway, the banquet hall presented a gala appearance seldom equalled on previous celebrations. The thanks of the Committee are tendered to the following who kindly loaned material for decoration :—Blyth & Co., Ross & Co., L. N. Poulin, R. M. McMorran, Russell House, Col. Turner, St. Patrick's Literary Association, Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association and Bate & Co.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty this month to chronicle the death of Rev. John P. O'Gara '85, of Springfield, Mass., which occurred on Feby. 24th. Though Father O'Gara has been in delicate health for the past few years, his death came quite unexpectedly and as a great shock to his many friends in this his native city. Father O'Gara was a son of the late Judge O'Gara and was an alumnus of this university being a member of the class of '85. After graduating he spent some time in the study of law, but later on felt himself called to the ranks of the priesthood and pursued his theological studies at the college of St. Hyacinthe. He was ordained at the age of twenty-six and for seven years following his ordination was Professor of Mathematics in St. Hyacinthe College. Owing to ill health he was obliged to give up his Professorship. He attached himself to the diocese of Springfield and for two years acted as Chaplain of the House of the Good Shepherd in that city. Last September he was appointed diocesan inspector of the Parochial Schools, which position he occupied at the time of his death. Father O'Gara as a priest and a professor was much beloved by his brother priests and by a large circle of friends among the laity, all of whom mourn his early death. His remains were brought to Ottawa and the funeral was held from St. Joseph's Church on Thursday morning, Feby. 28th. To the sorrowing relatives of the departed priest THE REVIEW extends the sincere sympathy of the faculty and students, Requiescat in Pace.

Exchanges

Our own Irish-Canadian poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, is held up to the admiration of the readers of the *St. Joseph's Collegian* in an interesting paper on his life and works. Under the not inappropriate title of "The Laureate of the Poor," Thomas Grey receives a warm tribute for his famous "Elegy." The editorials also are very good.

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In the *Abbey Student* we find a creditable class symposium on different types of fictitious characters. The best sketches to our mind are those on Fabiola, Isaac the Jew and Zagloba, though we felt like taking exception to the accusation of cowardice laid against the Polish Ulysses-Falstaff. We cannot find fault with the account of the life of Goldsmith, but the subject is after all a trifle hackneyed, and the writer might better have taken some topic which would have exercised his powers of originality.

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"The Singing Master" in the *Western University Courant* is a simple, pathetic story in which the heart of the reader in turns is joyous with the tinkling of the bells and the merry laughter of the youth, and sad and lonely with the singing master's recollections of scenes and faces that are "gone but not forgotten." In the article entitled "The Passionate Poet" the writer briefly summarizes the life, character and poetic abilities of Lord Byron. Perhaps, however, his misanthropy is too severely criticized. Byron was of a very sensitive nature, as indeed are all true poets, and it did seem at times as if the whole world were against him. "Strikes," the subject of another essay in the *Courant*, with a few exceptions, is viewed from the right side. Strikes, however, are not always a moral evil. Man must live, and when he is deprived of the means of obtaining the necessities of life, he is morally justified in striking. True enough, strikes should be abolished, but how this may be successfully done yet remains an open question.

The *Stylus*, though not so frequent a visitor as in others years, is always welcome and invariably repays our attention. "Catholic Laymanship" is a strong and timely article upon a subject which cannot be too often dealt with and impressed upon the minds of the Catholic world. "The purpose of this humble treatise is not so much to summarize the praiseworthy in the social life of the Catholic laity, as to call attention to some things that could be altered, with injury to no one and with incalculable benefit to multitudes." Negligence of many of their duties, leaving everything to the clergy, is unfortunately too common a fault of our Catholic laymen. "That there are in this land thousands of liberally educated and highly cultivated Catholic young men is a conclusion one would scarcely be liable to arrive at from an investigation of the work done by them in the cause of their faith." We certainly agree with the writer that this deplorable condition of affairs cannot be too soon remedied. A similar idea sounds the keynote of "The Jubilee Ode," which is dedicated to the Y. M. C. A. The sublimity of his subject has kindled the author to a pitch of lofty enthusiasm, and we forgive the length of the composition for the beauty of its thought.



Athletics.

After a very interesting and closely contested series of schedule hockey games it was found that Mr. Callaghan, captain of last year's champions, and Mr. Halligan, shared equally the championship honors for 1901. Each team had eight points to its credit. On February the 27th, the decisive game was played which resulted in a victory for Halligan's team with the close score of 2 to 0. The game was fast, but free from the roughness

that was more or less evident in the preceding games. It was an important match and the players had learned from experience that better results could be obtained in following the puck than in wasting one's energy in feats of strength, or in pugilistic exhibitions, or in showing one's adroitness in breaking an opponent's stick with little or no injury to one's own.

The champions were treated to an oyster supper on March

5th by the Rev. Vice-Rector, who thus openly manifested the interest that the University authorities take in the students' successes, not in the class-room only, but likewise out of doors.

The Athletic Association, ever proud of its successful athletes, will present each member of the team with a handsome photo of the same which will ever serve as a faithful reminder of one of the many pleasing events of college life.

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On March 2nd the Philosophers played the Lay Professors a game of hockey for a turkey dinner. The Philosophers lost after a well contested game. The score was 3 to 2. On St. Thomas' Day, March 7, both teams enjoyed the dinner at the Philosophers' expense. After all present had made a short speech, they left the refectory and went to the recreation hall where a very enjoyable evening was spent in music, songs and cake-walks. It might be interesting to note that the best cake-walkers of the evening were Messrs. Conway and Burns.

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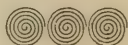
The regular annual meeting of the Ottawa University Athletic Association to elect officers

for the scholastic year will take place on Easter Monday. In preceding years the advent of this meeting was ever marked with apparent feverishness, and we have no reason to believe that this year will prove an exception to the rule. The most conspicuous individual during that time is the office-seeker. He is easily detected. As the time for election approaches he becomes more sociable; in conversation a smile ever plays upon his lips; his chum, if not likewise an office-seeker, is for the time left to shift for himself, for ephemeral friendships must now be made; he condescends to walk with those who on other occasions would be repulsive to his delicate sense of good breeding; in a word he uses all the tact of a skilled politician.

We have no objection to the above conduct in general, but what we do object to and hold in abhorrence is to see such office-seekers solicit another's vote. Such an act is evident proof that the office-hunter is undeserving the trust which he wishes the student body to confide in him. The students are not so numerous that the merits and administrative abilities of one or more individuals could possibly pass unnoticed,

hence if good judgment is employed the best fitted for the various positions will be appointed. In conclusion, we hope that all who are interested in the welfare of the Athletic

Association, and who desire to keep untarnished the splendor of its past record, will make it their duty to elect those truly competent to manage its affairs.



Of Local Interest.

A BANQUET.

St. Thomas' Day, March 7th, is one that will not soon be forgotten by the philosophers and lay-professors. It was the occasion of their aristocratic hockey banquet. Some days beforehand, not in banquet attire, nor with silk gloves, the representatives of both these aggregations had played a hockey match for a stake of an oyster supper to be furnished by the losing team. Happily for both teams the philosophers lost—happily I say because the professors have put up so many oyster suppers in the past that the novelty of the privilege has long since departed. The force of this assertion was exemplified, when at 7.30 p.m., March 7th, the guests, mostly professors, were ushered into the banquet hall, where to their agreeable surprise, they beheld a sumptuous dinner of turkey and sweets.

All ranged themselves in hockey style about the board, that is Philosopher against Professor, Manager Warnock of the Philosophers acting as "mine host." As the invitations had been issued previous to the banquet, no one waited for a second one. All rules were conveniently forgotten and the onslaught was remarkable for brilliant individual play. The young forgot their tender years and the old seemed young again, such at least was the impression of manly vigor of despatch gleaned by one who went to look on. And what seemed better still was the cheerfulness that animated all. No one thought it any trouble to take a dish from a comrade's hand, hold it till he was tired and pass it on. And contrary to all hockey procedure, no one would hear of "half-time" until the "game" was finished. As for generosity it was unbounded. Lest the affair might take on a

tinge of seriousness, each one, while he was waiting for something, thought it his duty to make a pleasant remark about his neighbors and the joke was invariably enjoyed by all others who happened to be in wait too. And, as many were in wait most of the time the mirth was quite uninterrupted until everything was eaten.

The exact moment of that providential calamity will probably never be known, despite the fact that certain so-called witnesses aver that it occurred quite early in the evening. However, as these same witnesses were observed eating by a number of those who support the theory that the critical moment was later ; and as the confusion of voices was such for the last half hour, that even an impartial observer, if present, would be occupied in wondering if he himself looked like a turkey ; the matter of precision of time might better be waived, and all are to be congratulated that the inevitable occurred as soon as it did.

Cigars were passed around when the relaxation commenced. When the free intermingling of different smokes had promoted a better feeling among the late rival corps, the chairman rose

and expressed his satisfaction at the way each one had conducted himself. "In fact," he said, "nothing had been left undone"—(the remainder of his sentence was lost in a chorus of "hear ! hear !") He then called upon each one present for an address, and each one immediately after rising, expressed his pleasure at being present and, after making sufficient observations to assert his particular individuality, expressed likewise the hope that he should assist at many festivities of the same nature in the future. When all had spoken, the banquet hall was deserted for the more spacious recreation hall.

Here the real enjoyment began. Mac constituted himself master of ceremonies, and insisted on the dances being carried on "right." "Ric" led cake-walkers all over the hall, and even over the tables. Everyone persisted in attempting feats he was not physically constituted to perform. But what matters it what anyone did, when philosophers and professors, away from books and classes, reading only each others hearts, let loose the pent-up floods of their good natures to mock the gravity of seeming wise !

During the month the Senior Debating Society has held three very interesting discussions. The first resolution debated was "that government arbitration would be the best means of settling strikes." Owing to illness the leader of the negative, Mr. E. Gallagher, was unable to attend, however, Mr. J. Warnock consented to take the leadership though receiving but very short notice. He was ably seconded by Mr. H. Fay. The champions for the affirmative, Messrs J. Macdonell and O. McGarvey however carried off the honors of the evening. The subject for the next discussion was rather a poor one for debate yet was made very interesting by the different speakers. Messrs J. Dowd and W. Callaghan upheld very strongly the liberty granted by the Declaration of Independence, the judges, however, awarded the decision to Messrs J. Lynch and F. French, their eloquent opponents. The approach of the 17th made the resolution "that, for Ireland, independence would be preferable to Home Rule," very appropriate. The speakers for the affirmative, Messrs J. J. O'Gorman and T. Tobin, treated the subject both ably and fully and though they won the debate

found two very worthy opponents in Messrs. T. Day and R. Halligan.

* *

Owing to the fact that the Scientific Society has met with many bitter disappointments in connection with Dr. Griffin's lecture on liquid air, the regular programme of lectures has not been fully carried out. The members however met on March 13th to listen to a very instructive and carefully prepared paper on the subject "Physical Exercise." The lecturer of the evening was Rev. J. Lajeunesse, O. M. I., the worthy director of the society. We hope that the committee will see that several more such excellent treatises will be given before the work of the year is completed.

CRUMBS FROM ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The motto of the newly-organized "Gaelga Society" is in accord with the spirit of the times—"Get your Irish up."

* *

When the dishes were being removed after the banquet the following choice bit of humour, evidently written at a moment of inspiration, was found under John L's plate.

"What I'll say if called on for a speech."

"The students of Ottawa College have always shewn themselves ready and competent for the accomplishment of either a feat of feet, (which usually results in a *defeat* for the other team) or, which is not exactly the same thing, a feat of head. This latter expression may appear rather up-side-down. Yet, after what I have to-day witnessed, I think it is none the less significant. But, gentlemen, this magnificent celebration of St. Patrick's Day embodies the most wonderful combination of feet I ever saw—it is a regular poem."

Sultie's facetiousness was hitherto an unknown quantity ; but genius, like murder, "will out,"

* *

"King" Clancy was introduced to the banquetters as "a man equally at home on the football field and in the classroom, and who, in view of recent events, may be found at home any time now." Tom pleaded guilty.

* *

Coxie.—I declare I never felt better in my life than I do this day.

McSwiggin.—Oh! that's easily explained. Why man it is

owing to the invigorating influence of the popular air, don't you hear the orchestra playing it?

Coxie.—Get on with yourself. That orchestra is no oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe.

* *

Mr. Jarvis' practised eye was not slow to notice the beauty of the decorations, which, he said, displayed the true artistic taste in every detail. After he had photographed the hall to his satisfaction he testified to the tempting nature of the repast, in his remark "it's really marvellous how still you can sit."

* *

Toastmaster Donnelly made the hit of the day when he, with serious face, apprised the assembly that he was possessed of information to the effect that the Rev. Pastor of St. Joseph's could'n't make a speech, except when he was prepared. The full magnitude of the joke was not revealed until Dr. Fallon had concluded his masterly discourse.

* *

One never knows when the traits of character acquired on the football field will crop and show themselves. That Ottawa Varsity boys "can take a blow,

and give one" was never as emphatically asserted as it was in the striking features that developed in connection with the celebration of Ireland's day.

* *

"Dr. Fallon, that magnificent specimen of priest and manhood."—Prof. Horrigan.

The Prof. thinks Fr. Fallon Jr. is a chip of the same block ; so do we all.

* *

The philosophers had not realized the justice of Socrates' complaint that his wife interfered with his studies until they came to Matrimonium, when they discovered that, even in the abstract, its troubles are not mere *shadows*.

* *

In a physics class recently the chair shot from under its occupant ; hence the dialogue :

Stretching Boy (spontaneously)
—P-p-purely an accident father !
Prof.—Inexcusable.

Boy (striding out of class)—
B-b-bosh ! hard luck.

* *

Chevalier (meeting noted stu-

dent of French) "Comment êtes-vous ? M.—quel est votre nom ?

Uncle Sam (throwing out his chest)—"Fine ! fine !"

* *

G--h--g--n.—"Well Charlie, there'll be no banquet on the 17th."

The Count.—"Why, isn't there going to be any St. Patrick's day this year ?"

* *

SOME BOOKKEEPING TERMS.

Days of Grace—Forty Hours.

Bill of exchange—"Shin-plaster."

Average—65 in conduct, (for whom ?)

Favor—Lend me your exercise.

Bankrupt—Everybody.

Insolvent—Mark's customers.

Inventory—In the wash-bag.

Liquidation—Scientific Society.

Negotiable—Clothes.

Protest—At 5.30 a.m.

Remittance—Didn't come yet.

Tare—Sliding down the banister.

Instalments—Far between.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. Robt. Cameron '99 Commercial, of Buckingham, was a guest at the St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

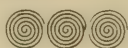
Rev. J. M. Foley '97, who is at present curate at Alexandria, was a welcome visitor to the Sanctum last month.

Mr. P. J. Lawn ex. '99, called at the University the other day on his way to Quebec. Mr. Lawn was recently elected secretary of the Pontiac Liberal Association.

Mr. F. W. Anglin '85, one of Toronto's leading barristers, was the lecturer of the evening at the concert held under the direction of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society in the

Russell Theatre, Monday evening, March 18th. Mr. Anglin was also a guest at the banquet of the Irish Students of the University on that day.

Mr. Dennis Murphy '92, M. P. for Yale, B. C., moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne at the recent opening of the legislature at Victoria. Hon. Mr. Turner ex-Premier of British Columbia and at present a member of the Dunsmuir cabinet, complimented Mr. Murphy on the excellence of his speech and said it was the best he had ever heard on a similar occasion in his long experience in the House.



Junior Department,

Owing to illness the Rev. Father Benoit has been forced to resign the duties of Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department. The small boys were apprised of this change on March 14th, when Rev. Father Pepin was formally appointed to look after the interests of the juniors for the rest of this term.

* * *

March 7th being a holiday,

the juniors went to the scholastic to spend the afternoon. During their stay, they were allowed full use of the skating rink slide. After three hours of healthful sport they returned home, and voted this the pleasantest afternoon they had enjoyed for many a day. Everybody came back whole, except Carrier who left a small portion of his eye at the rinkside.

Owing to the *unpardonable* omission of the Junior Department in last month's issue, the public were deprived of the pleasure of reading the juniors' successes in the hockey rink. The games played and won are as follows :

January 16th, Bawlf, 2 ; Girouard, 1.

January 23rd, Bawlf, 1 ; Dion, 0.

January 26th, McGee, 5 ; Girouard, 2.

January 27th, Dion, 4 ; Bawlf, 0.

January 30th, Girouard, 3 ; McGee, 3.

Fearing that sufficient space will not be given me this month, I defer the details of these games to a future date. Indeed, I hope that my indignant temperature will have descended about fifty degrees when I begin to describe some of those games. Such poor exhibitions of hockey were never seen in the small yard !

JUNIORS, 4 ; SENIORS IV, 3.

Sing we the praises of our yard
Long may the boys, who nobly guard
Our prestige that they've won so hard,
Among us stay,
Nor cease our hockey games to play.

Behold ! on holy Thomas' day
A boasting crowd with spirits gay,
Were fools enough from home to stray.
Lament they now
For sorrow shows on every brow.

Baffled we them the whole game
 through,
Yes, o'er the ice our players flew
Right swiftly, while those foes so blue
Ne'er touched the puck
E'en though it struck
So oft their net full in their view.

Sure Rheume's back must hurt him
 now.
McIntyre must press his brow,
And to the rest—we whisper low :
Learn how to skate
Lest kids may show you, when too
 late.

You tried rough force, but in that too,
A few stout sons of the small yard,
Right well their grit and prowess true
Displayed, and all your plans were
 marred.

*
 * * *

While the stars twinkled and the moon with serene face illumined the stilly night of Feby. 28th, there occurred a memorable scene, a never-to-be-forgotten scene, a scene that we saw, a scene to portray which worthily, needs a pen wholly devoted to its lawful duty, and not given to the execrable pastime of picking up the remains of amphibious animalcules from the dark depths of the ink-bottle ; with such an instrument of writing as we possess, we proceed. The actors in the aforementioned scene were old Varsity's patriotic juveniles, who attired in various skins of various beasts, had assembled on their skating rink for what purpose will presently appear. When, after much

needless elbowing and many other equally misspent efforts, everyone had succeeded in getting into the place where he didn't want to be, a hush fell upon the vast assembly and all eyes were directed to a youthful figure that high upon a lofty snowbank surveyed the attentive throng. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and clearing his throat of rising impressions, which instantly froze on the spot where they fell, the orator of the day, we mean of the night, began: Friends, companions of my studious days, lovers of all wisdom, (applause) I stand here to-night (a voice; so do we) to express my indignation (hear, hear,) at the slight which our representative, the Junior Editor and all of us received at the hands of the mighty board of Editors. (A voice: There is trouble brewing;—another voice: hurry up, we're freezing.) Gentlemen, you have seen the February REVIEW. You have seen that we have no place therein, that our department has been eliminated, subducted, removed, weeded out. Many a time and oft have the board of editors sat upon us and nullified our efforts to raise the literary tone and standard of the REVIEW, but this latest and last offense seals their doom, (chorus of voices: tear 'em up; 'limate them; weed them out.)

Be patient, I beseech you. If I but wished to stir your fiery nature, what short work you would soon make of the board

of venerable editors (all roll up their sleeves); as well you know, I am too tender-hearted to wish any harm to such mighty and such honorable men. (A voice—to the dormitory and ring their necks. Another voice—Hold! the Editor speaks.) But even if you, in the height of your zeal did drop a few of them down the elevator-shaft, would you not have reason to do so? (Applause. Voices—We'll do it, we'll do it, we'll drop them down.) My friends, bear with me yet awhile; perhaps we wrong these honorable men. Yet the blood boils in my veins and arteries, when I consider that in addition to their haughty treatment of us, they refused even to hand us over the proof-sheets of the last number for our customary corrections. Behold the results! And tell me if we have not reason to be offended. Was it some goblin that seized them when they allowed that most solemn of words, *mausoleum* to be corrupted into *mansoleum*; and are we not right in demanding retribution for the crime of changing *compendiums* to *compendiums*. (A wee shrill voice—They can't spell; they don't know nothing.) Are not their evil designs upon the tongue of William Shakespere, and of Mr. Dooley, made evident when we behold the bold innovators change, mutate and transform the beloved preposition *of* into a harsh, unseemly and barbaric *af*; old and familiar *were*

mutilated into *ware*, and—ye gods, help me in the telling of it—that exquisite term which is to be found on the labels of our tooth powder and patent medicines, *preparation* tortured into *preperation*. (Voices—We'll have revenge ; we'll teach them how to spell).

O fellow-martyrs; my blood boils and my ears tingle when I think of our cruel wrongs ; but I fear I endanger the lives of these honorable men by my vehemence (derisive laughter.) My friends, you who have a world-wide reputation for patience, generosity and long-suffering, wreak not vengeance upon the heads of those innocent editors, but rather treat them with that chivalric courtesy, (a voice; hear, hear. Another voice, We'll treat them ! Ironical laughter amid which the conclusion of the sentence was lost.) Appeal first, I beseech you to their reason and if after due deliberation they refuse to grant an apology, then challenge them to mortal combat. I have done. (Intense excitement, tremendous applause. All rush off to the handball alley to draw up resolutions.)

The following resolutions were drawn up on the wooden floor of the ball alley.

"Whereas the Junior Editor and the members of the Junior Department have taken offense at the exclusion of all mention of their affairs in the last number of the REVIEW, and

"Whereas the said Editor and members consider it an unpardonable oversight that the proof sheets of the last number were not handed over to them for correction, as was always never done before.

"Be it resolved that a formal apology be demanded of the board of editors with the alternative of a challenge to mortal combat.

Junior Editor and Members
of the Junior Department.

*
* *

During the course of a hotly contested game, Mel Schim received such a blow from the opponent's hockey that the heel of his shoe came off. He thereupon sent his shoe to the cobbler to be repaired. They say that the unfortunate cobbler is looking for Mel Schim and the heel of that shoe.

*
* *

Leo G. Nard lately suffered the loss of his fast *trotter*. He now realizes that these steeds are often unmanageable when guided by *inexperienced hands*.

*
* *

Girardou and Tan Slo have joined the senior ranks. They used to rule wisely. Mullgani has reluctantly accepted the royal sceptre.

How long shall time deprive me,
In my present state of woe
Of ranking in the senior ranks
Saith Mullgani to Tan Slo,

Our most sincere sympathy is extended likewise to Rev. Bro. McGurty, whose father lately passed away at Philadelphia, Pa., to Rev. F. Benoit who has lost a sister, to A. Deschenes whose beloved mother recently passed away, and to Messrs Raoul, Rene and Oliva Lapointe the news of the death of whose father has been received as we go to print. To one and all THE REVIEW offers its sincerest condolences and prays that God may comfort the bereaved and grant rest to the departed.

VARIOUS.

The Laetare medal, which Notre Dame University confers every year upon some distinguished member of the Catholic laity of the United States, has been awarded this year by the Faculty to the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran. The formal presentation of the medal will be made next month in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

* * *

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, the representative of West Kerry in the British Parliament, is authority for the statement that "one-fourth of the population in Ireland speak the Irish language, and transact the greater part of their business in that tongue." Mr. O'Donnell ought to know. The Celtic revival is becoming more than a name.

* * *

The current number of the *Labour Gazette*, a monthly publication issued by the Dominion Department of Labour, contains an interesting and extensive article on "The Fishing Industry of Canada." The importance of this industry may be realized from the statement with which the article opens, that about 100,000 men are employed therein, and a capital of \$10,000,000. The total value of the catch of fish in 1899 was \$21,891,706; to this grand total Nova Scotia was the largest contributor.

* * *

No phase of Cardinal Wiseman's many-sided character is passed over by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his well-known *Life and Times* of that great ecclesiastic. The Cardinal's love of the

poor is illustrated by several anecdotes, some of which serve to show that he possessed also a fine sense of humor. While staying at a certain sea-side resort he used to visit occasionally a poor woman, the wife of one of the coastguards, who was very seriously ill. The poor invalid was greatly consoled by these visits of so distinguished a Prince of the Church, whom, in her simplicity, she was wont to address as "Your Immense." As the Cardinal was over six feet in height and of portly build, the applicability of the title was beyond question, and he fully appreciated it.

* *

The well-known French astronomer and writer, M. Camille Flammarion, says *Electricity*, has for some time been making a special study of the effects of lightning on men, animals and other objects, and in order to illustrate the freakish conduct of lightning he recently told some stories which seem incredible. Thus he tells of two peasants who were preparing to eat breakfast, when suddenly all the dishes were thrown on the ground, the bread, cheese and fruit vanished from the table, and they themselves were covered with straw. On another occasion a man, walking through Nantes, was enveloped in lightning, yet was not injured. When he reached home, however, and opened his purse, which had contained two pieces of silver and one of gold, he found that the gold piece had vanished and that in its place was a silver piece. The lightning had, in fact, pierced through the leather of the purse and had covered the gold piece with a coating of silver taken from the other two pieces.

* *

Not since the conversation of Newman says the *Literary Digest* has the Roman Catholic Church made so important an individual conquest as in the case of Ferdinand Brunetière, who, as the editor for many years of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been regarded as the ex-officio head of French letters. The event is a sensation among literary folk all over the continent; for, aside from his position as a sort of literary dictator of France, he is an acknowledged master of French prose and the ablest critic since Taine.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Poetry :	
The Robin's Early Song.....	405
The Character of Oliver Twist.....	407
Poetry :	
The Captive.....	420
Meteorological Phenomena.....	421
To the Northern Gold Fields.....	427
Rachel.....	432
The Very Reverend Rector's Return.....	442
Editorials :	
A Word of Warning.....	444
The Prize Debate.....	445
Obituary.....	446
Exchanges.....	446
Of Local Interest.....	448
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	451
Athletics.....	452

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 8

APRIL, 1900.

Vol. III

THE ROBIN'S EARLY SONG.



OUR seasons are our own and yet
To-day I heard a robin sing
Upon a barren branch of spring,
And these his words to music set :

Oh, apple tree ! the while 'tis snowing
How your teeming buds are glowing,
Growing, blowing, glowing,
On every twig I see.
And somewhere in your branches hiding
One small nest is safe abiding,
Waiting, waiting, waiting
My little love and me.

Oh, brook ! because the ice is near you,
Do you think I cannot hear you
Singing, singing, singing
Of daisies and of spring ?
Oh, meadows white ! with snow drifts over
Don't you know I smell the clover,
Coming, coming, coming,
While loud the blue-bells ring ?

Oh, frozen flakes ! that cling together,
You are every one a feather.
Falling, falling, falling
 To line the world's great nest.
Oh, night and darkness downward pressing !
You are wings spread out caressing,
Brooding, brooding, brooding
 All tired things to rest.

H. B.



THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER TWIST.



HAT the most amiable qualities of mind and heart are not inconsistent with lowliness of birth, poverty or misfortune, is a fact of every day experience. And yet there are many who still persist in trampling on the "thick-crowding poor"; who pass their less fortunate neighbours in the street with a look of cold scorn; who, if ever they happen to come in contact with a person on whose name there is a stain, throw up their hands in holy horror, thus aggravating the ignominy of one who is probably deserving of their sympathy. If such a course of action were always prompted by pride, it would at least be readily understood; but very often this is not the case. Not infrequently this deplorable lack of christian charity is evinced by men who are known among their friends and associates as far removed from anything like the least semblance of vanity. They act on principle: on that absurd principle — like all popular fallacies, wide-spread and fashionable — that all who do not move in, or above, his particular social circle are unworthy of the notice of a polished gentleman; they have been trained up in that exclusive, aristocratic school, which, with characteristic shortsightedness, condemns indiscriminately all those who go to make up that miscellaneous class to which we apply the generic term "poor," and hence they invariably treat all paupers alike, without ever stopping to consider the peculiar circumstances of the unfortunates who come to their notice. It is not a matter of rare occurrence to see the rich man refuse to the applicant for charity the crumbs that fall from his table; and this too, not from any motive of niggardliness or avarice, but solely for the reason that he thinks every poor man is a tramp, or worse. This mistaken notion of those unhappy mortals who form the lowest class in society is all too common and the sooner it is fully exploded the better. Because perchance a fellow-creature contending against "the thousand nameless ills that one incessant struggle render life," has fallen into poverty and become the victim of want and neglect; because a person happens to be born in poor circumstances,—or even in disgrace—is not an infallible proof that he is destitute of all the

qualities which make one man worthy the esteem and love of his fellows. This truth, and the salutary moral lesson it embodies, is aptly illustrated by the prince of novelists, in the well known character which forms the humble subject of this brief sketch.

Oliver Twist was born in a parish workhouse, and in the same blissful abode he continued to reside during the first nine years of his existence. All this time he was under the immediate supervision of a female designated "the matron," while Mr. Bumble, by reason of his holding the exalted position of parish beadle, contemplated the working of the eleemosynary machinery from a convenient distance, and in his official capacity favored the matron with an occasional call. The workhouse, though highly satisfactory to those who were in no way connected with it, and doubtless productive of many good results to those who were not supposed to profit by it, was not exactly all that could be desired in such an institution ; the atmosphere of the place being highly noxious, its general tone was quite at variance with the laws of sanitation; but in spite of this and various other disadvantages, as the years rolled on, it became apparent that Oliver was gradually increasing in size, in strength, and especially in age. Shortly after his ninth birthday, instead of dying, which indeed would have been the most suitable return for the kindness of the workhouse, not to say anything of its advisability as a precautionary measure, this wonderfully precocious youngster began to awaken to the hard realities of his miserable situation. And what a melancholy awakening must that have been ! If a grown person shrinks from the thought of being alone and friendless in the world, it is difficult to imagine what must be the feelings of a child at the first dawning of this terrible truth. Considering all he had passed through Oliver must have been surprised to find himself alive ; it certainly was a most astonishing thing that anyone should have survived in such an establishment. Be this as it may, the fact that he began to grow conscious of his miserable condition, and to resent the cruelties of which he was the innocent victim soon became a matter of much anxiety to the tender-hearted matron. This woman, suited to the position she occupied, only in so much as she gave entire satisfaction to the beadle, conducted the business according to a methodical plan which had that

gentleman's unqualified approval; hence it was not surprising that the matron and her employer were on terms of closest intimacy. But the matron knew the calibre of her friend; she knew him to be a man endowed with a highly developed sense of justice and so felt that her credit stood on slippery ground; she was fully conscious that in spite of her high standing in public opinion, the slightest evidence of mismanagement would be sufficient to dash to the ground for ever her hopes of becoming Mrs. Bumble. The actuating principle of her life was the desire to form this very suitable matrimonial alliance and hence she hailed with joy every opportunity of demonstrating her ability. In such a state of mind Oliver Twist, who of late had, in his small way, given evidence of a fighting tendency was just the sort of chap she liked to deal with. She resolved to subdue him. Their first altercation ends in Oliver's presentation to the reader under most distressing circumstances, having just been released from the coal-cellar where he had been confined for "atrociously presuming to be hungry." Even this severe punishment does not seem to have produced the desired effect for a short while after we find him in other and more serious mischief. A council was held among the workhouse occupants, and lots were drawn to see who would get up, after supper, and ask for more gruel. The task fell to Oliver. Although the little fellow knew too well what must be the inevitable result of such behavior, yet he did not flinch from his chance-imposed duty; without the least hesitation he made bold to repeat the atrocity of being hungry, and did it with such coolness and determination, such an evident consciousness of the justice of his demand, that for a moment, the attendant was utterly stunned, and stared at him in blank surprise. But the attendant was too well accustomed to sights of suffering to be capable of a feeling akin to compassion or pity; his ordinary composure being presently restored, he immediately made known to the matron, this instance of unparalleled audacity. The startling intelligence came as a shock, even to this paragon of female resourcefulness, and all but caused nervous prostration. The news of the uprising was communicated to "the board," that body of sages, who, under Mr. Bumble directed, or rather misdirected, the destinies of the paupers intrusted to their care. The gentlemen of the board

shake their several wise heads ominously : this is evidently a serious case. Mr. Bumble however is equal to the occasion ; having consulted his cocked hat for inspiration, he deems it expedient to call his confreres together in solemn conclave in order that the most efficient means may be adopted to keep this juvenile trouble-maker in subjection. After several hours deliberation it is resolved that the only way to instil into Oliver a wholesome fear, and inspire him with a proper sense of dependence on the charity of the parish, is to make him appear before the board. Forthwith our little hero is sommoned to the presence of that august body to which he is indebted for such a magnificent allotment of hardship and misery.

Oliver's indomitable courage, as manifested during the proceedings which resulted in his falling under the displeasure of the board, cannot fail to elicit our unbounded admiration. To resist the authorities in this way required an amount of daring hardly to be expected, and very seldom met with in a systematically ill-treated child ; to presume to be hungry was practically to tell the notoriously heartless officials of the establishment, that their outrageous system of starvation was to be resisted ; a thing altogether without precedent in the annals of the institution. But certainly no more conclusive proof of the little fellow's sturdy spirit can be adduced than the fact that, even half-starved as he was, he survived the encounter with the parochial officers. The "gentleman in the white waistcoat," offering what consolation it was in his nature to bestow, ventured the remark that Oliver would eventually be hanged, and pronounced him a fool at first sight. Whatever may have been the effect of this weighty and authoritative statement on Oliver, it failed to produce any alteration in the imperturbable gravity of his judges ; they were determined above all to give the rebellious ingrate the benefit of a fair trial. These parochial officers were deep philosophical men ; they had long since foreseen that the culprit before them was going to be a source of trouble, but even the gentleman distinguish by the unusual personal decoration already mentioned, could not have imagined that he would be so bold as to resist the authorities of the brick and mortar elysium of which he was an inmate. Now that the unexpected had happened, the hazard of harbouring such

an intractable spirit was at once recognized and accordingly Oliver was condemned as an enemy to the system and branded as a dangerous character requiring the closest watching. But this was not all. The necessary steps were taken to notify the public that Oliver twist was *to let*, and that a reward of five pounds would be freely paid to any person willing to relieve the workhouse authorities of such a nuisance. This offer was irresistible. It was readily accepted and the troublesome little pauper became the apprentice of a certain Mr. Sowerberry, a coffin-maker in the village. This event marked—certainly not the beginning—of Oliver's troubles, but rather the first turning-point in the long march of misery, begun at his birth, by which he seemed destined to atone for the sin of his unhappy parents.

The abuse and cruelty to which the little fellow was subjected during his residence at the coffin-maker's need not be detailed. It was, to some extent, a new sort of torture, and this circumstance coupled with a sufficiency of food, though of the poorest quality, made it easier for him to endure fresh trials. For a considerable time his efforts to imitate Job were successful; he bore with exemplary patience all the taunts and insults of Mr. Sowerberry, of Noah Claypole, and of Charlotte. From his submissive attitude one might have supposed his former dauntless spirit was at last broken, but subsequent events go to show the groundlessness of any such supposition. He thought it useless to make any show of resentment against such odds, but none the less he felt the full force of every jeering insult, as only a sensitive child can. In this way matters continued for a short while; the climax came on the eventful day when Oliver was left alone in the kitchen with Noah. On this occasion Noah was naturally inclined to indulge in his favorite amusement, that of teasing his young companion. All his taunts failed to produce the desired effect, of bringing tears, or indeed any other visible effect until the dastardly poltroon began to talk of Oliver's mother. "Yer knew, work'us," continued Noah, speaking in a jeering tone of affected pity,—of all tones the most annoying—"yer know, work 'us, it can't be helped now, and of course yer could'nt help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much; but yer must know work 'us, yer mother was a regular, right down bad 'un."

This was more than Oliver could endure. Undaunted by the fact that his head would no more than reach to Noah's top waistcoat button, he rushed on his tormenter, dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground, and forced the coward to cry for help. As too often happens the outcome of this quarrel was that the innocent came in for all the punishment; while Noah who was an adept at deceit and lying effectually cleared himself of all blame. In the absence of Mr. Sowerberry, the beadle was called in as the only available person capable of managing such a stalwart refractory as Oliver had shown himself; but even the presence of this functionary failed to bring the young rebel to subjection. In fact Mr. Bumble, having heard of the ferocity of his late *protege*, though it prudent to parley before allowing him to escape from the dingy apartment in which, by the combined force of all the members of the Sowerberry household, he had been locked up. "With this view he gave a kick at the outside by way of prelude, and applying his mouth to the keyhole said, in a deep impressive tone:—

'Oliver!'

'Come; you let me out,' replied Oliver from the inside.

'Do you know this here voice, Oliver?' said Mr. Bumble.

'Yes,' replied Oliver.

'Aint you afraid of it sir? Aint you atrembling while I speak, Sir?' said Mr. Bumble.

'No,' replied Oliver boldly."

This unexpected reply took the parochial officer by surprise, and caused him so much agitation that even the cocked hat was perceptibly moved. He ultimately concluded that it was better not to molest the little prisoner for some time, and with his usual humanity suggested that he should be starved for a few days, then fed on workhouse diet.

Oliver's conduct on this occasion is well adapted to give us an insight to his disposition. His filial love, in anybody an infallible mark of a noble nature unknown to meanness or servility of any sort, is in him doubly praiseworthy from the fact that he never saw his mother and knew absolutely nothing of her. Shortly after his quarrel with Noah our little hero conceived the idea of running away from the coffin-maker's, and accordingly we find him one morning bright and early on the high road to London. The

hardships, fatigues, and privations which the youthful wanderer underwent on his journey furnish ample food for reflection. How different was Oliver from the ordinary child of ten years, who as a rule is unwilling to be disengaged from the mother's apron string! Oliver may have been clinging to some such imaginary string, as it is reasonable to suppose that his thoughts were with her for whose sake he had quit the service of his late master ; nor can it be doubted that such visionary things are often sources of much consolation but it does not come within the domain of probability that they should be of much service during a seventy mile walk in winter time. That Oliver did not die before he reached his destination cannot be ascribed to the fact that he was sustained by abundance of meat and drink ; of these he had none save what he owed to the charity of those he met, and he was too timid and too unsophisticated to make a successful beggar : it must therefore be attributed to his extraordinary will power and uncommon force of character.

Oliver's early experiences in the great English Metropolis were at once trying and perilous ; however he remains unchanged and never in any circumstance does he fail to demonstrate the same noble nature and to vindicate his claim to our unmitigated admiration. How little he was influenced by his association with Fagin and Co. is shown by the fact that he heroically resolved to alarm the house to which he was brought by robbers in order to assist in executing their nefarious schemes. As a teacher in the rudiments of vagabondism Fagin's previous efforts had been attended with the fullest measure of success ; one of his pupils, Artful Dodger, was indisputably the most accomplished pick-pocket and the most brazen-faced, all-round scoundrel in London ; yet all his various plans for making a thief of Oliver failed signally. On the evidence of the Jew himself, as gleaned from the following scrap of conversation between him and one of his associates, Oliver's innate repugnance to the occupation was proof against all enticements.

“ ‘ Why not have kept him here amongst the rest and make a sneaking, snivelling pick-pocket of him at once ? ’ demanded Monks.

‘ I saw it was not easy to train him to the business,’ re-

plied the Jew ; 'he was not like other boys in the same circumstances.' " Surely no more irrefutable evidence of Oliver's sterling qualities could possibly be adduced.

After his almost miraculous escape from the hands of this band of ruffians and his restoration to health under his new found friends we see him in an altogether different light. Henceforth only his gratitude and love for the kind benefactors to whom he owed his life, attract our attention. His first act on regaining consciousness was to assure his protectors of his deep and lasting gratitude for their kindness, and of his eagerness to repay them by performing any little offices they might think fit to impose. He is never so happy as when employed in the service of Mrs. Maylie and her niece Rose ; he has only one thought, and that is the happiness of his kind friends. His anxiety to see Mr. Brownlow, the gentleman who had formerly befriended him and from whose house he had been kidnapped by the emissary of Fagin, is another evidence of his loyal and generous heart ; while his sorrow and disappointment on finding that Mr. Brownlow had gone to the West Indies is scarcely less touching. His untiring devotion to Rose Maylie during her illness, and his heart-rending grief at the thought of losing her forever, show that he was indeed worthy of the confidence that had been placed in him.

In fine, *Oliver Twist* is throughout an ideal specimen of boyhood. With scarcely a single objectionable trait, he unites all the ennobling qualities of our nature. In his good fortune he did not forget his little workhouse friend, Dick ; in the midst of pleasures he had none so great as the coming back to make little Dick happy too. We last see him weeping bitterly in the midst of a host of loving friends, and all because he has found that poor Dick is beyond the power of assistance,—a fitting scene with which to close the history of one who in all the vicissitudes of his strange career gave so many proofs of genuine heroism.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.

THE THIRTEENTH LEO.



HE grand old men who were born in "Eighteen hundred and ever so few," and who counted many of them, eight decades and more of the splendid century now closed, have all been outrun in the race, by the wonderful man, who holds the mystic keys, the precious trust of Jesus to Peter and of Peter to his successors. Leo, the thirteenth of the name, the two hundred and sixty-third calling himself the "Servant of the servants of God" is a leader known and renowned as such; a leader of the people, not in the old world nor in the new world alone, but of the people, rich and poor alike, the whole world over; a leader, loving and beloved and yet supreme. Such is Leo; his name has been well chosen, from the first to the thirteenth, the Leos have been, as men and pontiffs, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The present bearer of the name is a man who has read the age, and knows its evils and its fallacies by heart, just as he knows the remedy of all.

One need not fear after this long test under "the strong white light" that strikes all summits, to say that Leo the thirteenth is the most widely known and supremely, unquestionably, influential man of this age. His influence is felt in all states and conditions of life, by the individual, the classes and the nations. He is known and talked of not only by Catholics and in Catholic countries, but by men of every sect and in all countries; he is a diplomat, a man of infinite tact and of many resources, a man of the world, in the best sense of the word, but he is above all a man of God, *the* man of God. It is more as a sovereign and as a leader that he is thus well known. As a man, possessing individual tastes and characteristics, unburdened of all public responsibility and free to follow the inclination of his will in his pursuits and manner of living, there are but few that know him, and thus by the multitude, he is and can be only half appreciated. But how absurd and ridiculous to speak of Leo XIII being without responsibility; how foolish to imagine that a Pope of Rome is for a moment released from his great weight of care. Not for him comes that happy mood

“ In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world is lightened.”

For this watchman on the tower, this is not as for the poet of the lakes and hills, an unintelligible world ; he knows what ails the world as Christ knew and revealed it to Peter. It is right and just we should seek to know and love the beauty of his manhood and his soul, his happiness and labour in his beautiful life. Man's nobility is *in* the man ; and Leo, with his great soul, his profound and brilliant intellect and sweet simplicity is the noblest nobleman of them all. And he the leader, the teacher and father of God's children, he the Pope of Rome, is denied the freedom of his own states, and is kept a prisoner within his own palace ; so stern are the requirements of the consistent holding of his great trust. The disastrous error of his despoilers does not, however, disturb his peace of mind or lessen his happiness in the doing of his daily work, nor does it render him less kind and courteous to any of all those who have to do with him. We have heard so often from those privileged to be near him how he lives, we could not feel as strangers were it given us to pay our personal homage. We know that despite his weak frame, and his white old age, he rises early and spends some time in his private chapel, alone with God, whom he invokes each new day as the “ God that rejoiceth his youth ” ; and from whom he seeks and finds the strength and grace for each day's tasks. We know, with mingled pride and wonder, that each day he gives his attention to the affairs of the Church. How easily that is said ! But how stupendous is the real aspect of the whole world to one man the keeper thereof ! Even yet as constant reports from Rome tell us, there are certain days on which he must receive and give audience to his children who come individually and in pilgrim bands from the farthest ends of the earth, to kiss his hands and praise God for his being. When he retires at night from the “ cares that infest the day,” it is not always to sleep and rest, but often, even in these last months of increased anxiety on the part of his attendants, he spends much time in planning for the improvement of his people ; he plots and plans for the honor and glory of God ; he doubtless has realized how “ night unto night uttereth knowledge and

speakeeth wisdom." Was it in the silence of the night he conceived those wonderful Encyclicals of the past few years—the Encyclical for the revival of Thomistic studies in our schools, the Encyclical for the readjustment of capital and labour, that message to the rich and the poor, to the working men and women and their employers? Was it in the calm serenity of the night he analyzed and stated so clearly the condition and position of the laborer and the capitalist as opposed to each other? Was it then he thought of and worked out the only solution there is for the evil which exists and which would not exist only for this opposition? What a gratifying return for all his unselfishness, love and care, must be find in looking on and seeing the blessed effect of his message among his people; above all how must he feel repaid when societies of working men in all parts of the world thank him for so strongly and justly defending the cause of right. If France must needs go through another *Reign of Terror*, even if a bloodless one, will she not be forced to say: Pope Leo warned us, he showed us how we might avert this awful cataclysm by making of our Republic a strong Christian Government.

We see, as we review his life within the Vatican, that Leo XIII., Vicar of Christ, and Joachim Pecci are one and the same in all their ambitions and desires, that it seems an absurdity to attempt to distinguish between them, that this scion of the noble Pecci family shines pre-eminent a very "*Light in Heaven*"! His memory will go down the ages, crowned with the triple halo of pontiff, scholar and saint. The first act performed by him, as Supreme Ruler of the Catholic Church, was to complete the work begun by Pius IX. of re-constructing the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. What very special reasons for loving loyalty do not the English-speaking Catholics, the world over owe him for his speedy recognition of the great Oxford agitator, John Henry Newman! How kindly and firmly he prevented a wrong construction being put on the School Question in the United States, and as he began so has he continued.

Not content with doing the work which lay before him, he as sought and found in every country and among every peopleh work to be accomplished. Throughout the history of the world, we know of no other Sovereign to whom Leo can be so justly and

so favorably compared as to Charlemagne, that great Christian monarch, who, in the latter part of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century, so greatly promoted the glory of God and the honor of His Holy Church, not only in his kingdom among his own people, but in barbarous countries, among the barbarians. Like Charlemagne, Leo is a protector and lover and pursuer of learning ; promoting at every chance, the intellectual possibilities of the Catholic world, having above Charlemagne, the advantages of ten centuries of development. Like him too, Leo is loved and appreciated. This was shown at the time of his Golden Jubilee in 1887, when pilgrims came from every quarter of the globe laden with gifts to lay at his feet as testimonials of their admiration, gratitude and love. And now nearly fifteen years later, we see him still striving and struggling against ignorance and skepticism, and oppression of the poor ; dignified in his resistance to the false principles of those who base the happiness of Italy on the spoliation of those small states that are his by every right sacred in the laws of civilized peoples ; fearless in challenging the so-called scholars to prove that the Catholic Church dare not go the full length of Reason in her systems of scientific research. The assertion that " history is a vast conspiracy against truth " stands for what it is worth, still no true lover of truth but has yearned for a rewriting of many sections of history ; perhaps it was with that hope that Leo XIII opened the Vatican Library to the world, the hope that by conscientious study of the real documents, history would be written in such a way as to show that :

Through all the wonderings of our race
Clear may we read God's power and grace,
Till through all History's tale shall glow
Heav'n's kingdom founded here below.

Of Leo XIII. it may truly be said : He rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

" Twine laurels for him, the Pontiff, the classic,
The statesman and poet, far over the sea.
We waft gratulation
And wreath of ovation
Pope Leo, to thee !

For, lo, in thine age, when Europe was arming,
The fisherman's ring was a circlet of calm,
 It hushed in the Rhineland,
 And France, the fair vine-land,
 War's muttering storm.

Hail Pontiff of peace, of light and advancement !
With lays and with music thy name we entwine.
 God's music supernal
 And laurels eternal,
 Pope Leo be thine !

WILL. L. STONER.

Ottawa, April 1901.



THE CAPTIVE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



ET me out ! 'Tis April,—
I have heard a sound
From the white narcissus
Creeping from the ground.
I have heard a whisper
From the springtime wood ;
I would leave the city
For the solitude.

Hark there call the voices
Of the ancient trees ;
Hush I hear faint tidings
From the distant seas.
Spring is at my threshold,
Calling me away.
Let me out ! 'Tis April,—
I would live to-day !

Give to me the rapture
That my heart would know
Could I see the voilets
First begin to blow !
Lo ! the breath of springtime
Lingers at my door,
Let me out ! 'Tis April,—
I would live once more !

—*The Rosary Magazine.*

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

II. ATMOSPHERIC MOISTURE.

Lecture delivered before the Scientific Society by J. T. Warnock, '01.

THE watery vapors which arise from the land and sea become diffused in invisible particles throughout the whole range of the air, and are generally supposed to occupy the intervals between the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen. Certain, it is, however, that with an increase in temperature, a much greater quantity of moisture can be sustained. In fact experiment shows, that when the same volume of air increases in temperature in arithmetical ratio, its capacity for moisture is augmented in geometrical series, while the same also holds true when both are diminishing.

The amount of moisture present in the atmosphere is determined by means of an instrument called the hygrometer. This is in many different forms, but the simplest in use, consists merely of two common thermometers, made as nearly alike as possible, the bulb of one being tightly covered with a piece of muslin. In making observations, this bulb is slightly moistened, and the water evaporating cools the tube, thus causing the mercury to fall. Then by taking the difference between the readings of the two thermometers, we can deduce the relative humidity of the atmosphere.

From this we can find out that air intensely heated will sustain a great amount of water vapor. Should this temperature be lessened, however, it will not be all retained, the capacity for moisture decreasing at a much faster rate. Thus it is that the rain, the cloud, and mist will be produced ; but should the loss of heat be very excessive, such phenomena as hail, hoar-frost or snow will be the result.

RAIN AND ITS DISTRIBUTION.

Rain is the result of a diminished temperature in an atmosphere which is highly charged with water-vapor. The minute particles are made collect together, and thus form drops, which on account of their weight cannot be sustained,

Moisture is essential to vegetable life, and hence the rainfall is distributed throughout the earth. But yet there are two causes which make this distribution unequal; these are latitude and height above the sea level.

Near the Equator, where the mean temperature of the atmosphere is very high, a large quantity of water vapor is united with it, and hence the rainfall will be very great. Thus the amount of rain which falls seems to depend for the most part on the latitude. In lat. $5^{\circ} 40'$ North the annual rainfall is 229 inches, while in lat. $65^{\circ} 1'$ it is only 13.5 inches. Along the coast, however, even in high latitudes, a great abundance of rain falls, a circumstance which is accounted for by the proximity of the ocean. We are aware that the higher we ascend in the atmosphere the colder it becomes, for the air lessening in density is unable to retain any great quantity of heat, hence does its capacity for moisture also decrease, and in those places which are far above sea level very little rain falls.

Within the tropics but two seasons are noticeable—the wet and the dry. For a period varying from three to five months the weather is scarcely ever clear, there being almost a continual downpour of rain. In the northern hemisphere these storms last from October to April, while their duration in the south extends from April to October. The shifting of the monsoons marks the opening of this dreaded season; and such terrific lightening and thunder storms accompany these that they are certainly to be feared.

That these periodical rains are caused by the sun is evident, for in his annual course he gives rise, in the northern hemisphere, to the southwesterly monsoon, and to the southeasterly in the southern, and these carry vast quantities of moisture from the equatorial seas and deposit it over the tropical lands.

Beyond the tropics great irregularity is noticed in the distribution of rain. But the fact that the currents of air in these regions are ever changing furnishes us with a reason for this. In Germany, for example, twice as much rain falls in summer as in winter, while in England just the reverse holds true. Hence, for extra-tropical countries no fixed law can be given.

We have thus far been viewing those portions of the earth

which are blessed with a sufficiency of rain, we must now turn to those parts which are not so favored, to those desolate tracts of land which mar what would otherwise be the most beautiful continents of the globe. Africa gives us a striking example in the Sahara, while Arabia, Persia, and the table-land of Thibet, in which is the vast Desert of Gobi, all present us with barren wastes of sand. Egypt, too, is saved only by the Nile; for were it not for the fact that this mighty river overflows its banks and inundates the country, Egypt's fertile fields would be little better than the unyielding plains of Sahara.

On the other hand, there are regions in which rain falls almost without intermission. In the low plains of Guiana, which are covered by impenetrable forests and over which the moist Trade Winds blow continuously Humboldt declares that rain falls unceasingly for a period extending to even five or six months.

So much, therefore, for the cause and distribution of rain. However, before considering another of the aqueous phenomena it might be interesting to note the quantity of rain which falls throughout the year. Johnson in calculating it has placed the fall at 8.5 ft. in the Torrid zone, 3.05 ft. in the Temperate, and 1.05 ft. in the Frigid, which amount would cover the total surface of the earth to the depth of five feet. According to Maury "the annual downpour will fill a lake 24,000 miles long and 3,000 miles broad to a depth of 16 feet." These are immense quantities it is true, but neither estimate seems exaggerated if we consider the great volume of water which daily evaporates from the ocean and the large lakes and rivers on the earth's surface.

FOGS.

Another phenomenon and one which springs from a cause very similar to that of rain is the fog. Like rain it is formed from the moisture in the air, though the particles of vapor are very different from drops of rain being, as they are, minute, hollow, watery globules. Very little change in temperature is sufficient to produce them if the atmosphere be at all moist.

In the polar regions dense fogs prevail throughout the year. There during the summer the air over the land is much more highly heated than that over the sea, hence the cause of this

phenomenon. In winter the case will be reversed, though the fog always remains, for the land has now become colder and the result produced is the same. But they are not confined to the polar regions alone, the maritime provinces and even portions of the continent farther inland, are subject to them. Along the coast they frequently make navigation so dangerous that it has to be suspended for a time. In inland districts they are generally caused by the junction of two bodies of water which are of different temperatures, though a fog will also rise if the air above a lake be much colder than the water itself. They are prevalent therefore in the autumn season.

Occasionally during summer a cloudless sky will assume a hazy appearance. This is generally attributed to the existence of fog. However, this phenomenon is not similar to the ordinary mist, for its cause can generally be traced to an extensive fire which is filling the air with smoke. Thus it is often called a dry fog. Fogs exist almost continuously in the higher regions of the atmosphere, though in this case they receive the name of clouds. The uprising currents of warm moist air is their chief source, for as they ascend they come in contact with layers of air which cause their temperature—and hence their capacity for moisture—to be lessened. This moisture then collects in minute globules and from these the clouds are formed. Usually they are far above the earth, though their height varies from 1,300 feet to five miles. Aeronauts have ascended to the great distance of 23,000 feet, but still there were clouds which appeared miles beyond them. Their thickness is likewise considerable. From the high tops of the Pyrenees engineers were able to measure one which proved to have a depth of over half a mile.

We are all aware, however, that clouds have hardly ever the same appearance, nor are they always attended with the same phenomena. Acting in accordance with these facts, Mr. Howard has divided them into seven classes, three primary, the Cirrus, Cumulus and Stratus, and four compound, the Cirro-stratus, Cirro-cumulus, Cumulus-stratus and Nimbus. The Cirrus is a light fleecy cloud floating high in the air and generally supposed to be the precursor of a storm. The Cumulus on the other hand is a massive cloud which often has the appearance of a snowy

mountain. It floats much nearer to the earth than the Cirrus. The Stratus is an extended sheet of vapor which rises generally in the evening but dissolves again before sunrise ; its outlines are very indistinct. The names which the compound clouds bear give us an idea of their appearance, the Nimbus alone requiring explanation. It is a dark cloud which is usually of a bluish-black color but before falling in rain assumes a light gray. It is the rain-cloud, and seems to contain a combination of all the other varieties.

DEW, HOAR-FROST AND SNOW.

The moisture of the air brings still another phenomenon before our notice. This is dew. The popular belief that this is formed in the atmosphere and falls like a fine rain seems wholly without foundation, for if such were the case it is hardly possible that these little sparkling specks which cover everything would be so perfect. The scientists therefore tried to explain the phenomenon more rationally. The cooling of the earth, they say, causes the air to decrease in temperature and hence it loses its moisture, this collecting on the cool objects on the earth with which the humid atmosphere is coming constantly into contact. In the autumn season the temperature sometimes falls below the freezing point and then the drops of dew becoming frozen form into beautiful little crystals, thus producing hoar-frost.

When the temperature of the air falls so much as to be continually below the freezing point the moisture which it contains is congealed and forming into variously shaped flakes, falls to the earth and covers it with a fleecy mantle. The exceeding whiteness of snow can be attributed to the presence of air within the minute crystals which go together to form the snowflakes. In countries where the cold is very intense illustrations of how snow is formed are by no means rare. If a window of a room which contains warm moist air be suddenly opened, immediately we see the room fill with flakes. The juncture of two currents of air of very different temperatures accounts for this.

Throughout the earth there are places which are continually covered with snow, though their height above sea level varies greatly. At the equator the snow-line is highest, being many thousands of feet above the sea, while it slopes gradually to the

pole. Mountains whose tops are above this line of perpetual frost are therefore continually snow-capped.

The snow on these mountains by partial thawing often becomes a solid block of ice, and this on account of its elasticity commences to flow down the sides of the mountains into the valleys. Thus are formed the glaciers. These mighty rivers of ice play an important part in the work of erosion which is carried on in the higher latitudes. They are also the parent of the icebergs, for when they flow into the ocean—and they almost always do—great blocks of ice many tons in weight are sometimes broken off, and these falling into the sea are borne into the warmer waters by the Arctic currents.

HAIL.

Their remains but another of the aqueous phenomena to consider. This is hail. It is seen usually in summer showers and is caused by an intensely cold body of air coming in contact with an atmosphere which is both warm and humid. Practically it is frozen rain. The hailstones themselves are icy pear-shaped masses which upon being cut reveal a centre composed of a snowy nucleus surrounded by concentric layers of ice and filled with rows of radiating air-bubbles. Sometimes the hailstones are very large as they gradually increase in magnitude in their descent, and thereby acquire considerable force. In towns and cities especially these storms are to be dreaded as they usually have impetus enough to break even thick plate glass.

But even with the many disasters which a moist atmosphere brings it is very necessary, since it always contains two very valuable properties, the power of radiation and the power of absorption. To the first may be attributed the torrent-like showers which frequently occur within the tropics, while the second may be said to regulate the radiation of heat from the earth's surface, which in a dry atmosphere would be so rapid as to cause intense and injurious cold. Concerning the utility of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere Tyndall says: "It is a blanket more necessary to the vegetable life of England than clothing is to man. Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapor from the air which overspreads this country, and every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature would perish. The warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost."

TO THE NORTHERN GOLD FIELDS.



HIS being the time of the year when navigation on the Yukon and its tributaries opens, most of the miners having claims in the Canadian Eldorado, and who have been spending the winter in Southern Canada or in the United States, have left or will soon leave for the scene of the summer's operations. Others attracted by the news that the government will soon open the reserved claims, or in search of new beds of the yellow metal will follow the old adage, "the early bird gets the worm," and reach the mineral district as soon as possible. Besides these, a large number of adventurers and speculators will take advantage of the first passage to Dawson or Atlin so as to have a longer season to work, or to study the resources of the country. The influx of the latter class will likely be very great, as they are largely induced to go to the gold country by the prediction of good times by influential residents, some of whom have stated that the output for the district about Dawson city alone for this year, will reach \$30,000,000.

Of the numerous routes to the Klondike each having its advantages, the White Pass route is now almost solely used; the Yukon route via Behring Sea and the Yukon river is still extensively used for freight, the transportation companies having regular steamship lines from Vancouver and Victoria to Dawson.

Skagway, now almost as familiar to newspaper readers as Dawson, is the starting point of the White Pass route. The voyage from Vancouver to this port takes about three days in favorable weather. Its situation is at the head of Lynn canal, a natural inlet north of the Queen Charlotte islands. Two and a-half miles to the north-west on the same body of water lies Dyea, the landing-place in the mad rush to the gold fields in '95 and '96. To-day it is deserted, its long, racked, temporary wharves, from their association with so many reckless attempts to reach the Klondike give it a sad appearance. Whether from its unhealthy situation or its drawbacks as a port, Skagway has so far neither grown in population nor improved very much in appearance, there being only about three or four hundred of a stable

population, most of whom live in log huts and cabins. There are two custom houses here, one Canadian and the other American. It is also the headquarters of the White Pass and Yukon Territory R. R., the only railroad in the Territory. Owing to the poor construction of the road, trains run very slowly over it and it takes a day to travel the one hundred miles already built, to its terminus on Lake Bennet.

The journey from Bennet to Dawson city can be made in five days when there are no delays. Taking steamer at Bennet, which has dwindled from a town with a population of several hundred in the days of the stampede, to a mere hamlet, the passage through Lake Bennet and the little river which forms its outlet into Lake Tagish is devoid of interest to the traveller, the eye resting continually on the monotonous growth of stunted spruce all along the shore.

Tagish Lake is the divisional point between the routes to Dawson and to Atlin. On its shore is Tagish, a mounted police station, where there is also a Canadian customs' office. To reach Atlin the second place in respect to size in the northern mining country, the route is south through the lake, and then through an arm of the lake known as Taku Arm, which is very dangerous for small craft on account of high winds which blow across it almost constantly. The distance from there to Atlin, which is just beyond the boundary in British Columbia, is very short and may be made overland or by way of a small river to Atlin lake. From Taku a tramway two and a-half miles long, for freight, is operated.

The northern route through Tagish Lake leads to Dawson. Leaving the lake we descend a small river which brings us to Marsh Lake, a sheet of water twenty miles long, and from the foot of it the Lewes river is free from danger as far as Miles Canyon twenty-five miles further down. A few yards below are the once-dreaded White Horse Rapids, where so many lost their lives in 1895 and 1896. Both can be run without any danger, with a staunch boat not too heavily laden, the channel of course being known. The majority of the gold-seekers used "to portage" the distance, three-eighths of a mile, past the rapids. The country all along is hilly and mountainous, and covered with small trees and

other sparse vegetation. Twenty-four miles further on the river expands into Lake Laberge. From there to the junction with the Teslin river, a distance of thirty-one miles, the current is very strong, but only one hindrance to continuous, easy navigation occurs for the rest of the way to Dawson, that is, the Five Fingers, so-called from the five channels made by barriers of rock, standing in the channel, backing the water up so that it is a foot or two higher than that immediately below. The Rink Rapids some six miles below can be run by keeping to the right side, where the water is sufficiently deep to make the passage safe.

At the confluence of the Lewes River with the Big Salmon there is a police station. Other police stations are passed at the mouths of the tributaries Little Salmon and Pelly. At the point where the Pelly and Lewes rivers unite to form the Yukon stand the ruins of Fort Selkirk, once the most important post of the Hudson Bay Company in the far north. It was destroyed in 1852 by the Indians. These dusky inhabitants are still very numerous in the Yukon, and they are met with at all the stopping-places along the river. They live mostly on the flesh of the moose and cariboo, both of which animals are plentiful in this region.

Dawson city is by far the most important place in the great mineral country. It was on the Klondike river, which flows into the Yukon on one side of the city, that the first gold was found, and since then Dawson has become the centre of the mineral district which at present is confined within a radius of about seventy-five miles of the city. It is thus destined, for some years at least, to be the principal provision and outfitting place in the Yukon Territory. Although somewhat picturesquely situated on the bank of the river at the foot of a mountain, its location is so low as to make it very unhealthy. This condition has made the enforcement of sanitary laws of strict necessity. For the short time it has been in existence it presents quite an imposing and business-like appearance, although the majority of the buildings are small. However there are some fine, large structures. On arriving near the city the first of these to meet the eye are the large sheeted warehouses of the transportation companies. The post office, the banks and the several churches are among the finest buildings. The Catholic church is in charge of the Oblate Fathers who have met with

great success here in their missionary labors. The Sisters of St. Anne whose mother-house is at Lachine, P.Q., have charge of the hospital and parochial school. There is also a general hospital. Almost the only industry carried on in the city is lumbering. There are four saw-mills, one of which is owned by the famous Jos. Ladue, one of the lucky pioneers of the Klondike country. The only wood fit for making lumber is the spruce. It is also very valuable for heating purposes and for thawing the ground in placer mining. The ground around Dawson never thaws to a greater depth than a few feet, although the months of June, July and August are warm enough to grow such hardy vegetables as radish, lettuce and carrots.

Dawson supports three newspapers, the "Daily Nugget" the "Daily News" and a semi-weekly the "Yukon Sun." The law courts for the Territory are located here, being presided over by Judges Dugas and Craig. The city has many of the baneful features of a western mining town, but nevertheless there is a wholesome fear of the law. The recording office where claims are registered is also here.

Atlin, the other important place in that northern region is picturesquely and much more healthfully situated than Dawson, although not nearly so large. It overlooks Atlin Lake, and is regularly laid out having fine wide streets. The population of both places is largely American, especially that of Dawson. A peculiar incident last summer in the latter town, was the celebration of the Fourth of July on a grand scale. Among Atlin's best buildings are the post office, the hospital and the churches. There is a recording office and police court here, the latter presided over by Judge Woods. There are two saw-mills in Atlin and a weekly newspaper, the "Atlin Claim."

Both in the Dawson and Atlin districts the mining is nearly all placer, although there is some digging in creeks bottoms. In placer mining the preliminary operations are begun in winter. By means of fire the ground is thawed sufficiently to be dug, and the frozen lumps of earth thus taken out are left in heaps by the side of the excavations until the summer thaws them. Then the fine gravelly earth is thrown into sluice-boxes and washed down with a strong current of water ; in this operation the particles of gold

drop to the bottom and the fine earth is carried on. There is every indication of rich quartz veins existing, but so far prospectors have sought the easier method of obtaining riches by seeking the yellow metal in gravel beds and creek bottoms.

The development of this northern region has evidently just begun and it is likely that several other railroads will be built into it before long. A charter has recently been applied for in parliament by a company, for an all Canadian railway to Dawson City from some point on Kitenat Harbour in British Columbia. Several other companies have also been organized for transportation by water to the Yukon Territory.

T. E DAY, '03.



RACHEL.



EARLY fifty years ago, in an obscure little inn in Munf, Switzerland, a poor pedlar's child first saw the light ; and following her Jewish parents through Switzerland and Germany, for ten years, suffered all the evils attendant upon a wandering life of poverty. Finally the family settled in Lyons, where Madame Felix opened an old-clothes shop, and the husband taught German. And here in this old French city, their children first attracted attention wandering daily through the streets, singing their quaint French ballads. Sarah, who was the eldest, possessed a pleasing voice, and her thin wiry younger sister, with long raven braids and large eyes, recited verses, and took care of a still smaller member of the family. After some time they removed to Paris, and there, hungry, cold, and poorly clad the children continued to toil and struggle for a few pennies. And so it happened that, one evening, when Mons. Morin was enjoying his wine in a certain *Café* in the Rue de la Hachette, the little ones stopped in front to sing. The kind-hearted Frenchman called them near, and, after listening to a ballad from Sarah, promised her his influence at the *Conservatoire*. His offer was not forgotten, and, when they came again, he discovered that Rachel, the younger, could not sing, but only recited verses, so she was placed among the choristers of the *Conservatoire*. Choron also became interested in Rachel, and advised her to study elocution. Afterwards, St. Aulaire took her under his charge, and at this period, while reciting from *Abufar*, by Ducis, her genius first manifested itself ; for the harsh guttural voice swayed her listeners so completely that fiction seemed reality. Thus her early life passed, and the child began to develop and mature ; but, whether selling an old umbrella for the coveted Racine, or evidencing a will made resolute by ambition, her genius grew with her growth, and "bent and broke each circumstance to her path."

Never discouraged, never allowing herself to think of failure even when failure came, she struggled bravely through each phase of her dark life, at last procuring an engagement for three years,

where her talents were measured by a two-act piece of Duport's, *La Vendéenne*, written expressly for her *début*. In this she did very well, and here, for the first time, she was heard in *La Marseillaise*, which years after, and in a season of vast moment, thrilled thousands at the *Français*.

"She is not pretty, but she pleases," was the verdict rendered at the *Gymnase*. "She utters no screams, makes no gestures; ... she excites tears, emotion, and interest."

Her people always rallied to her aid, and nightly the boxes were occupied by this class of Parisians. But though the house was generally full, still she could not be called a success, for the Jews were unable to give her reputation. Her voice and manner were also unsuited to comedy, in which she was afterwards tried; for, despite careful study, she failed so entirely in this line that Poirson kindly cancelled her engagement, feeling convinced of her unfitness for the stage.

Then her old friend Sanson worked for and with her, and at length succeeded in procuring for her an engagement, at four thousand francs per year, at the *Théâtre Français*. Here again circumstances were against her, for it was summer, and Paris was out of town. The Israelites again thronged the house, and a few appreciative critics were pleased, yet to the many she was still "the little fright." Then Jules Janin saw her, and he was the first to realize that the genius of the girl would yet make her the queen of tragedy.

At last, Paris awoke, and the citizen-king listened, condescending to say that he would be glad to hear her again. Indeed, a royal footman brought Mlle. Rachel a present of one thousand francs, the day after the king's visit to the theatre, and her salary was also increased.

At this time, her *répertoire* consisted of Camille in *Les Horaces*, Emilie in *Cinna*, Hermione in *Andromaque*, Aménaïde in *Tancrède*, Eriphile in *Iphigénie en Aulide*, and Monime in *Mithridate*.

She had now fairly asserted herself, and the most aristocratic courted her presence. But, notwithstanding all the attention and flattery offered, the young girl was faithful to her studies, and touching pictures of the simple household come to us; how she controlled the younger children, always retaining her position as

the daughter, and even preparing the simple food with that quiet dignity which was her especial characteristic. Studying carefully, persevering indomitably, was it surprising that she could demand where others sued? "Neglect is but the fiat to an undying future," a great thinker has told us, and so those early, cruel years proved to Rachel. But though success was sweet, and the voice of applauding thousands a necessity, yet a very short time was sufficient to develop the great characteristic of her race, and the insatiable greed for gold was stronger than her strongest passion. Certain money transactions were bruited that did not redound to her honor, and many of her best friends grew cold. Then, with all the passion of a pythoness, she roused herself, and, making each endeavor stronger by her womanly antagonism, she determined to succeed despite their displeasure.

The first night of *Roxane* closed, and for the only time in her life "the woman sank dismayed at sight of unfriendly brows." This was ice to her heart, but it was the ice that quickens and intensifies the flame. So rallying with a grand courage worthy a better motive, she prepared herself for the second night. Thunders of applause repaid her, and her "*Sortes!*" brought down the house. Hers was a new school, where the rules that had once been laws were entirely disregarded. No studied declamation, no loud ranting, marred the classic beauty of her perfect rendition, but each phase was true to nature, each gesture told its part; and the actors themselves were startled by the fearful earnestness of her tones. The fiercer and more terrible passions seemed hers pre-eminently; and hatred stole the fires of hell, while jealousy incarnated the passion of devils, when her genius made them realizations. Not so much a living impersonation of characteristics, she possessed the art of waking conceptions of what might be, and, with these premonitions of the possible, she would pass onward to some newer and more sublime translation.

Never finding expression in screams, indicative always of mere surface-feeling, hers was the utterance of controlled passion, which you saw gleaming in her burning eyes, or listened to with bated breath in each whisper of her distinct voice. Her physique was very frail, but there was wonderful power in each movement; and more than any other actress has she realized the eloquence of action.

She never appealed by her sex's gentleness, neither did this woman dazzle by the beauty others owned ; but she extorted what you could not withhold—she demanded as a queen, and you dared not deny her tribute. The most exclusive saloons were now open to her, and the noblest of France offered their homage. Chateaubriand petted her ; Récamier welcomed her with winning grace.

Her career has been reckoned from 1840 to 1856, closing in January, 1857 ; and during this long period the public gave her a loyalty that was always faithful. But those who are most exalted must expect the world to treat them as a marksman would a first-rate target. Therefore, in Rachel's case many and in quick succession were the arrows aimed. The artist only acts, said one, and the woman is devoid of feeling ! — but had they seen her after the imprecations of Camille, when, panting for breath, her large eyes would close, and her purple lips prove the fearful strength of her passion !

At this time, she appeared as Pauline in *Polyeucte*, but the public was not pleased with this, and it was only when she concentrated her strength in the magic words, “ Je crois — je suis Chrétienne ! ” that her eyes kindled, and her audience felt its old inspiration.

Many incidents have been recalled to disprove her want of feeling ; but none are more touching than that at Lyons. She was at her zenith then, with two continents echoing her acclaim ; and again she trod the well-known streets, and entered the poor *café* where the chilled and trembling child first assayed her verses. She was rich and powerful now ; thousands passed through fingers ; but she only saw the faded calico dress ; she only heard the hungry cry for “ two sous ! ” “ They willingly give me a louis, now I am rich and celebrated,” she said then, while assisting some charity. “ They refused me two sous when I was a poor child dying of hunger ! ” And, with this full tide of the past sweeping her passionate heart, she sat in the little *café* near the *Théâtre Célestins*. The triumphs of the artist were forgotten, and the great burning eyes of the woman wept !

Now came the famous English tour, in all respects a triumph ; then she extended her travels to the provinces, and afterward further on the Continent. But the Parisians never liked her absence, and were always sulky on her return.

Then the February of 1848 came, and Rachel entered Paris amid the shouts of "La Marseillaise." Who could resist that hymn? for, as a young girl told Béranger, "One felt in the air a mighty breath of hope, that bore along with it all youthful hearts."

And she, the idol of the people, she of the masses, chanted the great hymn of liberty. Clad in long flowing white drapery, grasping the tricolor in her right hand, she appeared before the footlights, half-chanting, half-reciting the Marseillaise. "The whole figure," writes a contemporary, "in its terrific grace, its sinister beauty, was a magnificent representation of the implacable Nemesis of antiquity, and struck every heart with terror and admiration." Then when she sank to the ground, clasping the flag, the enthusiasm of the people broke forth in one spontaneous, electric shout of applause.

There were free performances at this time, and with the sash of a *commissaire* bound around her waist, she created such a furore that even the gamins passed their hats, collecting sous for a monster bouquet to present. But times changed, the empire succeeded the republic, and the Marseillaise ceased even in the streets. Then *Adrienne Lecouvreur* appeared, calling forth a remarkable criticism, and contradicting the heartlessness so often urged; for it was now said that her success was more that of the woman than the *artiste*. Only on rare occasions did she allow glimpses of her better nature to appear, but these showed a kindness none the less real. Witness her generosity to the poor peasant aunt in Germany, whom she invited to stay with her, bestowing upon the old woman a sum that made her comfortable for life. And again, when her quick passion made her forget the deference due to her mother, she would never rest till she had speedily returned for pardon.

At one time, it was reported that, in Rome, she was desirous of being baptized by the Holy Father, and this impulse is said to have originated in deep feelings, the result of powerful impressions. Indeed, after her return from the Vatican, she exclaimed, "Yes, *this* is the true faith. This is the God-inspired creed. None other could have accomplished such works. Truly I will be one of them yet." These words excited great alarm in her family who looked with horror upon the prospect of her

becoming a Christian. However, the precious grace then apparently given was never followed. We fear that by a life of worldliness and even sinfulness it was soon crushed.

Rachel was treated with distinguished courtesy both by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia ; and her success in Russia was said to be due not only to her genius as an actress, but to her personal influence over the young officers and *noblesse*. At one of the farewell dinners, the invasion of France was discussed, and then the tact of the *tragédienne* was most happily displayed.

"We shall not bid you adieu, but *au revoir, mademoiselle*," said one of the officers. "We hope soon to applaud you in the capital of France, and to drink your health in its excellent wines."

"Nay, *messieurs*," she replied ; "France will not be rich enough to afford champagne to all her prisoners."

She returned to Paris, and then the fatal American journey was first broached. Raphael, with his keen love of money, urged it, because Jenny Lind's harvest had been easy and abundant. She was now in her splendid maturity, and at this time Rachel first realized those grand conceptions of Racine and Corneille which she had heretofore only rendered from close application. But now every shadow of passion represented was intensely felt in each fibre of her being ; therefore as Phedre she held Paris spell-bound. Her death-scene was thrilling, and the people of her heart welcomed her with unswerving fealty. But at this time her youngest and darling sister Rebecca died, and this event sadly afflicted her. Then, rousing her darker nature, came the Francesca of the beautiful Italian. Right gracefully did Ristori yield her meed of appreciation, but Rachel's was extorted by public opinion. Perhaps her quick jealousy urged her to surpass herself during that triumphant London season, and perhaps pique hurried her across the ocean to America. Strange was the omen shadowing the first day of that voyage, for it was marked by death from consumption ; but they were enthusiastically received in New York, and on the 3rd of September, 1855, Rachel appeared as Camille, afterwards came Phedre, and then Adrienne. In a few weeks, she visited Boston and Philadelphia, and in this last city from neglecting to heat the theatre, her cold

engendered by the varying New York climate was aggravated, and she became ill. Family dissensions also tormented her, for Raphael was grasping, and Sarah passionate beyond control ; then even her maids quarrelled, and her rapidly developing disease preyed upon her body and soul. She was restless and eager to return, for an early fancy had proved later an earnest passion, and for the first time Rachel felt that she loved.

For some reason she altered her plans, and with part of her family proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina, where much was expected from the warm climate and balmy air. Her physician in this city recommended six months' rest, but she would not consent to it. Act she would, act she must, and on the 17th of December a crowded house beheld the *tragédienne* for the last time as Adrienne. Expectation was at its height, and the *élite* of a very proud city crowded the small theatre. Some of the tickets sold as high as five dollars, and every seat was quickly secured.

Can we ever forget her, as she first appeared, tall, lithe, and self-contained, with those large, burning eyes of deep, passionate strength ? The face was perfectly colorless, and ever and anon the fatal cough shook her frame. Then the voice, as we hear her repeating the lines of *Roxane*—no rant, not even a loud note, but you hold your breath to listen, too absorbed, too enchained, to applaud. So we pass from the exquisite music of “*Les deux Pigeons*,” when her newly awakened love sounds in each softened modulation, and watch her in the marvelous splendor of her diamonds, when brow and bosom flash with a royal gift ; see her as she passes the Duchess de Bouillon, her rival ; catch that one look of withering scorn, as, in all the haughty coldness of contempt, she pronounces,

“ Je sais mes perfidies,
C'enone, et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies,
Qui, goutant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais.”

For that moment she was the queen regnant and dominant, even though compassed with all the passion of the woman. Again she comes, but the diamonds no longer flash upon her bosom ; the festive dress is put away ; and ghastly, dying, she leans in her

white robe on the dark velvet of her low chair. Gasp by gasp she had studied this in the hospitals of her own Paris, but she is nearer reality now than she dreamed then, and each words bears a cruel truth and terrible premonition. Could she feel it? Dared she realize it, and life so precious now? See her gasp, and grow whiter, as she leans on the cushioned velvet—hear her cough, not violent, but deep and hollow and sepulchral! Watch the death-shadows creep and darken—aye, the scene is before us, the tones are sounding now, though blood and battle stand between the present and that December evening.

“Maurice!” A whole lifetime of love concentrates in that eager, impulsive welcome. Then, hold your heart, as you bend forward breathless to catch each word that is barely whispered, not loudly spoken; but from parquet to tier no syllable is lost, and the hush grows intenser, the silence more profound, as she continues:

“Ah! what sufferings . . . it is no longer my head, it is my breast, that burns . . . it is here like a live coal . . . like a devouring fire which consumes me.

“Ah! the pain grows worse . . . I do not want to die . . . at present I do not want to die.

“O God! hear me! . . . O God, permit me to live! . . . a few days longer . . . I am so young and life was opening before me so beautiful!

“Life! . . . life! . . . vain struggles! . . . vain prayer! . . . my days are numbered. I feel my strength and my very being passing away!”

Who can forget her “Adieu!” in which all of life’s passion merged into the agony of the long parting?

Thus the scene passed from us; and to the *tragédienne*, her own life furnished a drama too sadly real to allow assumed feeling; therefore, despite the murmurs of the Havaneros, among whom she afterward sojourned, she was utterly incapable of appearing again on the stage.

The company then disbanded, and on the 28th of January, 1856, she returned to France.

How strenuously she fought death, those who watched her can testify. for she yearned for life with a craving that would not be subdued.

The climate of the Nile region was recommended but in May she came back unimproved.

A Parisian winter was thought too severe for her, so she prepared to remove ; and in September, when her carriage drove past the *Gymnase* to the *Théâtre Français*, where for fifteen years she had triumphed, she stopped for one long, last gaze, and fondly watched it while even a single line remained within her vision.

She was lifted from her carriage to the railway station, whence she went to Cannes, and from that place to Cannet, a little village near, where she accepted the loan of a little villa from a friend.

And here we are told of the bedroom with its snow-white walls, its friezes, and antique sculpture, and even of the white bedstead, and statue of Polymnia, all of which had been fatally foreshadowed in a dream which came to Rachel in the flush of her splendid career. Five years before, she dreamed that a giant hand crushed her chest with fiery pain, and, still dreaming, she thought that she waked in a room strangely like the one into which she was now ushered, when a voice cried aloud to her, "Thou shalt die here under my hand ! Thou shalt die here under my hand !" strange warning, and strange coincidence ; for the life was being crushed by the same burning pain, in the very room with its white walls and antique sculpture !

Carefully and persistently she followed the advice of her physician, but the winter of 1857 found her rapidly passing away. On Sunday, January 3, 1858, her suffocation was painful, and, after dictating a little to her father, her thoughts wandered to her youngest and favorite sister, whose death she had so faithfully mourned.

"My dear sister, I am going to see thee !" she exclaimed, evidently realizing the approaching change.

Sarah, who nursed her with tireless affection, and who was also the most orthodox Jewess of the family, at once telegraphed to the Consistory at Nice, which sent ten persons to assist in the last offices. Rachel was slowly sinking ; but as she still clung despairingly to life, fearing to agitate her, Sarah delayed introducing the party till the last moment : then, as she grew rapidly worse, they entered and two women and an old man approached the bed, commencing to sing in Hebrew the psalm "Ascend to God, daughter of Israel."

Rachel then turned her face, and looked upon the singers, who continued :

“ In the name of thy love, God of Israel, deliver her soul : she aspires to return to thee ; break the bonds that bind her to dust, and suffer her to appear before thy glory.”

The effect upon the dying woman seemed soothing, for her countenance grew calmer and milder ; so they sang on :

“ The Lord reigneth, the Lord has reigned, the Lord will reign everywhere, and for evermore !”

Sarah held her hand, for now Rachel was really dying.

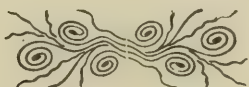
“ God of our fathers, receive in thy mercy, the soul that goeth to thee ; unite it to those of the holy patriarchs, amid the eternal joys of the heavenly Paradise ! Amen !”

And when the last notes sounded, her soul echoed the “ amen !” in a higher court, before the Supreme Judge. On earth the voices said, “ Blessed be the Judge of Truth !”

Thus the great star passed from our horizon, leaving the darkness blacker than before. She had risen with her magnificent genius just in time to rescue French tragedy from neglect ; for Talma and Duchesnois had passed away, and romanticism triumphed where classic drama once reigned. It was at this crisis that the young Israelite swept the stage, and for almost a score of years two continents echoed with her fame.

More than ten years have passed since her death ; and whether the state of the age is educated by the spirit of the age, or whether lust for gold engenders a love of pinchbeck, future ages must resolve. Only this we realize, that for the past quarter of a century there has been a perceptible decline of all genius, save the genius of invention.

—*From the Catholic World.*



THE VERY REVEREND RECTOR'S RETURN.



AFTER an absence of nearly five months, occasioned by serious illness, the Very Rev. Father Constantineau, O.M.I., D.D., Rector of the University, returned to assume his duties on Thursday evening, April 18th. We are glad to announce that the Rector, after the treatment he has received at the hands of a renowned specialist in Lowell, Mass., comes back to us fully restored in health, a fact which will surely be pleasing news to the many friends both of himself and of *Alma Mater* over which for the past three years he has so ably presided. That none were more pleased than the students to learn of the Rector's complete restoration to health and to have him once more amongst us, was fully testified by the rousing reception tendered him almost immediately after his arrival. On behalf of the students Rev. Father Campeau, O.M.I., Prefect of Discipline, requested the Rector to visit the Study Hall, where the students had assembled for the purpose of reading an address of welcome and congratulation on his convalescence. A good old V-A-R greeted the appearance of the Rector in the Study Hall and after the cheering had subsided Mr. T. G. Morin, '01, read the following address :

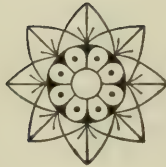
VERY REVEREND AND DEAR RECTOR,—

When, some months ago, you were compelled through serious illness to retire from the arduous labors of the Rectorship, the student body was deeply grieved, and fervent prayers were offered that it would not be long ere God, in His goodness, would restore you to your accustomed good health.

It was then, with no little pleasure that we, the students of Ottawa University, heard that you were about to return to assume your duties, and we felt that we could not allow the occasion to pass without, in some manner, giving you an assurance of the joy we feel at once more having you in our midst. We were doubly glad, too, to learn that you come back to us fully restored in health and strength, and we fervently thank God that He has spared you to continue that good work you are doing and have already done in this institution.

We pray you, then, Very Reverend Rector, to accept the students' heartfelt welcome, and our assurance of the gratitude we feel toward our Heavenly Father for the restoration of your health. We also desire to extend to you our best wishes for your future well-being, and may God long spare you to guard and prosper your and our beloved *Alma Mater*.

Father Constantineau made a suitable reply expressing the pleasure he felt at once more being able to assume his duties, and thanking the students most heartily for the kind manner in which they had welcomed him. At the request of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline and as a mark of his appreciation of the rousing welcome they had extended him, the Rev. Rector concluded his remarks by granting the students a holiday which, needless to state was thankfully accepted, for the following day. The REVIEW joins heartily with the student body in congratulating the Rector on his recovery and wishes him many long years of renewed good health.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. VIII.

APRIL, 1901.

Vol. III.

A WORD OF WARNING.

It may not be out of place for the REVIEW, in its spirit of solicitude for the welfare of the student-body, to address a word of warning and advice to those who, in a few weeks, will write on examination for degrees or diplomas. On the question of examinations, history is quite explicit,—the successful are those who, having worked assiduously from the beginning, persevere with untiring energy until the end. This, at least as a general rule, is true; and it would not be reasonable for one to confide to chance in a matter of such vital importance to him as the ultimate success of his studies.

The past is gone. We have no means to propose by which the indolent student may once more have at his disposal that which he refused to put to service when it was his; and he who has diligently applied himself is not seeking for such means.

We are now concerned with the future only,—the short interval which still remains before the examinations.

That portion of the year immediately preceding the closing is undoubtedly the most valuable for the student. It is time devoted to review : and a review not only refreshes the mind in what we have already studied, but it also gives us a firmer and more comprehensive grasp on what has been seen piecemeal and disconnected. To have prepared one's matter well for each individual class does not suffice. It very frequently occurs that those who have taken high rank during the year, meet with no great degree of success in final examinations, because they trust to their monthly class standing and neglect a serious review.

For the student who has not sufficiently devoted himself to his work, or who, for some reason or other, is weak in any branch, the faithful employment of every moment of study yet left to him is evidently his only hope.

Now, judging from the result of the recent Easter examinations, we are forced to give it as our opinion that an unusually large proportion of the candidates will find in the ordeal of June next failure and humiliation, unless they are graciously favored with some extraordinary supernatural assistance—which is rather improbable—or every effort is put forth to insure success.

We are not given to causing discouragement, yet we know whereof we speak; and, without publishing confidential secrets or dealing in exaggerations, we can assure many candidates that their showing at Easter gives them anything but reason to feel over-confident regarding the outcome of the mid-summer University examinations.

THE PRIZE DEBATE.

In the January number of the REVIEW great hopes were expressed for the success of the Debating Society of 1901. And glancing now in retrospect over the work that has been done, we are gratified to note that these hopes have been fully realized.

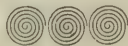
Urged on by the marked excellence of the season's work, the society felt the necessity of thrusting aside its accustomed modesty, and resolved to let its light, which had so long been

hidden under a bushel, appear before men. The committee proposed holding a public prize debate, and in this they were very favorably met by the Rev. Rector, who generously donated a medal. Tuesday, May 14th is the day appointed for the contest. Messrs. A. P. Donnelly, '01 ; J. R. O'Gorman, '01 ; W. A. Martin, '02 ; G. I. Nolan '03, the gentlemen chosen to compete, will, we are confident, do credit to themselves, to the society and to Alma Mater. In the selection of judges, the greatest discretion has been used, and the committee is to be commended in securing the services of N. A. Belcourt, LL. D., M. P., C. F. McIsaac, M. P., Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., Ald. Jos. McDougal and Mr. D'Arcy Scott.

The potency of a public debate in acquainting the outside world with the work done by our Alma Mater is recognized by both faculty and students alike, hence the REVIEW trusts that each and everyone will contribute, inasmuch as he is able, to make the prize debate of 1901 such a success that its continuance in years to come may be fully assured.

OBITUARY.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Mr. John J. Cox, who was called home during the month by the sudden death of his father, Mr. Michael Cox, of Parsons, Pa. *Requiescat in pace.*



Exchanges

On opening *The Mount* the first article that meets our eyes is "A Royal Elopement," and from the title we are inclined to expect something interesting. Interesting, indeed, it is, but alas ! the interest is lost when we find that this same article is taken almost entirely from one in the "Dublin Review" of 1890. It is a sort of paraphrase, and a very poor one at that. Surely "The Mount" essayists have talent enough to write their own compositions, without resorting to the writings of others.

The articles contained in the *Holy Cross Purple* are of a high and praiseworthy standard. "Emulation of Models" is a thoughtful and elaborate essay, well suited to stimulate and develop the nobler part of man's nature, while the style is, in itself, a model to emulate. "The Midnight Hymn" is a good specimen of the short story, highly interesting, although a tone of something strange and unnatural pervades it throughout. "The Greatest Irish Rebel" is an essay conveying much information about a point of history only too little known.

*
* *

The most noticeable thing in *The Mitre* is the confusion of its pages; it appears as if they were thrown in at random. In the "editorial" a few comments are made upon the great marks of character necessary for a religious reformer, "Had John Henry Newman been able to behold the English Church as it is to-day," so much further advanced than it was an hundred years ago (?) it is hard to say what his feelings would have been, but happily, his footsteps guided by his "Kindly Light," he found the Church, and the only Church that is to-day what it was two thousand years ago, and will be until the end of time, and to this Church he clung.

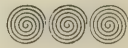
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* *

The Easter number of the "Nore Dame Scholastic" has arrived at our sanctum, and the first thing that attracts our attention is the artistic design of its cover. On looking the magazine over, we find quite a number of well written articles on subjects appropriate to the season. The stories are bright and the verse musical. In an article entitled "A New Soul for English Letters," the author makes an earnest plea for the valuable influence on our literature, which the revival of the Gaelic tongue may have. The author of the "Angel Child" is quite an adept in stories of child-life.

*
* *

"A Chinese Lily" is the title of a short but very pathetic story.

"Dramatic Material in the Life of Silken Thomas" gives one example of the many dramas that could be drawn from Irish history, a fertile field, as yet untouched and awaiting the hand of an Irish Shakespeare.



Of Local Interest.

In our last issue we recorded the indoor pranks of windy March. This month we must join in with the on-rushing spring and snatch up items from the wayside, for young summer is stirring everywhere, and too soon will have outstripped us. But the college boy thinks the spring never comes too fast. It rolls him into new spheres of athletics, inspires him with a taste for ancient pastimes and gives him room to extend his manifold plans to speedy execution. Can anyone forget so soon the scenes that marked the first long sunny days that harbingered the spring? The small boys tossed their marbles with unique boyish skill; older lads with pick and shovel encouraged the melting snows to seek rivulets, and eagerly led each growing channel to the sewer; not even a sheltered patch of snow was left as a ruin of winter's kingdom but was scattered impatiently to the keen rays of the burning sun. Who can censure

such impatience in striplings flush with young life and vigor and eager to branch out into all the realms of summer pastimes after leading life for four months in the narrower paths of winter sports? Play on boys while the sap is still rising in the tree of life! Play on before summer heats distemper the keen edge of your enjoyment! Play on in careless college days, for spring is never so sweet and bright as when the heart is young and gay!

* * *

Easter Sunday this year fell on April 7th. It was anything but an ideal Easter. The sun did not appear, and rain fell drearily nearly all day. Weather, however, is not a barometer for the mirth of the college boys. They spent the joyous feast in a manner that indicated their pleasure at the prospect of brighter days to follow the lenten purple. Many students were home for the day and some less fortunate ones were with their city friends.

On Thursday, April 12th, His Excellency, Mosig'r. Falconio, transferred his headquarters from the University to his new home on Canal Road. For nearly two years it has been the privilege and the pleasure of the priests and students of the University to have almost daily in our midst this distinguished and saintly representative in Canada of Leo. XIII. This privilege we always highly appreciated, and it was with no little regret that we learned that His Excellency was about to leave us; for during his sojourn under the College roof he has endeared himself to us by the simple grace of his life, by the kindness he has always bestowed on all, and by the cheerfulness and readiness with which on many occasions he has taken part in functions in which the students were deeply interested.

On Thursday morning he celebrated Mass in our chapel, and after Mass made a farewell address to the students. He referred to the pleasure he had experienced in being surrounded during his months spent in Canada by the priests and students of this Catholic University. He encouraged the students to make good use of

their time amidst so many excellent opportunities, and in conclusion promised to meet them often while he remains in Canada.

After Mass His Excellency negotiated with the Vice-Rector and obtained a holiday for the students. This act of kindness was highly appreciated too, needless to say.

* * *

On Monday, April 23rd, at 5 p.m., the students were treated to a surprise in the form of an impromptu lecture on missionary life among the Blackfoot Indians. Rev. Father Naessens, O.M.I., a former student of the University, and at present a missionary in the North-West Territory, told the students, in a very agreeable and interesting manner, how he established a school for Indian boys. He says those large, brawny sons of the Blackfeet must be appealed to first by displays on the part of the white man of physical strength; not in the sense of violence, indeed, but rather in clever feats of skill. Confidence in this once established remains unshaken, and obedience, interest and all the other essentials of discipline flow from it. He says those sons of the chase

love music and athletics, and he graphically related how he had availed himself of their aptitudes in these directions to impart moral force to the Indian boys.

*
* *

The annual closing exercises of the English Debating Society were held on the 21st inst., and from a pleasurable or literary point of view surpassed anything of its kind in the history of the society. The vocal and instrumental parts of the programme and the readings and declamations were of a high order of excellence. Special features of the entertainment were: "A Modern Sermon," read by Mr. J. Burke in most emphatic style; his text was "Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard." The quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius by Prof. Horrigan and Mr. G. J. Nolan, was a masterly interpretation of Shakespeare; and the Soldiers' chorus from "Faust" by the Glee Club. Rev. Father Lambert deserves great credit for the manner in which he conducted his part of the programme. A vote of thanks was moved to Prof. Horrigan for the efforts he had made during the year to make the Debating Society a success.

MEASELY SPUD AND THE ANGEL.

Some weeks ago dire measles came
To take the youthful Spud away.
Within the dark infirmary, tame
And timid the bold cowboy lay.

For many days, in dreadful ire
The 'venging angel hovered round;
The object of his fell desire
Was only Spud, the king uncrowned.

The beauteous youth, dissolved in
tears,—
A sight more fit the gods than men—
At last addressed the doom he fears :
"This weakness, pray do not condemn.

My partner Harry, friend in woe,
And all my faithful chums will tell,
That since my little brother Joe,
(Oh, dearest Joe, I loved you well!)

From earth ascended to the sky,
And left me here in bitter grief,
Not once was I e'er known to cry."
Thus, in his terror, spoke O'K—fe.

Replied the angel: "Cease to weep;
You our destroying sword shall spare,
If in bright sunshine you shun sleep,
And do not fail to comb your hair.

Your humor gay, so apt to win,
Has quite appeased our dreaded wrath.

To freeze awhile that graceless grin,
Arouse yourself and have a bath."

Spud took the hint; the frozen smile
The measles scared; no longer sick
He walks abroad in gallant style
The envy of a—rheumatic.

During the interval between the hockey and football seasons the athletes "marked" one another in the reading room.

* *

A Scrap-book.—Tim's magazine.

* *

At the Easter oral exams.—

Prof.—"Speak louder, sir!"

Angus—"—— I can't."

Prof.—"What's that?"

Angus—"Pluperfect."

* *

Prof.—"How do you spell *travel*?"

Cap.—"T—r— a——"

Prof.—"You should know a V is needed to travel."

* *

Government class—

Prof.—"What must a lawyer

do in order to practice in Canada?"

Voice—"Do everybody."

* *

Prof.—"Why is Apollo called the Lycean god?"

Student (awakening)—"Because the verb governs the accusative."

* *

Prof.—(In Grade II) "What is the singular of *breeches*?"

Aspiring tailor—"Pants."

* *

Terms in Physics—

Battery—A scrimmage.

Resistance—College beef.

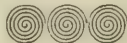
Block and tackle—Football.

Dissipation of energy—Bumism.

Indicator—Monthly notes.

Sparking distance—Inversely as *pater's* distance.

Good conductor—A "pony."



Priorum Temporum Flores

The "Visitor" says that Rev. I. J. Quilty, '97, who preached at Eganville St. Patrick's Day, on "Ireland's mission, a mission of faith," is all right.

* *

Rev. John Ryan, '97, in order that he may be distinguished from his brother to whom he is

acting as curate at Renfrew, has been named "Father John" by one of the priests of his diocese. This title will certainly be pleasing to his many old college friends.

* *

Mr. Guy Poupore, ex-'02, is at present visiting in the city.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The First Prize Debate.....	453
Poetry:	
Twilight.....	473
Contrast in Evangeline.....	474
Poetry:	
To Our Lady in May.....	481
The Gaelic Literature of Ireland.....	482
Humours of Father Burke's Boyhood.....	490
The Annual Outing of the Scientific Society.....	494
Editorials:	
Why the Liquid Air Lecture was postponed...	497
The Scientific Building.....	498
Gift for the Library.....	499
Exchanges.....	499
Of Local Interest.....	501
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	502
Athletics.....	502

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 9

MAY, 1904.

Vol. III

THE FIRST PRIZE DEBATE.

NTIL the present year public debating was almost unheard of at Ottawa University. But "the old order changeth," and this year's enterprising committee resolved to make a beginning in that line. On Tuesday evening, May 14th, the first Public Debate was held, and the unqualified success of the undertaking reflects great credit on the Society as a whole, the executive committee and the debaters especially, and augurs well for a continuance of this highly desirable custom, as an annual affair, in the future. Despite the fact that approaching degree examinations made the task of preparing a debate very difficult, and even shut out some of our best men from competing, the committee contrived to make all the necessary arrangements and to place on the platform men who were thoroughly deserving and representative.

The subject chosen for discussion was, "Resolved, that governments should own and control railroads." The pertinency of the question made it most interesting, and it was discussed in a comprehensive and eloquent manner, which held the attention of the large and distinguished audience from beginning to end. Twenty minutes were allowed to each speaker. Sharp at 8.30 the judges, Messrs C. F. McIsaac, B. A. M. P., N. A. Belcourt, L.L. D., M. P., H. J. Logan, B. A., M. P., D'Arcy Scott, L.L. B., and D. J. McDougal, B. A., L.L. B., took their seats. A well-rendered quartette, "Play On," by Messrs. King, Martin, Nolan

and Prof. Horrigan, opened the evening's programme. The President, Mr. J. T. Warnock, '01, then made a short address of welcome, concluding by introducing the first speaker for the affirmative, Mr. A. P. Donnelly, '01, whose words were in part as follows :—

Mr. Chairman, Messrs. Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen :

“The subject for debate this evening requires no lengthy introduction. It is not a new policy, this nationalizing the railways ; it has been reduced to system by European and Asiatic governments and has attained for them the national and economical ends which an efficient railway should serve. That it has not been adopted on this continent is a tribute rather to the conservatism of our governments than to the progressiveness of their policies.

The fundamental principle upon which the resolution before us rests is that the welfare of a people can be promoted better by a government representing their interests and legislating for them generally than by a private company whose primary object is private gain. Following this is a companion principle that as the people are source of wealth, if there are any revenues arising from the traffic and travel incident to national life, the whole people have the first right to those revenues. And mark well that I accept both terms of the resolution—ownership and control—which are correlative, for a government cannot effectively control railways owned and operated by private companies. These principles are applied to-day by our municipal governments that find it profitable for purposes both of accommodation and economy to provide their own gas plants, their water supplies and their street railways. Considerations like these give a pertinence to the question at issue ; recent events in railway circles of the United States give it urgency.

Now even if the operation of railways by private companies were satisfactory to peoples whose governments favor that policy, and if those railways conformed to the national ends to which railways should conform, the second principle would still be involved in this that if governments can conduct railways on as good bases as can private companies, they still should nationalize them for purposes of revenue. But, Sir, I hold that the system of

private ownership of railways, as applied in various countries, has failed in many of the essentials of a national policy, on the other hand that government ownership has been attended with most desirable results, and as such should be the railway policy of governments.

We need not leave home to study the system of private ownership. The railway policies of the various governments of Canada furnish abundant matter at hand. The history of the construction of a railway in Canada may be summed up somewhat like this: a company desiring to build a railroad, applies to the government for a charter, receiving which it asks for the usual encouragement; this, oftener than not, means that for every mile of railway constructed the government gives a cash subsidy, a land grant, and liberal bonding and stocking powers. The company then obtains bonuses from the provinces and municipalities which will be directly benefited by the road, and with the tribute collected thus from the one people through three sources the construction of the railway, already half paid for, is begun.

This policy has proved a costly one, has not developed properly the resources of Canada and has given much dissatisfaction. The fault lies not with the governments but with the companies, who have abused at once the privileges extended to them and the trust reposed in them. On the strength of powers granted them by parliament they have sold bonds valued high above the cost of construction, watered stocks likewise, and have kept the proceeds of the sales. These bonds and atmospheric stocks are piled up as huge debts against the railroads, and the interest and the dividends on them go to swell the expense accounts of the companies, over which in turn the receipts must mount by way of high rates in order that the companies may pay other dividends on capital actually invested in the railroads. And while the government has a nominal right to control rates, this right is limited to the regulating a rate of profit which by a clever system of book-keeping that companies know well is never a large fraction over the expenses."

Here after showing that the C.P.R. has been actually paid for in cash and land by the Canadian people and yet retards to a great extent the development of the West, Mr. Donnelly directed his attention to Australia, quoting from the Australian Hand-book

to show that government railroads have contributed to the development of the colonies. He then spoke of European railroads thus :

Turning from Australia we come to the densely peopled countries of Europe. Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria Hungary, all have adopted the system of government ownership of railways. I single out Germany for consideration because its railway statistics are the most available. For the year 1896-7 the gross receipts of the railways were £78,000,000, the working expenses £44,000,000 leaving a net profit to the empire of £34,000,000 which was 6 per cent. on the capital invested. And to show how railways under government ownership contribute to the welfare of a nation I shall read the statement of the Summary of Commerce and Finance of the German Empire :

“ In Germany the change to state lines was brought about not only by political and, especially, by strategical reasons, but also by the firm conviction that such a system was absolutely needed in order to give full scope to the aspirations of a new commercial and industrial German Empire. And it must be said that Bismarck's railway policy, during the twenty years of its existence, has had an enormous success both as regards the development of the network of the lines themselves and with respect to the marvellous effect that they, in conjunction with other economic factors, have had on the expansion of commerce and industries.

The State railway system has this great advantage over private companies in developing the country's resources, that those places which would be left without means of transport by the latter system are not so left by the former ; for the paying portions of the lines worked by the Government compensate for the nonremunerative sections, and the public generally benefit considerably. One of the principle objects aimed at was a simplification of freights, together with greater uniformity and cheapness.

A monopoly of the magnitude of the German State railways, extending over 29,384 miles of lines, has an immense power over the destinies of a country from many points of view. And when one also considers the State ownership of 8,647 miles of canals and other inland waterways, the power that can effectively be wielded for the common good of the nation can be to some extent realized.

But leaving aside the question of national development and considering only the floating of loans for constructing railways, let me say that the credit of a whole people is better than that of part of it. This is borne out by the facts in regard to railway ownership. For American railway companies pay on an average

5 per cent. on their bonded debts, while Prussia pays $3\frac{9}{10}$ per cent. and the Australian colonies $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

As to the vital question of rates it is quite evident that a government railroad, having no dividends to pay, can give cheaper rates than can a private company. That government railways do give cheaper rates can be shown by a comparison between German and English rates, or between American and Australian rates. Moreover private companies discriminate between large and small shipping firms in the same country, thus setting the rich against the poor. They also discriminate between the well settled sections of country and remote parts. While governments, like Germany, give preferential rates to whole industries within the states, thus giving them distinct commercial advantages over rival industries in other countries.

And here let me deal with government control without ownership. I hold that the effective control by a government of railways owned and operated by private companies is an impossibility. For companies build roads to make money. They build them where they see a possible return for their investments and, no matter how pressing the need, no government can force a company to construct a road which cannot promise an immediate return for the outlay. Moreover if a government attempt coercion in the way of fixing rates companies have multifold resources with which to circumvent it. And railway commissions appointed by governments to control company railways have proved failures in the United States and in England for the reasons I have just advanced.

Now that I have shown that in owning and controlling railways governments have many advantages over private companies, I go further and say that the system of government ownership can be adapted to any country. In Australia the government appoints commissioners to manage the railways; the German government manages them directly. Each system has given satisfaction. But if it were feared that in any particular country the control of government railways might be used as a political bludgeon, their management might be vested in a commission having statutory powers to be exercised apart from government control, or railway employees might be disfranchised. But these are considerations founded rather on fear than on fact.

But even if governments should feel justified in postponing longer the adoption of what the experience of other nations proclaims to be the only sound railway policy, the dangers of the hour conspire in forcing nations to fortify themselves against the encroachments of individuals. Three months ago eight money kings representing in their railway connections the chief railroads of the United States, welded their lines into one compact system, and now with the suction power of one and one-half billion dollars capital are absorbing all smaller systems and threatening to quote rates to the world. Thus unless governments assume the ownership of railways the revenues will centralize with masters who will make and unmake governments and set a helpless people at defiance.

Then, Sir and Judges, after proving that governments can conduct railways not only on as good bases as but on better bases than can private companies while yet reducing rates, retaining profits and owning the railways they pay for, which facts alone would sustain the resolution on the second principle that I laid down; I have gone further and proved that private railways, while costly anytime, often retard rather than promote the growth of nations, whereas railways under government ownership contribute to the development of new countries like Australia and to the expansion of old countries like Germany, considerations which substantiate my first principle; and moreover since not only is government ownership feasible but the dangers of the hour demand it: therefore, I believe I have some reason to conclude that to which principles, facts and dangers point, namely, that governments should own and control the railways."

The first negative, Mr. J. R. O'Gorman '01, succeeded, in an equally effective and eloquent speech. After a few introductory remarks, he said:

"The petty disadvantages of private-owned railroads fade into insignificance beside the grave and far-reaching evils entailed by a system of government ownership. Perhaps the greatest of these is the moral evil. It has unfortunately come to be an axiom that government management is synonymous with jobbery and corruption. The evils of party patronage are well known. Government ownership of railroads would increase them. The increased

number of government situations would mean increased bribery in elections, and the ward politician's work, the vote-buying and office-seeking would become more and more common. The amount of work on the government's hands, the contracts for building roads and furnishing supplies, would be another fruitful source of corruption. A system of government railways would mean more public scandals and "big steals"; it would mean endless opportunities for jobbery and boodling. Furthermore, "how can men in a public service ruled by votes be prevented from terrorizing their superiors by political bullying?" By co-operation the large number of railroad employees would be able to intimidate the government into granting their demands. This is one of the questions troubling Australia. We would no longer have strikes, but the new condition of things would be worse. Who here would like to see such immorality in Canada? Surely we cherish the moral prestige of our country more than to endanger it by a system of government railways.

Now are government roads as efficient as those in private hands? No. The frequent changes in the government naturally tend to demoralize the whole system, and the necessary care and attention cannot be paid to business. Then, it is notorious that government business cannot be transacted with the dispatch of private affairs. Red tape, formalities and officialism hedge things about, and slovenliness and carelessness mar much of the work, in striking contrast to the expedition and care used by men in private business. Nor are the employees of the government always the best men obtainable. Many situations are filled by political hangers on, who are incompetent and indolent as a rule. Moreover the government cannot retain good men like private companies can. The reason is clear. "Men may work faithfully," says Professor Hill, "for the government, but they add enterprise, genius and sagacity when part of the gain is their own. The private corporations keep their employees by giving them an interest in the business. Where a man is only drawing a certain salary, with very limited prospects, as under the government, he does not work so well. These are facts from which we must conclude that a system of government railways cannot be as efficient as private-owned. Experience bears this out. That the most

efficient and up to date railways in the world are those of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, which are run by private companies, is generally admitted. The German, Russian and nearly all the Continental lines, owned by the government, are notoriously inconvenient and slow, and afford poor accommodation for passenger or freight traffic. The German periodicals are continually remonstrating with regard to this disgraceful state of affairs. In Austria the best lines are owned by private corporations, according to Mr. Hadley. Therefore, government ownership leads to inefficient service.

Now, as to the cost. The affirmative claim that government ownership will be less of a burden on the people, through reduction of rates. I do not deny that a certain amount of control and regulation by the Government is necessary to prevent excessive charges and discrimination. But a Government commission can do this satisfactorily, without the necessity of the State taking over these lines. On the other hand, however, I will show you that a system of State railways would cost the people far more, both as regards first cost and maintenance. To purchase the railways in the United States alone would cost over ten billion dollars. To find a market for such an enormous sum would tax the resources of the Government to the utmost, and it would require a higher than ordinary rate of interest, at the least five per cent. But statistics show that the average return on capital expenditure for American and Canadian railways is only about three per cent. which would be insufficient to pay the interest. To give a practical example, suppose the Canadian Government wishes to buy out the C.P.R. The "Globe" is authority for the statement that when Mr. Gladstone thought of assuming control of the roads of Great Britain, the minimum purchase price was placed at twenty-five years, dividends, based on the last three years, besides the assuming of all bonds, mortgages and other obligations. The C.P.R. annual dividend is about \$3,250,000; for twenty-five years, it would amount to \$81,250,000, which at five per cent. would require interest of over \$4,000,000. Even if operating expenses should not rise, this would mean an annual deficit of almost \$1,000,000.

Another consideration in the purchase of roads is the number

of railways bonded to several times their value, of which there are many, in the Western States especially. The Government would have to assume the obligation of these bonds, which would result in an enormous loss.

The same arguments hold against the construction of new roads. The revenue would not meet the interest on Capital. Besides, consider the cost of building. No sensible man will deny that a private company can build a road for much less than the State can. Then, if these roads prove failures, there is another source of loss which falls upon the entire community, while under private ownership the promoters alone would suffer. All these items of expense would go to swell the deficit.

Now, let us consider the maintenance of the railways. It is a matter of experience that the Government pays higher salaries than any private corporation; that it employs more servants than it has any need for, and that its hours of work are shorter. The Government pays more for buildings also. A case in point is that of the amount paid for a station and yard for the Intercolonial Railway at St. John. It was shown in Parliament a few days ago that the price, \$100,000, was much more than would be paid by private companies for similar locations in Buffalo or Toronto, cities where real estate is far more valuable. Likewise in all other cases of Government expenditure, you would have the same story of extravagance and waste. Operating expenses are, therefore, higher in a government system.

It is clear, then, that such a system cannot support itself. Australia has found this out by experience. Victoria's Commissioner of Railways, Mr. Spaight, reports a deficit annually, and which is growing larger every year. In 1891 it amounted to \$3,000,000. For 1898 Mr. Lloyd gives figures showing the average net amount earned on Australian railways to be less than three per cent of capital cost, while the interest paid on bonds varies from four to five per cent. Nor are the rates on Australian railways lower. Professor Hill points out that the average Australian rate is four times the average rate in the United States. He also compares Kansas and Victoria, states of about the same size and population, and shows that Kansas rates are lower. Germany also shows an average rate, according to Mr. Richardson's figures, almost double

that in the United States. And, to bring the question home, does not the Intercolonial show an annual deficit? This has to be met by direct taxation. With such facts and figures staring them in the face, how can our opponents claim that national roads are cheaper and less burdensome than private railways? How could the Government lower the present rate without increasing the deficit? Would the ratepayer consider State railways a benefit when the tax-collector came round? No, Government Ownership does not pay.

Do Government railways develop a country? Not in Australia at least. Railroad building has there become one of the chief sources of employment. Laborers prefer Government works at good wages, and near the centres of population, to going up-country and working on the sheep-farms. As a consequence the vast agricultural districts of Australia remain largely undeveloped, and you have the injurious centralization of the population in a few large cities. This centralizing and dependence upon the Government for employment and business prosperity, is an artificial and dangerous condition of affairs which will ere long work untold injury to the young Commonwealth. Surely Australia's experience is a warning to Canada. Would not State railways work great injury to the development of the North West?

Finally, not a single statesman has ever advocated State railways. Mr. Gladstone considered the matter and came to the conclusion that such a system was undesirable. The best minds are against it. Who are its advocates? Men like the member for East York, who in Parliament the other day admitted he was "something of a Socialist." Yes, Socialism is at the bottom of all schemes of State proprietorship. These agitators would like to do away with the right of private property altogether, and have everything held in common under the control of the State. After the railway systems it would be the other big monopolies. But if the ball of Government ownership is once set rolling, the triumph of Socialism and the ruin of Society is not far off. I am sure, however, that the common sense of the majority will perceive this danger and avoid it. As long as we have railroads which afford good, up-to-date service at reasonable rates, the number of those who advocate Government ownership will be very small indeed.

An eloquent and graceful speech was that of M. G. J. Nolan, '03, who gained the unanimous decision of the judges as the best speaker, and thereby carried off the Rev. Rector's prize medal. In part, he spoke as follows :

Resolved that the government should own and control railroads ; this resolution might be stated with greater pertinency in following form :

“ Resolved that the railroads, one of the most important factors for human welfare, should be taken out of the hands of selfish individuals and greedy corporations ; and be it further resolved that the people wake up to the fact that it is as much a function for the government to own and control the railroads, as it is their function to keep an army and navy to protect citizens from attacks of the enemy.

The private owned railroads of our country on account of reckless combinations, unjust discriminations, watered and dishonest stock, breaches of faith and many other offences, are fast becoming a menace to the liberties of the people, and to free uninterrupted commercial intercourse. And as commerce is the essential condition of national wealth, so effective transportation is the essential condition of successful commerce.

It is a well established principle of economics, that whoever controls the railroads controls the market, and the price of every article which, even the humblest citizen uses in his household is dependent upon the facilities with which the producer can reach the consumer. If, therefore, one firm, through unlawful influence with the railroad (and this is too often the case) is enabled to throw its produce upon the market more quickly, and at a cheaper rate than another, it gains a decided advantage ; and the other competitor, not being able to prosper, must withdraw from business, leaving one, who having no competition may charge whatever price for his goods he wishes. The system of rates is so elastic that a manufacturer cannot tender to supply goods without each time consulting the railroads as to the cost of hauling. In many instances he is obliged to hand over to the railroad officials his books to show in detail the cost of production, before being told the rate at which his goods will be transported.

Not only do railroads control the markets but they control the

lives and well-being of every citizen. A strike of railway employees cripples the business of the land and empoverishes hundreds of thousands of citizens ; in fact if the railways should suspend business for one month a calamity would befall us greater than any war or epidemic might bring. Wherever railways are under government control strikes are unheard of.

The principle of a free people that individual rights must be respected is totally ignored by railroad corporations. In an army even the humblest private may demand a hearing and if his case is a worthy one it will receive due consideration. What is the history of railroad redress ? If a claimant is reckless enough to fight a suit in court, opposed by the best legal talent that money and influence can procure, mayhap he recovers a verdict sufficiently large to pay the lawyers fees, though this is not always the case, depending in great measure upon the kind of lawyer he has : but if he has not a fund of wealth at his back he is totally unable to gain any redress, however just his claim may be. Under a system of government ownership there would be justice and equality for all.

That the government has a right to control the railroads is readily granted, from the fact that it has a commission of interstate commerce to regulate railroad affairs ; that it is no untried fad is equally true, if we but take a look at the railroads of Australia, Germany, Hungary, Switzerland and Belgium. And as experience is the only lamp by which our steps should be guided, mere opinion counts for nothing. What has been the experience of railroads in Australia ? There, they are constructed by public money, operated by public servants and all contribute to the public good. The government of Australia is far more liberal in supplying mileage than are private enterprises. For a population of about 3,800,000 people we find a railroad mileage of 14,210 miles ; one mile for less than 300 people, while in America we find only one mile for about 390 people. Now as to construction the Australian lines have been built at a cost per mile of \$48,930, and it is an undisputed fact that with the exception of two or three of the greatest lines in the country none exceed those of America ; the cost of construction of American lines has been \$56,000. Thus we see the lines of Australia were constructed at a cost per mile of \$7,999 less than those of America.

Would it not be as well for the government to own and control the roads after building them as to hand them over to private concerns for operation? In order to induce capitalists to speculate in building roads the government has conferred large grants of public land, the very choicest of the country, 90,000,000 acres of the richest land in Canada, abounding in most fertile soil and incalculable mineral wealth. Such was the gift. What has been the return? The Canadian Pacific haughtily demands, that before the government be allowed to regulate its passenger and freight rates, it clears 10 per cent. not only on the actual capital invested, but also on the gift of \$135,000,000 of cash and land grants bestowed by the government. In other words the C.P.R. wants the people of Canada to pay interest on the magnificent gift which they have conferred. Imagine a friend presenting you with a fortune and you demanding that he pay interest on it for all time. This is exactly what the C.P.R. wants; this is exactly the history of railroads wherever owned by private corporations.

In Australia due regard is paid to the development of the country and to a fair distribution of the accommodations. A look at a railroad map of our country will readily show that the country had to accommodate itself to the railroads, the railroads never accommodated themselves to the country.

Considerable stress has been laid upon the superficial objection that by Government ownership the railroads would be converted through their employees into vast political machines, and the party in power could never be dislodged. Again experience is the only safe teacher. In Australia no undue influence has ever been brought to bear by parties or the Government upon officials of colonial roads, in fact the system prevents such a thing from ever occurring; for under the Australian secret ballot-box it is impossible to detect the votes of citizens. But, truly, the cause of all corruption in politics is on the side of the railroad. Is it not for the best interests of privately controlled roads to own the party in power? And once they have obtained control of that party, is it not for their utmost advancement to maintain it there by whatever means necessary? Is not the railway pass one of the great levers by which the railroad expects to force its favors from the public men? They represent some value, and are given for some

purpose. There is no doubt that they serve to warp the judgments of the recipients when railway legislation and railway cases are before them.

What is true of Australia is also true of Germany, Hungary, Belgium and Switzerland, where the State-owned roads net a large profit to the treasury, besides rendering an immense benefit to the people by a reduction of freight and passenger rates.

In conclusion, then, I claim the Government should own and control the railroads, for great as the system is now, in a few years every road will be provided with some kind of motive power, and now is the only time to provide for future emergencies. For unless the Government shall soon own the railroads, these dominating influences will have a complete monopoly not only of all the railroad interests of the country, but of the mining interests as well, and then will follow one of the greatest social and political upheavals in the history of the world.

The speech of Mr. W. A. Martin, '02, was one of the most effective and called forth much applause. In part he said :

Discussions of the question before us this evening have given birth to opinions of every variety of shade and color from the claim that governments have neither the right nor the authority to interfere with capital invested in railroads to the ultra radical demand made by our friends on the other side, that the ownership and control of the railroads should be invested in the government alone.

Let us consider this latter opinion. While admitting that the ownership and control of railroads by the state might be the ideal, still it appears from actual experience and from our knowledge of the general condition of politics the world over, that the investing of such a function in the government is impracticable and can result only to the detriment of any nation whatsoever.

Putting the question therefore "Should the government own and control the railroads," my answer is unhesitatingly. "No, the government should not own and control the railroads." And on what criterion am I to base my judgment? What other can there be than the very end of government, the well-being of the people? Why then is it not conducive to the well-being of a people that

the government should own and control the railroads? Such a system is not beneficial to the interest of a nation because, 1st, it is more costly; 2nd, it is inefficient; 3rd, it is subversive of the moral soundness of the government.

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I have said that the State system is more costly; more costly in construction, more costly in maintenance. The gentlemen of the affirmative have asserted that Governments can build railroads more cheaply than can private companies because they can secure the money necessary for actual construction at a much lower price. In support of this they enunciate the principle that the credit of a whole society is better than that of any part of that society; therefore, the Government as a whole society can obtain money much more easily. Now, this is true neither in theory nor in fact. Since the capitalists who build the railroads are identical or at least intimately connected with those who control the nations' finances, is it not obvious that they can secure money at the lowest possible quotation? Let us consult experience. In Australia, that land of which so much has been said in laudation this evening, the money used in building the national-owned roads has cost as high as 4 per cent. and 5 per cent., a rate fully as great as the highest in the United States. Hence, the gentlemen's assertion is patently gratuitous.

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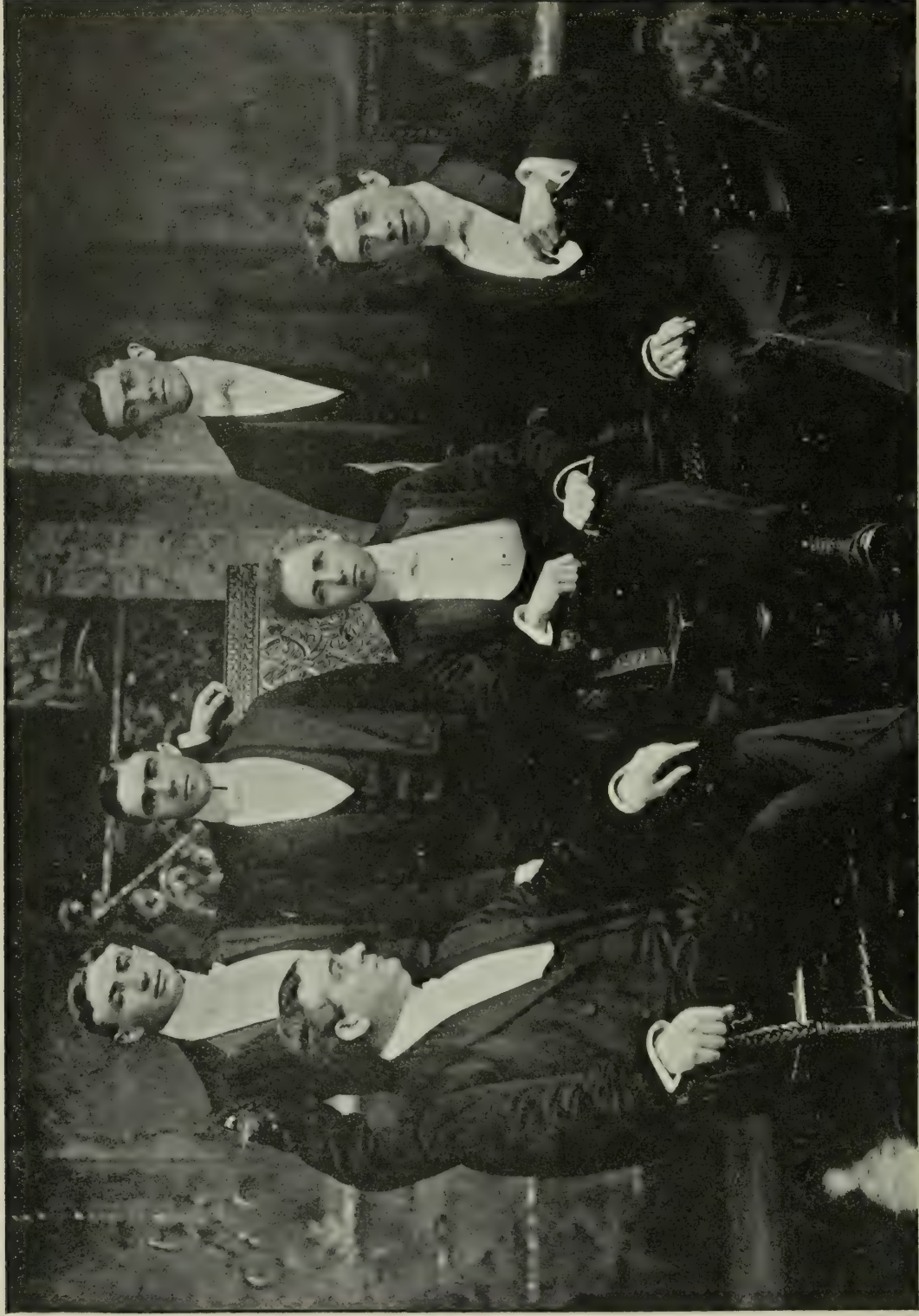
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We are now brought to the question of actual cost of construction. Does it not seem incomprehensible that, in the face of common sense and of actual experience, men may be found on this North American continent who harbor the idea that railroads can be built as cheaply under the Government as under private enterprise. Nay some go even so far as to declare that they can be built more cheaply under the Government. Let us appeal to common sense. What is the object of capitalists in building railroads? Do they launch forth some large philanthropic scheme? Do they expend fortunes simply to give employment to the workmen? The gentlemen of the affirmative certainly do not credit them with such aims, and in this our friends are correct, for the object of the capitalists is *money*. Such being the case is it not

most reasonable to assume that they are going to build at the lowest possible figure ; and that his figure is far below that paid for lines in countries pursuing the Government ownership policy may be evidenced by a comparison of the cost of the United States roads with that of the German, the Australian and the Hindoo roads. We have it on the authority of Mr. Reece, an eminent American civil engineer, that in Germany, where, be it noted labor is cheaper than in the United States, the cost of construction is double that of American roads ; in Australia it is one third greater than in the United States, and in India where labor is obtainable for practically nothing the roads have cost fifty per cent more than the American lines. The speakers of the affirmative have stated that the average cost per mile of American lines is \$7,000 greater than the average cost per mile of Australian lines. They have forgotten, however, to mention that from 1862 till 1870 the colony of Victoria paid \$177,000 per mile for its roads. Imagine this price to have been paid for the building of the C.P.R. ; the cost of the line from here to Vancouvert would aggregate over \$300,000,000. Yet there are those, who, like our honorable friends, declare that the Canadian government should own the C.P.R. because the latter received a grant of one tenth the above amount.....

In speaking of the cost of construction our friend of the affirmative, like all government ownership theorists, adverted to the matter of subsidies both in land and in money. While, be it noted, grants are by no means inherent in the private ownership system, still an elucidation of this question may serve to remove much grave misunderstanding and unreasonable prejudice. How did the railroad companies come by these vast tracts of land to which reference has been made ? Did they receive them gratis ? Far from it. Instead of purchasing them at \$2 or \$3 an acre they acquired them by building roads, not where they wished, but between certain points no matter how great the difficulty or how immense the cost ; not when they wished, but in a certain specified time. Surely this is no gift. Rather is it a slight compensation for services that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Now where is the evil in these land grants ? Let us examine. In Australia the government reserves the land opened up by the railroads and sells it at £1 an acre. In the United States land



A. P. Donnelly, '01, 1st aff. G. I. Nolan, '03, 2nd aff. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, 1st neg.
 Prof. T. F. Horrigan, M. A., J. T. Warnock, '01, W. A. Martin, '02, 2nd neg.
 Moderator. President.

THE PRIZE DEBATERS.

superior in every respect is obtainable from the railroad companies for half this price. Now, we are told that the lines of Australia were built with a view to colonization. But judging from the figures cited, which system is more favorable to colonization? The answer is implied in the figures.....And indeed the superiority of the private system might be argued from the extraordinary development of the American West as compared with the tardy progress of colonial Australia. That the Australian roads have failed in the very purpose of their existence is shown from the fact that the population of the metropolitan towns is increasing in dangerous disproportion to that of the rural districts.....

A few more words about the cost of construction. From the disposition evinced by the legislature of our day to scatter broadcast the nation's money, does it not appear the very crest and summit of absurdity to suppose that State roads could be built for even one-half the outlay on private roads? Judging from the endless "log-rolling" that has been done in Australia, where politics are yet but in their infancy, can we not form some faint conception of the vast schemes that would be executed in England, the United States and Canada, where politics have attained maturity and their devotees have become expert in the "benevolent assimilation" of the country's funds? Should the government system obtain here, affairs would be as they are in Australia where lines without number have been built, regardless of utility or necessity; for, in New South Wales, as we are informed by an authoritative writer, there are lines running through 500 miles of territory carrying for the most part one sheep to three acres. This, by the way, may throw a little light on the real significance of Australia's claim to the greatest mileage per capita. The inevitable consequence of such extravagant building is the saddling of a crushing burden on the tax-payer for whose benefit the roads were ostensibly built.

A word *re* the cost of maintenance. Should the roads of Canada, the United States or England pass over to state control, it would be incumbent on the government to establish an organization at least equal to that now engaged in operating the railroads. The same vigilance would be required in proportioning outlay to income, the same judiciousness in timing and placing

improvements, and this by men whose object seems to be to throw away the national money. The same hours of labor would have to be exacted and the existing rates of wages adhered to. As is universally known, government employees receive much higher wages than those paid for like services under private concerns. On the other hand, be it noted, the United States has legalized eight hours per day for labor. A readjustment would, therefore, be required. The only adjustment possible, however, would be to retain the existing rate of wages and treble the army of employees. The vastness of the increased cost can feebly be imagined. Now, simply hinting at the extension of government patronage to the millions employed in the transport business, and barely referring to the methods of appointment now in vogue, and for which civil service can prove no efficient remedy, is it not quite obvious that the very conditions incident to state control necessitate a cost for the operation of roads which exceeds the cost of construction, the taxes, and current expenses of the private railroad companies?

To the inefficiency of national railroads I deem it hardly necessary to make any reference. It is a notorious fact that in Germany, Russia and Sweden, the accommodations are miserable in quality and extremely limited in quantity. Rates, however, are in inverse ratio to accommodations. The freight rates of Germany, for example, are higher than those in the United States; and freightage in New South Wales is twice as high as in the Pacific Coast States, where rates are higher than in any other part of the Union. What is true of freight is equally true of passenger transportation. In Australia, for instance, mileage ranges from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 cents, while the average in the United States is $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Enough for the price of accommodation: let us consider the quality. It is admitted by all that the railroad systems of the United States, England and Canada lead the world in quality of equipment. Cast a glance at the German lines—those of Prussia are slow and comfortless; those of Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg are a standing disgrace to Europe. The roads of Russia are unfit for human transportation. Now, under Government control the roads offer poor accommodation, limited service, and charge high rates, yet their returns are poor. To what can all this be attributed but inefficient management. And to such management can Australia

lay its debt of \$900,000,000, a debt far greater than that of the United States with twelve times as many inhabitants.

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To my mind, however, the paramount objection to the system of State owned railroads is its pernicious effects on the moral health of politics. Such a system cannot fail to become a hot-bed of corruption, and a menace to the well-being of the people, increasing as it does the facilities for base control in politics. Such need not be the case, we are told, if the representatives of the people have worthy ideas of government and a correct code of morals. This is but a dream, a night-mare fancy ; for not until the great millenium shall politics be relieved from the virus of corruption. . . .

What are the objections to the system in vogue in this and the country to the south of us? "Unjust discriminations," is answered, "and the disturbance of social conditions." "Unjust discriminations"—are these not guarded against? What is the purpose of the Inter-State Commerce Act and similar laws? It is true that there exists a discrimination of cities, but this is due to the nature of the country, to physical conditions. Surely the government ownership system cannot remedy nature. "The disturbance of social conditions"—the monopoly of transportation by corporations, implies, we are told, an oligarchy of wealth, and arms that oligarchy with the means of subverting the rights of the people. What is the force of this argument? Have we not always had our rich? The Railroad is a creature of the 19th century. Does the origin of plutocrats date back only one hundred years? This contention of an oligarchy of wealth being the consequence of private railroads simply betrays the socialistic tendencies of the government ownership theory.

From what I have said, it seems evident that the system of government ownership of railroads, is too costly, is inefficient, is not in the interests of the political health of a country. Moreover, would it not prove a bane in that it would give rise to a chaotic mass of legislation? If there is one evil we are suffering from to-day, it is that we are too much governed ; we are surfeited with legislation. Politicians assemble and for months debate on the difference between "tweedle dum" and "tweedle dee," for which they are paid high salaries.

In concluding let me ask who are the men that clamor for government ownership and control? Are they the prominent legislators of England the United States or Canada? Go to the legislatures of these countries and see how many you will find who advocate the government system. Practically none. Yet who dares say that the statesmen of these countries are devoid of patriotism, that they are wanting in a knowledge of their country's needs? And what is asked of us by the State ownership faddists? That men who understand the running of railroads step out and give their place to others who are blissfully ignorant of railroading. And why is this demand made? Simply that a few theorists may ride their hobby. Finally let us remember that state ownership of railroads does not mean the ownership by the State as a whole but by a ring of politicians who happen to hold power at the time. And such conditions we know are diametrically opposed to the interests of a nation, therefore must we believe that the government should not own and control the railroads.

The debate over, the judges withdrew to decide and in the meantime the following short musical programmu was carried out :

VOCAL SOLO—Selected, by Mr. G. I. Nolan.

VOCAL SOLO—Selected, by Mr. W. A. Martin.

QUARTETTE—"When Evening Twilight Gathers Round." Messrs. G. I. Nolan, W. A. Martin, J. P. King, Prof. Horrigan.

The chairman of the board of judges, Mr. C. F. McIsaac, then announced the decision. The credit of having advanced the better arguments had been given to the affirmative by a vote of three to two, while the prize for the best speech of the evening had been unanimously awarded to Mr. G. I. Nolan. Mr. McIsaac concluded with a flattering tribute to the debaters.

Rev. Father Constantineau added a few remarks in appreciation of those who so kindly lent their presence at the entertainment, and expressed the wish that not only would they have the opportunity of hearing debates more frequently next season, but as well that of seeing Ottawa University triumphant in the arena of intercollegiate debating. Which, let us hope, we shall all see realized, and realized it should be, if the first public debate is any criterion of what our students can do on the platform.

TWILIGHT.



THE night came on ;
A dim ethereal twilight o'er the hills
Deepened to dewy gloom. Against the sky
Stood ridge and rock unmarked amid the day.
A few stars o'er them shone. As bower on bower
Let go the waning light, so bird on bird
Let go its song. Two songsters still remained,
Each feebler than a fountain soon to cease,
And claimed somewhere across the dusky dell
Rivals unseen in sleepy argument,
Each the last word :—a pause ; and then, once more,
An unexpected note ;—a longer pause ;
And then, past hope, one other note, the last.

—DEVERE.

CONTRAST IN EVANGELINE.

“**E**VANGELINE,” that beautiful story of a maiden torn from her lover by one of the most cruel events of Canadian history, is in a class entirely by itself in our literature. With his perfect command of expression, his vivid imagination, and artistic sense of beauty, Longfellow has admirably presented to the reader three great contrasts, which are so skilfully handled and interwoven that they strongly reinforce one another. The effect is as charming as the plan is unique.

The beautiful picture of simplicity and happiness with which the poet introduces his story, is suddenly shattered and torn to shreds by the tumult and confusion of the embarkation; the portrayal of Evangeline's happy childhood, her first prospects, no obstacle to her affections, everything pointing to a happy future, is but a mockery of the sad heart that wanders from place to place in a vain search for comfort, and the tame and unattractive scenery of Acadia, too, what a vivid contrast it forms with the gorgeous scenery through which Evangeline moves in her melancholy wanderings.

To prepare us for the first great contrast and to make the catastrophe more impressive, the poet, in the beginning, presents a beautiful picture of the quiet and peaceful village of Grand Pré. Lying secluded on the Basin of Minas, it is, like the nest of a bird, protected on the outside by the rugged hills of Nova Scotia, and on the inside softly lined with the affections of its inmates. On one side of the village stretched afar vast meadows from which the hamlet derived its simple name, while to the west, the ocean enclosed by dykes was open for miles. Away on the north the mighty Blomidon rose, as if sovereign of all the surrounding country, and at its base were spread dense forests of pines and oaks, a rug for their powerful protector. As for the village itself and its people, we have a charming description of its rude, old-fashioned homes with their thatched roofs and “gables projecting,” and of the quaint people.

“ Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows, and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
 Scarlet and blue, and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens."

This is but one of a series of passages wherein the poet, with admirable skill, acquaints us with all the simplicity and happiness of these peaceful villagers. The extensive acres from which was supplied the abundance of crops that filled to overflowing the massive barns; the sleek and well-fed cattle; the meek and innocent doves, which built their nests in the corn loft; all form an interesting description of the exterior of their homesteads. And then the poet pictures for us the cozy fireside. Like the average laborer, contented after the days' exertion, the farmer sits before the fire, nods over his pipe and dreams of bygone days.

"Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
 Sat in his elbow-chair; and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city, behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Daited his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
 Fragments of song the old man sang and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the oldentime, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards."

What a powerful impression these lines leave upon the memory; how simple, how homelike, how grand!

Continuing, the story carries us through similar scenes of happiness and contentment, until we are suddenly brought face to face with the sad destruction of all—a contrast, beautiful in regard to its literary effect but terrible in its reality. Induced by treachery to assemble in the village church, the simple farmers are acquainted with their doom and are confined as prisoners for four days while their wives and children are left at home unprotected. The peaceful little hamlet all at once becomes agitated and disturbed. The subdued anger and acknowledged helplessness of the impris-

oned men, the sad and anxious women, and the weeping children as they cling to the grave-stones without, and meekly await their unknown fate, the tenantless homes, the neglected cattle, all disorder and tumult, form a picturesque and grandly terrible scene. How different from the unclouded happiness of a few hours before.

With the proclamation of the English commander the storm bursts forth and the embarkation commences. Lovers and sweet-hearts, parents and children are torn apart and thrust upon separate boats ; the streets are silent, no Angelus bids the faithful to prayer, no smoke rises from the cluster of chimneys ; everywhere are met weeping mothers, lost children, and here and there a heart-broken lover.

“ There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
 Busily plied the freighted boats, and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down and the twilight
 Deepened and darkened around, and in haste the refluent ocean
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of sea-beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

* * * * *

Silence reigned in the streets, from the Church no Angelus sounded,
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no light from the windows.
 But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

What a terrible picture ! Our hearts melt with pity. All the peace and love that reigned at Grand Pré up to the very last moment before the fatal proclamation, makes their sufferings appear a thousand-fold more harsh.

The second contrast is even more striking than the first. It would be a cold heart indeed that would refuse to sympathize with the wandering foot-sore maiden, roaming down great rivers and

through interminable forests in search of her lost lover—time and again finding traces of him, only to end in disappointment.

Happy, youthful lovers at Grand Pré in their own beloved Acadia, Evangeline and Gabriel had scarcely more than sipped life's cup of joy. Reared in the content and innocence of that rural settlement, the sorrows of the world were unknown and unconsidered. From their earliest childhood they had grown up together, under the watchful eye of Father Felician. Together, with all the innocence of childhood, they enjoyed the usual pastimes of children, sliding down the long hillside and over the meadows, climbing the lofty rafters of the barns in an eager search for eggs, and gamboling around the smith's forge, wondering and laughing at the huge bellows and the flying sparks. A few short years and they were no longer children. He was a noble youth and she, a woman with a woman's life before her.

“ Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children,
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
' Sunshine of Saint Eulalie ' was she called, for that was the sunshine,
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

With their growth to maturity their admiration for each other increased and grew into deep and pure love. The presence of Evangeline cast a brightness wherever she appeared. Beautiful in face and figure, the affectionate daughter of a kind and loving parent, she was the favorite of the village. But among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome, and finally preparations were made for their marriage. On the day of the betrothal a feast was given by Evangeline's father in honor of the young couple. The poet with artistic eye makes this the last happy gathering in the village. With its end comes the end of Grand Pré as a home for the Acadians. Evangeline, formerly so happy and so contented, is henceforth a sad, heartbroken exile. Here commences that reign of sorrow which is so intense in its contrast with the simple happiness and unknown trouble of her former life. Imagine the lonely maiden as, on that eventful night, she awaited her father's return, every familiar object about the dwelling but reminding her

of her solitude. How forsaken, how weary at heart she must have felt; for Benedict, her father, and Gabriel, her lover, were prisoners, condemned to be banished from their native land, whither no one knew.

For four long days Evangeline lived a weary life while an undecided future loomed up before her. On the fifth day when the prisoners are marched to the shore to embark she meets Gabriel, the last time for years. Her last words bid him keep true to his troth. Well was that mutual promise fulfilled. Through their long separation they never cease to love each other, and this love is like a talisman to Evangeline, keeping unworthy thoughts from her, and finding its expression in care for all around her.

The death of her father just previous to the embarkation leaves Evangeline forsaken and alone. Gabriel has already been forced to leave in another vessel and she can but strive to pacify the passionate throbbings of her craving heart as she "wanders in cheerless discomfort, bleeding, bare-footed o'er the shades and thorns of existence." With other unfortunate Acadians she wandered from place to place in her loving search. Sometimes she lingered and waited, believing that God, in His justice, would bring her the desired comfort. Then she would commence her wanderings, so wearied and forsaken that even the cold, bleak grave-stones seemed a comfort to the great solitude of her heart.

" Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

So for many a sad year Evangeline led this weary experience. Over tenantless prairies, down winding streams, and through boundless forests did she pursue the hopeful star that seemed to beckon her on. North, south, east and west, she travelled, sometimes encouraged by rumors, sometimes even meeting those who had seen her beloved. But after years of tedious wandering the beauty of her youth faded into the shadows of age and in disappointment she gave up the search. What a life of sunshine and storm had been Evangeline's! Her early existence had been a reign of continual happiness. Then when the sun of contentment was beaming his warmest rays, the tempest broke without warning. And ever afterwards from the dark clouds poured sorrow and disappointment until the seed had been blighted and the harvest of life destroyed.

The third great antithesis of the poem is one wherein the forests of gloomy, moss-covered evergreens and the stern rocky mountains enveloped in mists, which are seen in Acadia, are made to act as a foil towards the beauties of the southern landscapes. The dull scenery of the north is presented in the very commencement of the poem.

" This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

All through the poem may be noticed lines which tend to present an idea of the characteristic Canadian scenery, dull, dreary and snow-bound in winter, a short summer and then the remarkable "Indian Summer." Surrounded by this tame and dull scenery, Evangeline lived the happiest part of her life. It would seem that the scenery through which she moved formed a radical part of her existence; for in the happiness and content of her early life she had no occasion to look to her surroundings for consolation and comfort. But later, when her heart was rent by the most bitter passions, and she wandered aimlessly and hopelessly over boundless prairies and through silent forests, the majestic grandeur of her surroundings must have, to some extent, comforted her aching heart.

The luxurious tropical foliage of the south was also far different from the dull, dreary vegetation of her Acadian home. Evangeline, formerly so happy and gay in her northern home, now, in her misery roams through a land where reigns perpetual summer. She saw the beautiful, sunlit rivers, where the shady banks are lined with broad, waving prairies and delightful gardens of tropical plants, and the great lagoons over which the trees formed such beautiful recesses that even the inert water seemed loath to depart, a sight which could not but gladden the most desolate heart.

"Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current, Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin, Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded. Level the landscapes grew, and along the shores of the river, Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens, Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cotes. They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer, Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron, Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

Then to further the contrast may be quoted the picture of a southern dwelling with its vines and its gardens, situated on the side of a clear stream with the prairies stretching away in the rear, quite in opposition to the quaint log-cabins of Nova Scotia in the description of which no mention is made of gardens and vines and roses, nor of humming birds or bees.

"Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted, Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, Stood, secluded and still, the house of a herdsman. A garden Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms, Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers Hewn from the cypress tree, and carefully fitted together. Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda, Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway Through the great groves of oak to the streets of the limitless prairie, Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

Thus, having viewed in detail, these beautiful contrasts of the poem, we repeat that "Evangeline" holds a place entirely by itself in our literature. Whether we consider the beauty of conception or skillfulness of treatment, we must admit it to be a masterpiece. Truly it proclaims the wonderful genius of Longfellow, and especially, I hope has been shown, as a master of antithesis-

C. J. D.

Second Form.

TO OUR LADY IN MAY.

BY L. B.



H'OUGH joyed at beholding young Nature unfolding
Her beauties close hid through the winter's long day,
Still fuller our measure of rapturous pleasure
In hailing thine advent, blest Queen of the May !
Each land to thee proffers whate'er springtide offers
Of goodliest gifts for a festal array,—
Bright sunshine, sweet flowers, and balmy-breathed bowers
All vocal with trills of the song-birds of May.
With these take one other—a gift, dearest mother,
Thou wilt prize all the charms of the Maytime above :
To thy custody tender our hearts we surrender
And pledge thee forever our life and our love.

Ave Maria.

THE GAELIC LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

The Gaelic revival of which so much has recently been heard, aims at the restoration of the Irish language and the establishment of a new Irish literature. The leaders of the movement have naturally studied the former Gaelic literature of Ireland, and now for the first time the reading public is able to form an estimate of the greatness of its authors, and the value of its productions.

But unfortunately, not a hundredth part of it has withstood the ravages of Dane, Norman and Saxon, and we have to judge Irish literature by a few fragments of a few authors. Yet though Ireland, first on account of war and then on account of the penal laws, never could profit by the invention of printing, it would need some twelve hundred quarto volumes to contain the existing Gaelic literature. However much of this is of little value, while much that is invaluable has been lost.

The Pagan Irish had a literature from the earliest times. About their letters nothing more is known than that they probably had their *ogham* alphabet as early as the beginning of the Christian era.

The earliest extant Irish composition, consisting of three short poems, is ascribed to Amerghin, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the Milesian invaders of Ireland. That these poems are his may reasonably be doubted, nevertheless they are probably the oldest in any vernacular except Greek.

Among the greatest of the pagan writers are Ferceitne, who lived about the time of the Incarnation, the author of the earliest extant Irish grammar and co-author with Neidne of "The Dialogue of Two Sages," and that most famous monarch of Pagan Ireland, Cormac mac Art who wrote "Advice to a Prince." Contemporaneous with him were the Fenian poets, Fergus, Finn, Caoilthi and most famous of all, Oisín, or as he is more generally called, Ossian. To this last are commonly ascribed the Fenian poems, some eighty thousand lines. If Ossian had really written these poems, which, as we shall see later, were composed at various times from the seventh to the seventeenth century, he might deserve his title of "Homer of the Gaelic race," but as their merits

are divided among many poets, the Gaelic Homer has yet to appear.

Though literature was extensively cultivated in Pagan Ireland, it was not till the christian spirit of charity and universal brotherhood caused learning to be freely dispensed, that Ireland can properly be called "the land of scholars." St. Patrick himself, though essentially a man of action and not of letters, has left us his "Confession," a brief humble autobiography, and "Loreca," an Irish poem composed when approaching Lara. St. Columbkille, the third great patron saint of Ireland, by his *Altus* and other Latin poems, together with six beautiful Gaelic ones, ranks as the best poet of his day.

The great race of Irish saints naturally called for biographers, St. Fiac's "Metric Life," in Latin, is the earliest, St. Evin's "Tripartite Life," the best of all lives of St. Patrick. But greater than either of these is St. Adamnan's "Life of St. Columbkille," written in the seventh century; unfortunately for Gaelic literature, this greatest biography of the middle ages was written in Latin.

Of the deservedly famous schools of Ireland, no mention need be made further than to remark that they produced not only excellent scholars, but the best Latin writers of the time. Such names as St. Columbanus, far superior to his contemporary, Gregory of Tours; Fergil, the advocate of the sphericity of the earth; Dicuil, geometer and geographer; Dungal, the founder of the University of Padua, and Erigena, famous among philosophers, attest the truth of this assertion.

Gaelic poetry, however, was of comparatively poor quality. The Irish are a poetic race, passionate and imaginative, yet their poetry from the earliest times to the seventeenth century cannot compare with that of Greece or Rome, or with the more modern classics. Thought sacrificed to style was the cause of this. The Irish, *deibhrid* or metre was the most perfect and the most difficult versification ever invented. A writer of our day would never think of attempting it, and it was only after years of study in the bardic colleges that the Irish poet could master it. More than this, a sentence could not consist of more than thirty syllables, and it was required that there be a pause in the sense after the fifteenth. This necessitated great condensation. The highly

artificial metre with its labored and unpleasing condensation almost killed true poetry, and we find few really great poets during these centuries. But Irish poetry has at least one claim to fame in the invention of rhyme. The best Celtic scholars, among them the great Jeuss himself, hold that final assonance or rhyme can have been derived only from the laws of Celtic phonology. Certainly, the Irish, shortly after the introduction of Christianity, had brought rhyme to such a perfection as has never since been attempted.

Angus the buldee of the eighth century, the famous martyrologist, is an example of the faults and glories of Celtic poetry carried to the extreme. One finds in his works wonderful success in overcoming technical difficulties, but little of a true poetic spirit.

Of the historical poets, some, like Flaun and Mac Giolla Caembain of the eleventh century, are historians rather than poets, while others, like Flanagan of the ninth century and O'Flynn of the tenth, are noted as both. The obscure Dallan Forgaill of the sixth century; the prolific Cenufaeladh of the seventh; the majestic Mac Lorain of the eighth; the patriotic Cormac an Ergos and the celebrated O'Hartigan of the tenth; the satirical Mac Coise and the well-honored O'Lochain of the eleventh, are all truly great poets, yet are practically unknown in our day. But though their authorship is entirely unknown, the so-called Ossianic poems constitute the best poetry of the period. Many of them consist of a supposed dialogue between Ossian, the last of the Fenians, and St. Patrick, and are highly dramatic.

It is, however, in the Irish *ursgeul* or prose saga, that one sees the best literary expression of the age. Untrammelled by laws of composition, the Irish romance, till the time of the Danish invasion was the best in Europe. The majority of the sagas were composed before the introduction of Christianity, and were, with a slight Christian revision, first put in writing in the seventh and eighth centuries. They may be divided into four great cycles, the mythological or Tuatha de Danaun, the Heroic or Red Branch, the Fenian or Ossianic, and the miscellaneous cycle or rather cycles, confined to no particular time or place.

The first and second battles of Moytura and the death of Tuireau are the great sagas of the mythological cycle. In them, as in the Iliad, the gods come and go, plot and fight, while the

heroes, the Dagda, Lugh, Nuada and their followers, have something of the supernatural about them.

The Heroic cycle is different. Many of the heroes are personages of history. The scene is laid principally at Emania, the royal city of Conor mac Nessa and his famous Red Knights, at about the time of the Incarnation. Cuchulain, the lady Deirde, Queen Meave, Fergus and Conor themselves are the principal characters in the pathetic and highly finished 'Deirde' and the prose epic "Tain Bo Chualigne," the two greatest tales not only in this cycle, but in the whole range of Celtic literature.

The Heroic cycle, the especial favorite of the higher classes, is, like the mythological, chiefly pre-Danish in composition, but the Fenian cycle, the cycle of the people, is being added to even at the present day. Centering about Finn, the hero of the Fenian militia, a famous organization which flourished in Ireland in the third century, it is seen at its best in the fragmentary "Dialogue of the Ancients" and "The pursuit of Diarmuid and Graiune."

Of the characters of the three great cycles it may be said that those of the first are on a vast scale, yet vague and misty; those of the second, majestic and finely drawn, while those of the third and most popular are less great and frequently modern. Besides the sagas which group themselves about these cycles, there are a couple of hundred stories which belong to no particular cycle, but which, for convenience, are divided by Celtic scholars into cowspoils, battles, sieges, adventures, visions, etc. The Siege of Dun Righ may be taken as an example of this class. All the sagas are freely interspersed with poems, chiefly lays and resums; probably they were originally written in poetry, as any of the great sagas could easily be converted into an epic poem, it seems a pity that the Irish did not attempt this style of poetry.

History, especially annals and genealogies, ranks in pre-Norman Irish prose next in importance to fiction. Tighernach, the annalist, and Mac Laig, Brian Boru's famous bard, the author of a history of the Danish wars, are the most celebrated in this well cultivated branch of literature.

Besides these there are many works on law and science, a great amount of religious writings, as saints' lives, sermons and the like, and a highly developed school of criticism, as seen in

Cormac's Glossary, tenth century, and in commentaries in the old Irish manuscripts.

Here one can see that Irish literature in the eleventh century, despite the Danish wars, had lost nothing of its original vigor and in the ordinary course of things would, in a few centuries, have reached that state of perfection which the great literatures of the world have attained. But unfortunately then came the English invasion, and the centuries of warfare which followed. This utterly killed native art and so injured Irish literature that for four centuries, with the one glorious exception of the great religious poet O'Daly, no really great Irish writer appeared. This may seem strange, but when we consider the literary, social and religious state of Germany after the Thirty Years' War, we wonder that there was any civilization at all left in Ireland.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century the state of affairs was, if possible, even worse. The long bloody war was in a few years to be decided in favor of the English. The bards, the chief literary class in Ireland, were dispersed, and Irish literature seemed to be on its death-bed. But just then occurred an extraordinary re-awakening of the Irish literary spirit, and the first half of the seventeenth century produced probably greater poets and certainly greater prose writers than any preceding period.

The poetical revival owes its origin to the inspiration of that genius, Leig Mac Daire. Seeing the English likely to conquer the land on account of the divisions of its native rulers, he conceived a novel but not very feasible plan of inciting their patriotism. Relating in a magnificent poem the glories of the O'Brien's, he spoke slightly of the northern houses. Of course he was answered, and as reply followed reply, each bard strove to incite his chief to rival his ancestors in bravery against the common enemy. The bards, if they did not succeed in making full reparation for the share they had taken in dividing chief from chief, gained an immortal literary glory for themselves and their century. Such names as Teig O'Higein, the best of them, Erchardh O'Hussey, his rival, Bonaventure O'Hussey and Fearfeara O'Cainti, are worthy of special remembrance as they were the last of the great old classical poets.

In the seventeenth century prose there were two schools, the

Gaelic writers, Fathers Michael O'Cleary, Geoffrey Keating and Francis O'Mulloy, Lughardh O'Cleary and Duald MacFirbis, and the Latin writers, O'Sullivan Beare, Fathers Ward, Colgan and Luke Wadding, Right Rev. John Lynch, and Most Rev. Peter Lombard. Of these, some, as the O'Clearys, O'Sullivan, Keating, Lynch and Lombard, wrote, though with great danger and difficulty, in Ireland, while the rest wrote chiefly at Louvain, where they had an Irish press and could publish their works, an advantage denied them at home. The number of these great authors that are ecclesiastics is remarkable, and a similar case can hardly be found in modern times.

Of the Gaelic writers, Keating is the greatest of the masters of Irish prose, MacFirbis, the last and greatest of the hereditary historians, and Michael O'Cleary, the greatest of all annalists. Lughaidh O'Cleary, by his *Life of Red Hugh O'Donnel*, a work written in rather archaic Irish, MacVurick, a Scotchman of Irish descent, by his *History of Montrose's Wars*, and O'Mulloy by his unrivalled treatise on Irish prosody, rank next in importance.

About the middle of the seventeenth century comes the renaissance in Irish poetry, or, to speak more properly, a complete metamorphosis of the prosody employed for a thousand years by all Irish poets. The essence of this change was, "first the adoption of vowel in place of consonant rhyme, and secondly the adoption of a certain number of accents in each line, in place of syllables." Several thousand words known only to the educated were dropped almost simultaneously. The movement, which came originally from Scotland, was made possible in Ireland by the disruption of the bardic colleges, and by the natural desire of poetry to free itself from the thralldom of artificialty. Upon one point, hatred to the invader. the two schools were one, and in the poems of the seventeenth and the following century, we find the same unconquerable spirit of Irish nationality, which once characterized the Irish bard.

The great David O'Broder, the Jacobean poet, forms the connecting link between the schools, having the vocabulary of the Old, with the metre of the New. Prominent among the poets who contributed to make the movement successful are Tirlough O'Carolan and John MacDonell. O'Carolan, one of the greatest musical geniuses the world has ever seen, is a poet, famed for his pindaric

odes and bacchanalian songs. MacDonell, certainly the best poet of the period, has been favorably compared with his more fortunate but not more gifted contemporary, Pope, whom he resembles in many ways. Ossianic poetry of merit was composed by O'Neaghtan, and later by Comyn, but perhaps best known among the Irish peasantry of the present day are the famous Munster poets of the end of the eighteenth century, Merriman, slightly sensuous but otherwise excellent, Teig O'Sullivan, elevating and religious, and Macnamara, Owen O'Sullivan and MacGrath, wild eccentric geniuses.

This wonderful poetical revival may be regarded as the sudden outbursting into song of a highly musical nation. Hitherto it had been the bards that were the poets of the country, now it was the people; and simply on account of their greater naturalness, the people surpassed the bards. Still it is on account of not having enough of this very naturalness, that the poets have failed to acquire the fame that otherwise would have been theirs. The lyric was what the school excelled in, and the lyric of all classes of poetry is the most apt to sacrifice sense to form. But these poets must not be judged too severely if they occasionally indulged in word play, for they had a musical people to write for, and the people were their only patrons.

The only important prose work of the period is a volume of Bishop O'Gallagher's Sermons, which, though it unfortunately contains many Anglicisms, is perhaps the most popular Irish book ever printed.

Though one hundred really respectable Irish poets flourished during the eighteenth century, as the century closed scarcely a line of Gaelic poetry was being written and what was written could hardly be called literature; and so it has continued to the present day. This is directly traceable to the penal laws, and, in this particular, the scarcely more just laws of our own century, which have almost succeeded in completely destroying the Irish language. The sole language of nineteen-twentieths of the people in 1740, a century later Gaelic was spoken by only one half the population and of these five-sixths were bi-linguists, while at the present day, not more than a few tens of thousands of the Irish race do not speak English, and hardly one-sixth speak Gaelic.


However, a movement for its preservation is now popular in Ireland, and it remains with the present generation to decide whether or not the Irish are to be, as Grattan wished, 'a bi-lingual people, whether or not Gaelic is to be a dead language.

The influence of Irish literature upon that of mediaeval and modern times is considerable. A favorite theme in the middle ages was the Irish "Aes Side" or perpetual youth, while the stories about Queen Mebh or Mab and the fairies were extensively drawn upon by Chaucer, Spencer and even Shakespeare. "Visions of the other World," a Gaelic work constituted three out of the five main sources of the plot of Dante's "Divina Comedia." And those clever bits of forgery, translation, and patchwork, Mac Pherson's Ossianic poems, had much to do with the great romantic revival which commenced at the end of the eighteenth century, as seen in the works of Goethe, Wordsworth, Chateaubriand and Byron. But the greatest work of Irish in the world of literature was certainly the invention of rhyme.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.



HUMOURS OF FATHER BURKE'S BOYHOOD.

 FROM time immemorial the Sons of Erin's Isle have won for themselves an enviable place amongst the orators of the world. On the public platform, swaying the multitudes, inspiring them with lofty thoughts, and impelling them on to nobler deeds ; and still oftener in the pulpit, fulfilling Christ's commands to His chosen few, has their eloquence earned deserved acclaim.

But if oratory is a distinguishing feature of Irish genius, not less so is wit. The two are generally found side by side in the Celt, and the prestige of the Irish as "a nation of orators" is largely due to that incomparably, fascinating humor which sparkles through their every thought, enlivening, brightening and beautifying. And among those great Irishmen whose reputation for eloquence and wit, is destined to live in the book of time, one of the greatest is Father Tom Burke.

So much might be written about the famous Dominican that the limits of this essay forbid my attempting to give an adequate sketch of his life and labors. Accordingly I have taken for my subject that portion which appeals most strongly to the youthful reader.

Father Burke was the only son of a good, Irish Catholic family of Galway. His parents were a pious, kind-hearted couple, and his father followed the business of baker. Father Tom's own witty way of expressing this was : "though my father's blood is red and not blue, he is, nevertheless, one of the best *bread* men in Galway."

In his youthful days, Nicholas, (Father Burke's Christian name) was very fond of playing all manners of tricks, and often on this account, brought upon himself forcible admonitions from his ever-watchful mother. Though inclined to be lively and full of mischief-making, those who knew him in his early days, assure us that his life was as pure and as free from all defilement as the sparkling waters of the rill, that leaps and bounds from the rugged mountain side.

A schoolmate says of him : "Though he got the name of

being a wild boy, I never heard him utter one naughty word, or breathe an exclamation approaching a curse." In fact what he used to say of the good St. Dominic, might well be applied to himself: "No thought that might shame an angel ever crossed his mind."

While yet very young he used to equip himself from his mother's wardrobe, and, taking his place in an upper window, discourse fine music from some instrument that puzzled the passers-by, but which was by turns a shoe-horn and a comb. The neighbors were so much interested that they called to ask the name of the young lady on a visit with the Burkes.

Nicholas was gifted with the power of being able to catch any form of sound, from the crow of a cock, to the cackle of a hen, and reproduced it to perfection. He tells us himself that, sometimes when Mrs. Burke happen to call her husband from another room, he, mimicking his father's voice, would answer for him, and generally contrive to introduce some pert or grotesque words that would not fail to arouse retort. One word led to another, much to the amusement of the concocter, and also to that of the father, as soon as he became aware of the trick.

From his early boyhood, Nicholas had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and, at one time, when acting as acolyte, something having occurred to excite his risible faculties, he was brought into the Convent by one of the Dominican Sisters, and there received a sound thrashing. Sobbing he hied homeward to his mother, who, when she became acquainted with the state of affairs, cried out! "Oh, my blessed boy, did the Lord's annointed lay their hands on you?"

When he was old enough to attend school, he was placed under the preceptorial care of a Mr. Magrath. This man who partook of the characteristics of Washington's Irving's famous schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, liked to inflict corporal chastisement upon his pupils. Learning and blows were to him almost convertible terms; "If I cannot drive it into your head, I'll drive it into you somewhere," was a constant phrase of his, as stroke after stroke of the cat-o-nine tails fell on the screaming victim. Upon this preceptor, Nicholas was constantly playing tricks, and mimicking him, such as well he knew how, and in a short time he was

forced to leave the school on account of one of his pranks. Mr. Magrath had a dog of very unprepossessing aspect, and a constant source of fear and annoyance to the pupils. By dint of dividing his lunch with the dog, Nicholas however was able to take liberties which others dared not attempt.

An apartment of the school-room known as the "master's sanctum," contained a pile of slates and books, surrounded by ink-jars, and some eatables so placed that they were beyond the dog's reach. Burke, having gathered together some slates and tin cans, attached them to the tail of Magrath's dog. Away ran the animal, with a deafening din, until, penetrating the sanctum, he overturned, with a crash, the crazy pyramid just described. Magrath sallied forth in a state bordering on frenzy, and spying Nicholas in the class-room, immediately cited him before his terrible tribunal, where without judge or jury the sentence was passed. Nicholas was ordered to be stripped, and placed upon the back of Magrath junior, in order to afford facilities for the application of the rod already in pickle. Retreat was hopeless; Nicholas, however, was equal to the occasion, and, placing firmly between his teeth a pin, to be used as a wasp wields his sting, he awaited the chastisement. A blow fell heavily; the sufferer seemed to bow beneath the rod, and to kiss the back of Magrath junior's neck. The latter screeched, and, dropping his burden, ran down Buttermilk Lane, uttering warwhoops of distress, while Nicholas, the schoolmaster, and most of the pupils followed in hot pursuit. Nicholas, after running for some time, managed to evade the school-master, and betook himself home. Thus ended his term of school under the tutorship of Mr. Magrath.

He next attended a school in charge of Dr. O'Toole, and made great progress in all his studies. While there he became infatuated with the Temple of Thespis, and for weeks was, as they say in theatrical language, "stage struck." This arose, no doubt, from the fact that an amateur company in this school was organized to play before the public, and in which company Nicholas' efforts as an actor met with great success. Miss Burke informs us that a friend of the family happened to visit her mother at that time, and astonished her by saying that he had been kept spell-bound by the performance of her son in Flood's Lane Theatre.

"Depend upon it," he said, "that boy will make his mark yet." "Sir, that is not the sort of mark I'd like Nicholas to make," was the good woman's reply.

When young, Nicholas had somewhat nice, delicate features, and was very slim in person. He, therefore, oftentimes took female roles ; in Richard III, he took the part of Lady Anne, and, attired in one of his sister's old, black velvet dresses, trimmed with white fur, he looked this gentle personage to perfection. Father Burke himself tells us that oftentimes when a dramatic company visited Galway, his mother took the precaution of locking him up, to prevent him from attending the play.

But, whatever his youthful inclinations, Nicholas Burke was not destined "to make his mark" in the theatrical profession. More important work, a thousand fold greater success awaited him in the calling of his choice.

Had it not been for that Divine Grace which in him became a development, not a change—had it not been for the watchful maternal eye, it is hard to say in what rôle his career might not have been cast.

J. J. MACDONELL, '02.



THE ANNUAL OUTING OF THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.



THE day set apart this year for this long-looked for event was May 14th. The object for investigation was Pellisier's Cave, a phenomenon of the Laurentian Mountains, situated about twenty miles north of Ottawa. Extensive preparations had been made by the executive of the society for the accomodation of the members, and everything bade promise of a pleasant outing.

The morning broke beautifully clear. At 6 a.m a motely crowd of scientists issued from the college door in search of the Cave. The Director, Rev. Father Lajeunesse, told them to pile into three waggons standing in wait, but when these were filled some fragments remained. The latter, mostly proselytes, ordered a new rig while the three waggons lumbered on. Soon we were crossing the Interprovincial Bridge which, with the Parliament Building, the river and the park for surroundings, had a very fine effect in the serenity of the early morning. The next thing we knew we were passing out the back door of Hull, when the axle of one of the waggons broke. During the necessary delay the president went to a house near by and through the medium of of Macdonell as interpreter struck a bargain for getting cocoa made. In the interval also the ordinary members played "Duck on the Rock." With very little delay a sandwich-cocoa breakfast was served. Tobacco and pipes were handed out for dessert, and a much refreshed body of scientists resumed their seats in the waggons. The prophets who had arrived for breakfast gave their trim rig to a man with a large white hat and another man in black who with two bill-posters went ahead as advance agents to put gates where "bars" should be ; the rest followed as fast as they could.

The trip along the Gatineau was delightful. By this time the sun had taken the chill from the air. The scenery was simply grand especially near the rapids, and what gave charm to everything was that it was new. The only effect it could have on the boys was to elicit mirth to overflow; Keeley's violin sounded like a siren's song ;

some found an outlet in singing and those who could not sing stood on the seats and shook their fists at those a long distance ahead. Once a cat ventured too near a waggon and a Scotch Collie gave it a chase for its life. It was "nip and tuck," but the cat got the best of it. The hills were steep in places and everyone but the drivers walked up. The roads must have been rough, too, for half the cider dashed out.

Arrived at Cantley, the advance agents received us, introduced us to our ever-to-be-remembered-friends, the Prudhomme's, and we enjoyed a few minutes relaxation there. The journey was resumed and the remaining six and one half miles to our stopping place were as enjoyable as any before Cantley was reached.

About 12 a.m. we reached the farm-house of Mr. Despoti who was to be our host and guide. Preparations were made immediately for dinner. In the meantime Ric led a cake-walk on the sward and over the ploughed ground. In a short time dinner was announced, and a rush ensued for a large tree in the shade of which ham and eggs were spread in abundance. It is unnecessary to treat in detail of the sumptuous dinner that was served on the grass; but to see how caves were filled seemed paradoxical in scientists in search of "the cave."

After dinner the boys lay in the sun and sang "Floating down the river," and a dozen old songs that never seemed so new before. Truly was it good to be there and feel, though you could ne'er express, the joy of a good conscience after doing justice to a good dinner.

About 2 p.m. we started for the cave. The path lay along the base of the mountain, over and under logs in rabbit style, and frequently through marshy places. But no one complained of anything but heat, as our guide led the way.

The cave was reached at last. It looks on approach like a huge mouth in the side of the mountain. Without investigating further, we rested at the entrance and Mr. Richards took a snapshot of the party. Then into the cool, hollowed rock we ventured, candle in hand to light our way. Twisting, turning, slipping, climbing, on we pushed. Now we were in the beautiful, lofty "chapel," and anon struggling on all fours through a crevice. What matter if we were covered with mud and slime? Down

the ladders next we went seventy-five feet and there in the dread, cool, silent cave the choir sang "Nearer my God to thee." It was indeed impressive, coming from the candle-lit vaults of the mountain's throat, and that solemn sound will ring in our ears as long as memory shall be faithful to the words "Pellissier's Cave."

Homeward we went in straggling files, amusing ourselves in various fashions. The party reunited at 4 p.m. and we started back to Cantley. Chief Powell passed us and took up a position in front of Prudhomme's, but when the second waggon drove up sounding on high the "musique de bouche" the Chief departed in haste.

The pleasant hours that followed were a fitting sequel to a splendid day. The Misses Prudhomme had supper arranged on tables in their lawn. The president in his robes of office occupied the chief place at table; the others ranged themselves on both sides and deranged everything in the middle. The repast was over by 6 p.m. and all repaired to the front lawn.

Here the closing exercises were held. Mac, with a horse-whip, put everyone in line for the cake-walk. Ric in his long boots took the lead and they walked the "cake" until someone began to sing. A few choruses followed and "Auld Lang Syne." The waggons were then ready for the homeward trip, and after a few V-A-R's and many assurances to the Prudhomme's that they were "all right," the advance agents lead the way to Ottawa.

The trip home was as agreeable as the trip in the morning. We visited a mine on the way to see how carbonate of lime is made, because we were scientists. That duty performed, the singing and music were resumed. No event rose above another for the rest of the way, unless that we stopped at Hull and not at Gatineau Point. We arrived at the College at 9 p.m.

Was the scientific trip of '01 a success? Ask us in twenty or fifty years! At present we have time only to rejoice that we were members of the society while Father Lajeunesse was Director, and Mike Conway President,

"For they are jolly good fellows
Which nobody can deny."

EPICURUS.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. IX.

MAY, 1901.

Vol. III.

WHY THE LIQUID AIR LECTURE WAS POSTPONED.

To the extra-mural friends of the University Scientific Society some explanation of its action in indefinitely postponing the Dr. Griffin lecture seems necessary. Readers of THE REVIEW should remember that the Society was well aware of the difficulties attendant on a Liquid Air Lecture, and that it was only after serious consideration of the magnitude of the enterprise, and after every safeguard had been taken to avoid failure, that the Rev. Dr. Griffin was invited to deliver his celebrated lecture on "The Liquefaction of Gases." Notwithstanding the arduous duties incumbent on him in the discharge of his position at Washington, Father Griffin very kindly accepted the invitation and chose Feb. 13th, 1901 as the date of the lecture. Arrangements were at once made with the General Liquid Air Co. of Washington, D. C. to

deliver the necessary quantity of Air at Ottawa, but unfortunately for the success of the lecture the plant was completely disabled on Feb. 11th by an accident to the pistons, and thus Father Griffin was deprived of his source of supply of Liquid Air. Temporary postponement was made in the hope that the normal yield would be reached by new machinery, but all efforts were ineffectual, and on May 1st notification was sent out to all subscribers that a refund would be made, as the Scientific Society had withdrawn the lecture. Now it is patent to every reader that no blame is attachable to either Father Griffin or to the Scientific Society, but the whole failure may be attributed to the poorly managed business system of the Washington Company, which left the production of such a valuable substance as Liquid Air to within three days of the announced date. The thanks of the Society are due to the *Ottawa Evening Journal*, *The Free Press* and *The Union* for the generous amount of space freely given in order to bring the importance of the subject to the public notice, and to other friends who kindly aided in the initial arrangements.

To the Rev. Dr. Griffin the Society owes a deep debt of gratitude. Difficulties innumerable attended every phase of this lecture, but with untiring zeal and perseverance he clung to the enterprise until the last hope of success had vanished. We can assure the Rev. Doctor that the University Scientific Society still retains the public confidence, and should he again decide to visit Ottawa greater success shall attend his efforts to introduce Liquid Air to a Canadian audience.

THE SCIENTIFIC BUILDING.

Although classes have been conducted in our new Science Hall for the past six months, work on the interior was not altogether completed until recently. It was thrown open to the public for the first time on Saturday, May 18th, when the Press Gallery of the House of Commons paid it a visit of inspection. The Hall will not, however, be formally opened for public inspection until Commencement Day. In our June issue we hope to give a detailed description of the building, with several views of the interior. The Rev. Rector with the Faculty of Science and some

of the senior students formed a reception committee to meet the pressmen at 2 p.m. The visitors were shown through the splendid museum which did not fail to elicit many complimentary remarks. The fine, modernly equipped physical and chemical laboratories were visited in turn. With these and with the lecture-room and class-room accomodation as well as with the general finish of the spacious structure the journalists expressed great satisfaction.

After the building had been thoroughly inspected the Rector entertained the visitors to a luncheon in the reception room. In their post-prandial speeches the guests referred to the great work Ottawa University has done and is doing in the cause of education, and expressed their belief that with her up-to-date accomodations for the pursuit of science she will rank with the best institutions of the country.

GIFT FOR THE LIBRARY.

The thanks of the students are due to Dr. Constantineau, of Lowell, Mass., brother of the Very Rev. Rector, for the donation which he recently made to our library. The gift, which consists of twenty large volumes of De Puy's Encyclopædia of Literature, forms quite a valuable addition to the works of reference, and is highly appreciated. It is to be hoped that Dr. Constantineau's kind and thoughtful act will find many imitators among our alumni.



Exchanges

The articles of the *Tamarack* are of an interesting and pleasing character. "To James Marquette" is the title of a paper dwelling upon the life and work of that grand and heroic missionary who first pierced the vast, uncivilized wildness of Michigan, carrying the light of faith to the Indians. Well does he deserve the title of "Christian Hero," as hero he was in the true sense of the word, and his name will be handed down to posterity, as one who devoted his energies and life for Him whose precious blood redeemed the world. "Cemeteries of Detroit" is a short

history of the past and present of that city. Interesting, indeed, and, at the same time, a gruesome thought must it be to the inhabitants of Detroit, to consider that they are daily "treading upon the dust of a forgotten population." "The Babe and the Baggage Coach" has the ring of the song entitled "In the Baggage Coach Ahead."

*
* *

The article entitled "Mark Twain," in the *Scholastic*, of May 4th, is a thoughtful essay, pointing out very distinctly the difference between humor and wit, and also giving us a short account of the life and works of that greatest of all humorists, Samuel Clemens, better known to the public as Mark Twain.

*
* *

The *Red and Blue* is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum, and is an excellent sample of a college paper. This month's number is almost entirely devoted to the development of the University of Pennsylvania Track teams, and to the winning of past championships. Such men as KraeZZleiz, McClain and McCracken, are a credit to the U. of P. and are well deserving of the praise given in the *Red and Blue*. The "Sonnet" is a fair attempt at that most difficult kind of poetry.

*
* *

Mt. St. Mary's Record has succeeded in arousing the ambition and good-will of its pupils, judging from the number of short papers in this month's number, which, on the whole, are well written and speak well for the future success of the *Record*. The *Record's* artist has in fancy sketched a few of her colleagues in the Exchange Department, and on looking the canvas over, we are inclined to think that, in some instances, her fancy has not gone astray.

*
* *

In the *Niagara Index* several devotees of the immortal Shakespeare have given us well-prepared essays, one on "The Tempest" and another a character sketch of "Miranda," "the most glowing jewel in Shakespeare's brooch of feminine beauties."

*
* *

The advent of spring has evidently awakened all the latent powers of the poets of *St. Mary's Chimes*, as this magazine fairly rings with a plentitude of musical verse.

Of Local Interest.

On April 24th Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, delivered in the Academic Hall a lecture on "Living Marvels of the Sea." Besides the valuable knowledge the learned lecturer imparted, much of which of which seemed like revelation to our youthful naturalists, the vivid lime-light illustrations that accompanied the Professor's descriptions gave the members of our Scientific Society very tangible ideas of the realities of life in the deep. After the lecture Sir James Grant moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

* * *

Rev. Father Forbes, one of White Fathers of Africa, spent a few days at the University. He is travelling among the Catholic Colleges of Canada preaching on the African Missions and encouraging young men who aspire to missionary life to look towards Africa, where there are millions of souls waiting for the light of faith. While here Father Forbes gave an illustrated lecture on Africa.

On May 14th, while the scientists were away to Pellissier's Cave, the epicureans formed a bicycle corps and journeyed to Fallowfield; on the same day the Lilliputians, observing with envious eyes the happy exodus of the Giants, "hitched up" and drove out to Britannia where they held a pic-nic. Each party reports a very pleasant time.

* * *

Augus—"Say, Callaghan has become quite a pugilist."

Chum—"How's that"?

Augus—"Why he knocked out seventeen men at Hull on Sunday."

AFTER THOUGHTS OF SCIENTIFIC TRIP.

Ware and tare—J. W. L. and M. E. C.

Indispensable—Keeley's violin.

Boots—Ric's.

Narrow escape—a certain cat.

Wounded—7 stitches—Mike.

Unpaid for—the egg Mac stole.

Out of sight—Tom in the lumber pile.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. James F. McLaughlin ex '01, of Lowell, Mass., writes that he will likely be present for the Commencement Exercises next month.

* * *

Mr. E. P. Gleeson '98 has returned to the City from Toronto. "Eddie" was present at the Prize Debate and received a rousing welcome from the galleries.

* * *

Mr. Bede Kearns of the matriculating class of '99 has retur-

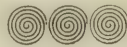
ned to the City from Queen's for the holidays.

* * *

Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme '97 and Rev. Geo. Fitzgerald '97 will be raised to the Priesthood at the Trinity ordinations by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

* * *

Messrs J. A. Meehan, J. F. Breen, P. J. Galvin and Dr. T. Stuart Albin, all of the class of 1900, will receive the tonsure at the approaching ordinations. The first named in Ottawa, and the others in Montreal.



Athletics.

Foot-ball loses all its charms when played in warm weather. Our young athletes enter into the spring games for the pleasure that they find in them, but when play becomes anything like work, as such is the case when chasing the pigskin on a sultry day, they gladly seek to amuse themselves otherwise. For this reason the scheduled games of foot-ball were not all played, thus leaving the championship undecided. Captain Callaghan's team was in the

lead when it was agreed by the Captains not to play any more rugby this spring.

Before turning our attention to base-ball, a letter was received from the manager of the Normal School foot-ball team, asking us to meet them in a friendly game of Association foot-ball. At first, we thought that it would be inconsistent for us to meet their wishes since we had just decided not to play any more foot-ball. But then it was not Rugby, and as we were not accustomed to

play Association we thought that the novelty of it would afford us much pleasure. Their challenge was accepted and the game was played on May 4th. It was well contested throughout, the Normalites proving the more skillful in playing combinations. Varsity players on the other hand, not only broke up those combinations, but improved their own style of playing as the game proceeded. The play was so close throughout that at the end of the regular playing time neither team had scored. Two halves of ten minutes each were then played. In the first of these Varsity scored one goal, and in the second they scored two more, leaving the Normalites "to pick up their goose egg and gallop away." It was not the skill of our players that won the game, but they were in better condition as the result of the few games of Rugby that they had already played. The goals were scored by Filion, Richards and Keely. The following were the Varsity players.

Goal—R. Filiatreault.

Full backs—T. Harpell, N. Holland.

Half backs—W. Dooner, W. Callaghan, J. Lynch.


Forwards—S. Filion, captain, J. J. Macdonell, W. Richards, H. Legault, J. Keely.

Referee—J. A. Dobbie of the Normal School.

Umpires—L. Brennan of Varsity and J. A. Twohey of Normal School.

* **

Varsity sought admission into the Interprovincial Base Ball League which was organized some three weeks ago, but met with only partial success. The other teams were willing to admit us, but no schedule could be formed which would enable us to play all our games before the summer vacation. It is impossible for us to play base-ball next fall, during the rugby season. However, we expect to be able to meet each one of the teams composing the League before the holidays. We have already played Hull, on May 16th, and had an easy victory, our team winning by a score of 22-4. There were about 600 people at the game. Varsity team was composed of Callaghan, pitcher; Dowling, catcher; Blute, 1st base; Smith, 2nd base; Nolan, 3rd base; McCormac, short-stop; Gabriels, right-field; Morin, center-field, and Halligan, left-field.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The New Science Hall of the University of Ottawa	505
Poetry:	
June.....	518
Scott's Woman.....	519
Poetry:	
May and June.....	527
St. Patrick's Failure, One and Singular.....	528
The Boom Mystery.....	538
The North Pole Canada's Northern Boundary.....	541
New Priests Honored.....	547
Editorials:	
Valedictory.....	549
Actum Est.....	550
Shall the Championship come Home again.....	550
Catholic Journalism.....	551
Donation.....	552
Exchanges.....	553
Of Local Interest.....	554
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	557
Athletics.....	558

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

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Vol. III

THE NEW SCIENCE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.



ONE bright morning in the early fall of 1856, a few dozen lads gathered for the first formalities of an academic year's work in the new stone building which to most of them, as to most of the people of Bytown, seemed a stately college home. The new building was not indeed palatial, but compared with the humble quarters provided for faculty and students in the College of Bytown, since its inception, eight years before, the five-storied structure, 84 by 40 feet, on Wilbrod street, looked charmingly imposing.

Bytown became Ottawa; the College of Bytown became the University of Ottawa; the new capital grew, and its leading educational institution more than kept pace with it. The stone building, began thirty years previously, had by 1885 been enlarged to more than seven times its original size, and in that year the theological students who could no longer find room in the main edifice, moved into a new building on the banks of the Rideau, truly splendid in dimensions, style and surroundings. Before ten years more had rolled by, another colony, this time collegiate students attending the Apostolic School of the Oblate Fathers, went to occupy the fine modern annex on Theodore street, opposite to the College Block.

These extensions and annexes, however, failed to permanently supply ample room for all departments of the University. Great inconvenience has been occasioned, of late years, by the insufficiency of space allotted to the Laboratories and Museum, and by the fact that this space was very much needed for class rooms. There was but one remedy for the inconvenience, and the application of the remedy brought into existence the subject of the present sketch, the new Science Hall.

Every old student will remember the two small log houses that stood on the north side of Wilbrod street, facing the statue of Dr. Tabaret in the central lawn. They had some interest in serving to recall a style of habitation that belongs to by-gone days, but standing in the midst of a modern residential quarter, and just in front of a remarkably fine building, they seemed, to say the least, not in harmony with their surroundings. A little over two years ago they became the property of the College Corporation, and their demolition speedily followed. The lot they so long disfigured, is occupied to-day by the latest University building, a solid stone structure 98 by 85 feet and about 65 feet high.

Its lofty stories, and many windows, high and wide, at once impress upon the visitor the fact that the Science Hall comes up to the modern educationist's standard of a plentiful supply of natural light and pure air. Pleasing architectural effect has been equally well compassed. The monotonous, massive appearance that is often a feature of structures of this kind, is obviated, and grace of outline attained, by an ornamental tower with turrets, as well as by the broad bush-hammered stone lintels, sills and reveals around the various-sized openings and moulded band courses on a level with the different floors. The architect was Mr. Z. Gauthier of Montreal, and the contractor, Mr. J. L. Fauteux of Ottawa.

The materials used in the construction are all of most substantial character. The building rests on a concrete foundation, the stone is the best that the noted Hull quarries supply, the pillars and beams are of iron, plate glass fills in the sashes. Terra cotta floors and asbestos plastering, combine with the stone and iron of the framework to make the structure fireproof. Within, numerous ventilating flues, hot water coils and electric lamps, insure convenience and comfort at all times.

An inspection of the interior must convince the educationist that the outside of the structure does not awaken any expectations which are not fulfilled, and that the University possesses several well-equipped departments of Science. Naturally the visitor will begin by the

FIRST FLOOR.

Two broad entrances on Wilbrod Street lead into vestibules, about on a level with the ground. The first floor of the building

is four feet lower, the second floor eight feet higher than the floor of the vestibules. First floor seems a more appropriate designation than basement for a story that is as dry, airy and well lighted as the best apartments in most buildings.

Storerooms, workrooms and the furnace room, take up considerable space on this floor, but there remains a section 80 by 65 feet which has not been assigned to any particular purpose. The architect provides on his plan for the division of this large area into several lightsome and accessible rooms. To select a possibility of which this unoccupied space may facilitate the realization, let the discerning leader weigh the respective prospects of, say, an overflow from some of the departments on the higher floors, Engineering in one or more of its branches, Technical School work or some other development in the vast field of scientific education that public or private benefaction can speedily produce.

Leaving this story whose interest attaches to the future rather than to the present, the visitor finds on the floor immediately above it a magnificent store of attractions, the contents of

THE MUSEUM.

The southwest entrance gives direct access to this beautiful room in which an interesting and profitable hour may be spent, for it is open to the public.

The Museum with the offices and workrooms connected with it, occupies the entire second floor. The main room 80 by 65 feet and 20 feet high, is finished and furnished in an elaborate and tasteful style that makes it peerless among Canadian Museums.

It has in common with the other rooms of the second, third and fourth stories, an ornamental metallic ceiling and a floor of clear birch laid in narrow strips. The wainscoting and other wooden parts of the inside finish of the entire building, except the Museum and the passages by which it is reached, are of ash. Rich quarter cut oak is the material used in the doors, arches and sashes filled in with leaded glass, that set off the vestibule and staircase leading to the Museum.

Whatever he may have heard of it, one entering this room for the first time can scarcely realize that all the wood he sees before him in doors, column and wall decorations, and in show cases is *selected Spanish mahogany*.

Everything else in the inside finish of the Museum, harmonizes with the beautifully veined wood. The cornices, moulding and frieze, crowning the columns and walls, and the heavy panelled dado which ornaments the lower part of the room, attest rare architectural taste and skill. No less creditable to the designer is the separation between Museum and workroom effected by a screen built up between dado and main cornice of octagonal pilasters and panels formed of sashes in which is set cream-colored leaded cathedral glass. The walls of the room are treated in a white tone and the ceiling, beams and cornices, in a rich cream.

“The show cases of the Museum are undoubtedly the finest on this continent, and no expense has been spared to make them so.” Such is the statement made in their notes on the Museum, by the well-known architects, Messrs. Sproatt & Rolph of Toronto, who elaborated the plan of the room. This statement seems confirmed by the admiration of the design and finish of the cases, expressed by other experts. The variety of design of the cases and their harmonious arrangement, are features that no one can fail to remark.

They are finished in mahogany and the best British polished plate glass, and are fitted inside with American cottonwood, treated in a soft dead-white color. In all the cases the glass is in one length, so no line breaks across an exhibit. All the joints, movable or fixed, are made dust and moth proof by a combination of rebates and rubber tubing. The shelving is supported on adjustable nickel brackets. All the cases are on patented casters, so that they can be moved about. The Globe Furniture Co., of Walkerville, Ont., supplied the show cases, and did the inside work of the Museum.

In the superb show cases are stored a great variety of specimens, and the visitor who has a taste for the study of either Ethnology, Zoology, Botany or Numismatics, will find in the new Museum much to interest him. A unifying feature of the different collections, is that they are very largely, though by no means exclusively, Canadian in composition.

The old University Museum, owing to its location on the fifth floor was rather inaccessible to the public, and consequently little known. The number and variety of the specimens it contained, sur-

prised all who visited it even in Dr. Tabaret's time. Its contents were gradually increased, and one day three years ago, were suddenly doubled when the veteran Indian Missionary, Rev. Father Arnaud, O.M.I., of Betsiamis, P.Q., presented to the University his splendid collections, the result of nearly forty years' labor and sacrifice.

As might be expected, the Zoological Department occupies by far the most space in the Museum. The student of Natural History here recognizes specimens of a goodly number of the large mammals of Canada and of almost all the small ones of North America. There are specially fine collections of fur-bearing animals and of the heads of large game. Distant climes too have their representatives small and large, amongst the latter being a lioness, the wild boar of France and an enormous orang-outang. Among oceanic mammals one may remark a number of seals looking very natural, and the skeleton of a monster whale.

The collection of birds is remarkably large, and includes all the orders and almost all the families into which science divides *Class Aves*. Several rare aquatic birds and tropical birds will be noticed by the ornithologist. Turning from mammals and birds to fishes and reptiles, the visitor sees before him many excellent specimens. The most striking of these are amongst the collections of crocodiles and turtles and of snakes of the larger varieties.

Not the least interesting departments of the Museum are those in which the taxidermist's art has no place. In one of these is a fine collection of old medals and coins, in another many named specimens of woods, and a little farther on, the complete collection of Canadian minerals from the National Museum. Some rare fossils attract general attention. The Conchological Collection is perhaps more varied than any other, for the great number of shells exhibited represent gatherings from the deep under many skies. In the Herbarium is a very fine named collection of Canadian plants from the National Herbarium, and many detached botanical specimens, some of them quite uncommon. Then if one cares for Ethnology he may examine different skulls and many odd articles that human beings once found useful or ornamental. Relics of the red man are most numerous. Amongst them are costumes made of caribou and walrus skins, a dog sled with sets of harness and whips, carvings, tools, weapons, pottery, baskets,

calumets, in a word, specimens of most of the handiwork of our Aborigines.

On the higher floors of the building are located the Laboratories and other rooms in which facilities are afforded for experimental work in Science. These may be visited outside of class hours and display a completeness of modern scientific equipment for which many, in the absence of princely benefactions are wholly unprepared. The eastern side of the third floor is occupied by

THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

This is a room 60 by 40 feet. Communicating with it are a workroom, a dark room and a room for specialty work. In the location and general arrangement of all these rooms, the special purpose which each is to serve, has been kept closely in view, and the plans of the principal Laboratories in the country, made a subject of careful study. Gas, water at high and low pressures, and the electric current, alternating or direct, as desired, are available. The experienced eye will certainly see in the general features of the Department of Physics, possibilities for thorough demonstration and exhaustive research.

Elegant finish, handsome show cases, many fine instruments—all shown to advantage by the abundant light which an artistic architect has contrived to admit from all sides, give to the Physical Laboratory a very attractive appearance. Birch worktables, substantial and trim in design, complete the general equipment, and add to the pleasing effect.

A considerable quantity of apparatus from the best houses in Paris, London and Boston, has been added to the excellent collection of physical instruments brought from the old Laboratory. The student will find in the new Department of Physics, sufficient and more than sufficient appliances for a highly satisfactory general course of Physics. Provision is made for numerous experiments in every branch of this comprehensive subject. The apparatus facilitating the general study of Sound and Electricity is particularly complete.

The fine astronomical telescope secured some years ago, is housed for the present in the Physical Laboratory. So too are the Solar Compass, Refractors, Sextants, Globes and other

apparatus that form the nucleus of a collection for the working Observatory which it is hoped will some day be located under the dome that on the architect's plan, caps the large tower of the Science Hall.

A corridor of which the walls are of finely finished ash, to a height of seven feet, and of heavy clear glass on eight feet higher to the shapely cove overlying the angle of wall and ceiling, separates the Physical Laboratory from the other large room on the third floor,

THE LECTURE HALL.

This capacious room for public or semi-public scientific lectures and demonstrations, supplies a want long felt by students and lovers of Science in Ottawa. The new Science Lecture Hall will enable the University Scientific Society and other Scientific Clubs using it, to offer to lecturer and audience unusual advantages.

The hall seats about two hundred and twenty-five persons. The seats rise in tiers to ten feet from the floor, and are so arranged that every one in the audience has a clear view of the experiments that may be made at the large worktable before the lecturer. Any one desirous of jotting down facts and impressions during a lecture, finds that the right arm of his seat is made to form a convenient support for a note-book.

On the worktable before him, the lecturer or demonstrator is provided with gas, electricity and water, and the flow of each may be regulated as desired. Behind the speaker is a smooth white wall to receive views from a stereopticon. The instrument is so placed that no one is inconvenienced, and appliances are at hand for either the oxyhydrogen or the electric light. Tables for specimens and exhibits are given ample space in front of the tiers of seats. Adjoining the hall is a room for committees and lecturers.

The large cheery room in the tower on this floor, is shortly to be fitted up as a Science Library. Amongst other valuable collections that it will contain, will be the Publications of the Geological Survey of Canada, presented by courtesy of the Director, Dr. Bell.

The fourth floor of the building is interesting by its excellent finish and fittings and by the fine view it affords of Ottawa and

the surrounding country. A corridor of which the upper half of the wall on either side is of glass, leads from the broad staircase to the principal room,

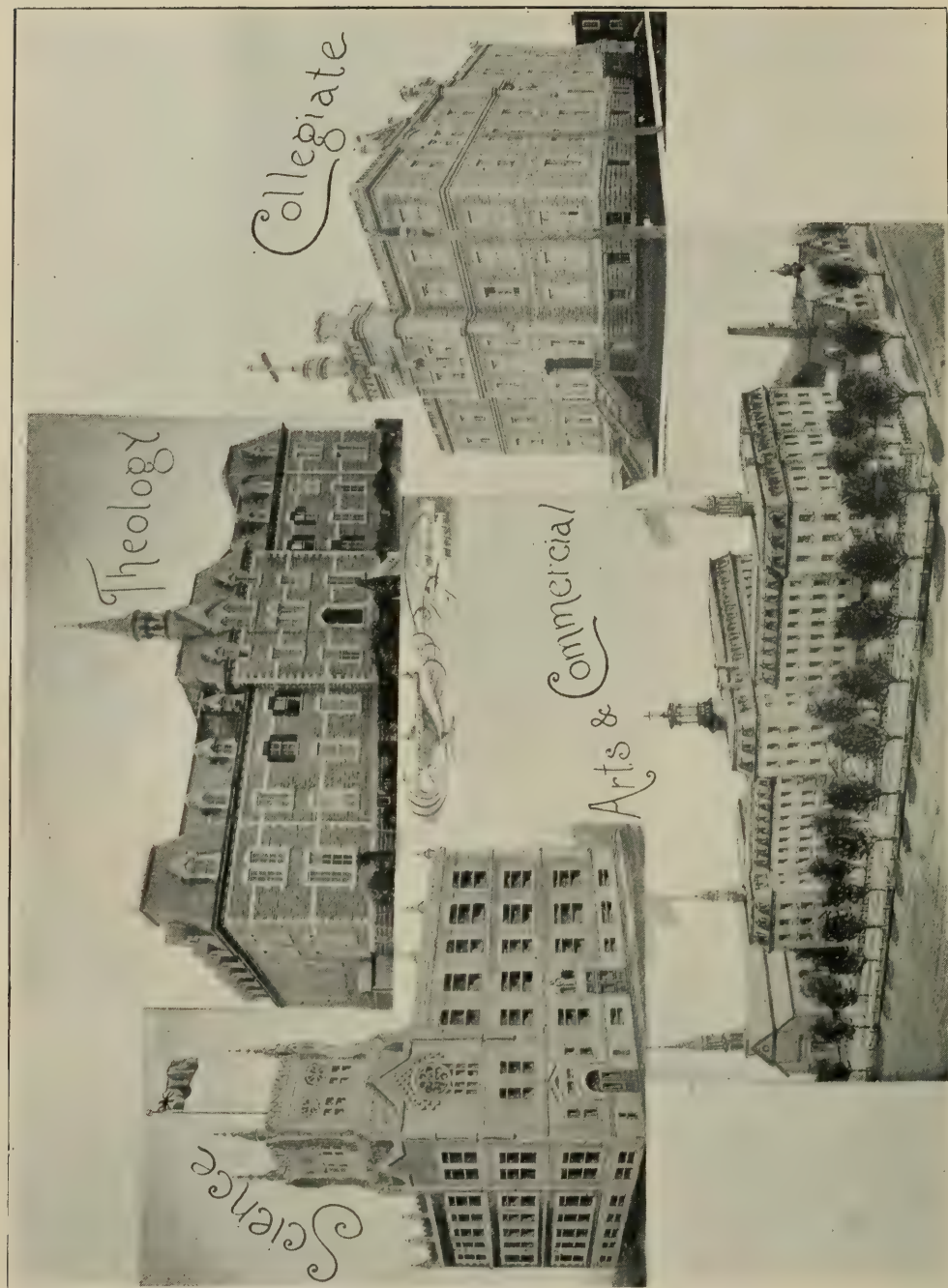
THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Easy of access from this room are a Private Laboratory, a lecture room and a storeroom for chemicals and other materials. In the new home of the Chemical Department the student is provided with facilities for doing his experimental work in a thorough manner and under most favorable conditions. In location and finish the rooms leave nothing to desire; they are heated and lighted perfectly, and the system of ventilation effectively prevents the accumulation of foul odors and noxious gases.

The main room has a floor space 80 by 40 feet. It contains eighteen worktables with heavy slate tops. Every table is six feet to the side, and so gives working space to four students, each of whom finds in his section, water, gas, a sink, a drawer, shelves for his reagents and a locker for the storage of apparatus when not in use. There are two large side tables for experiments requiring complicated apparatus. Hoods are provided for the preparation of poisonous gases and for acid evaporation.

Eighty students may be comfortably seated in the lecture room, each one having a writing desk before him. At the disposition of the professor are a platform and reading desk for lectures, and a well-fitted worktable for experiments in presence of his class.

Contiguous to the lecture room is the Private Laboratory. This room, situated in the ornamented part of the tower, with its lofty ceiling and magnificent arched and foliated windows commanding a charming view, seems a fitting place indeed for the reception and appropriate use of instruments by which her jealously guarded secrets are wrested from nature. The large supply of apparatus in the main room for the ordinary text-book experiments, is supplemented in the Private Laboratory by instruments for delicate work in organic and inorganic qualitative and quantitative analysis. Several of these instruments, such as a microscope of remarkable power, a delicate chemical balance and a polarizing saccharimeter, would attract attention in any laboratory.



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

On the fourth floor is also located

THE MINERALOGICAL LABORATORY.

In this room fifty students may find working space, and each has before him apparatus, water, gas, reagents and all else necessary for blowpipe analysis. Every student also has shelves and a locker for the storage of articles used by him. Desk wall cases, conveniently placed, contain samples of a great variety of minerals. These are distributed amongst students for experimental work. The study of the mineral products of the Dominion, is facilitated by the large collection of Canadian minerals in the Museum.

The lecture room mentioned in connection with the Chemical Department, is of course available for lectures and demonstrations in Mineralogy. Likewise the Private Laboratory affords facilities for specialty work in this branch.

Up to the present, want of room has been a serious, though not the only obstacle to the establishment of special courses in the eminently practical sciences of Chemistry and Mineralogy. Very reluctantly have many young men in Ottawa and at a distance been informed that the Laboratories had to be reserved, almost exclusively, for the Classical Course of the University, and that consequently they could not find in the Capital the facilities they sought of qualifying for a calling in which a knowledge of one or both these sciences is essential—that of analyst or assayer, for instance. With the opening of the Science Hall the aspect of affairs changes. Special students, to a considerable number, may be allowed the use of the new Laboratories, and no great outlay would be required to here provide courses in Chemistry, Mineralogy and kindred subjects, and in Electricity too, second to none in the country.

It must be confessed, however, that the University of Ottawa, entirely dependent as it is on the fees of students, cannot be reasonably expected to very soon give full effect to the possibilities which the practical mind will see in the existence and present equipment of the new Science Hall. Yet it seems regrettable that these possibilities should not be at once turned to account in the Province of Ontario which spends ever-increasing sums in providing for instruction in Applied Science.

Statutes in our times commonly decree that the public coffers shall remain closed to college corporations whose general acts are exempt from state control, but that regulation, elsewhere, and latterly at least, in our midst, has been given no narrow interpretation. Only the other day, a number of public-spirited responsible citizens forming a corporation offering satisfactory guarantees, secured from the Provincial treasury the sum of \$100,000 for a School of Mines in Kingston, a much less important centre than Ottawa. All familiar with the circumstances connected with that grant, know that by it and a similar one for the opening of special courses in the new Science Hall in Ottawa, the universities of the two cities would be effected in exactly the same way.

The principle being wisely admitted that not one city alone in Ontario, is to benefit by Government support towards educational work in Science, it is incredible that a responsible corporation of Ottawa citizens, would fail to obtain state aid for the maintenance of a School of Science. The Dominion capital offers ideal advantages to the young man who seeks to add to technical qualifications the development of a broad Canadian spirit. Ottawa possesses all the desirable conditions that can be claimed for the other cities in Ontario in which Schools of Science exist, including that of many well-organized University courses, open to all, from which students in technical branches may choose one or more subjects that will supplement their specialty work

The idea that a Science School is not needed in Ottawa, or that its interests would clash with those of institutions in other parts of the Province, is not tenable. That idea will not even enter the thoughtful unbiassed mind that has noted the continued extension of courses in Applied Science and the growing need of well-trained experts for the development of natural resources and the building up of industries in our fair Dominion. Definite evidence that vastly additional facilities for practical training in Science, are needed in this section, is supplied by the situation of Ottawa in the heart of a region exceptionally fitted for industrial progress, and by the action of a college corporation, not inclined to venturesomeness, undertaking the erection and equipment of a large Science Hall when nothing seemed possible but tuition fees and rather uncertain private benefaction.

No promise of any assistance whatever, had been made to the College authorities when the Science Hall was begun, but it is gratifying to state that within the past few months, two gentlemen of means, Mr. M. P. Davis of Ottawa, an old student, and Mr. M. J. Haney of Toronto, have given very substantial proof indeed of their interest in the work to be carried on in the new building. Each of them has donated the handsome sum of five thousand dollars toward defraying the cost of construction and equipment. These gentlemen, if consulted, would be reluctant to allow their generosity to be proclaimed to the world, but justice demands that their gifts be mentioned in these pages, and that the sincere thanks of the institution they have aided be tendered to them.

In connection with the benefit that would accrue to educational work in Ottawa by the establishment of a Science School and by increased private benefaction, it may not be out of place to here state a few facts not perhaps fully enough understood by all who may read these lines.

Leaving out of consideration its two Theological Schools, the courses in the University of Ottawa are open to all, and since the foundation of the institution have been attended by many students of different religious denominations. This is as might be expected, for in ninety-five per cent. of these courses nothing could possibly be found objectionable by any one, no matter what his tenets may be.

English is the only language used in the lecture rooms, except as in the majority of Catholic colleges, in the Latin lectures in Philosophy, and, as in all colleges, the lectures on the literature of modern languages when the students attending them understand these languages.

The institution in 1866 secured from the Dominion Government a charter empowering it to confer degrees similar to those conferred by other universities throughout the country. In 1889 it received from His Holiness, Leo XIII, all the privileges of a Catholic University.

In view of these conditions, it is natural that Catholics who, desire to have their sons, or the youth of their race, educated in English, should consider the University of Ottawa as existing

specially for them. Catholics do so indeed, and that the institution responds to reasonable expectations is attested by the success which graduates of the University have, almost without exception, attained in the higher walks of life, throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion and in many states of the neighboring republic.

Though certain that the adoption of a different course would bring more students to its Classical Departments, the University of Ottawa has resolutely kept up a very high standard of studies, in the conviction that thorough work would win and maintain confidence, and tend to attract endowments. In winning and maintaining confidence the University is proved to have been successful by the number of students in attendance, and also, though this is stated with regret, by its having to close its doors to many deserving young men who, on account of limited means, need assistance to complete the long course of studies required for a degree. Confidence is shown in another and no less convincing way, by the readiness with which the diplomas and certificates of the University of Ottawa are accepted by all the seminaries and schools of Law, Medicine and Science throughout Canada, and in all of the very large number of similar institutions in the United States, in which they have been presented.

Unfortunately the institution has not received as generous benefactions as the majority of Protestant colleges. A comparison of what members of different denominations have done for their institutions of higher education, certainly would not give our co-religionists the place that they occupy in point of number, nor even, we believe, their present position in order of means. This fact may be explained, in part at least, by the larger contributions of Catholics for the erection of churches and maintenance of primary schools. Catholics too, have rightly a firm conviction that the members of religious orders and many of the secular clergy, may be relied upon to give their time gratis for the cause of higher education, and bring to their work talents, attainments and energy that cannot fail to command success. When all is said, however, it must seem regrettable that wealthy Catholics should allow an institution like the University of Ottawa to remain practically without endowment.

Here is an institution which has received from Church and State the fullest University Powers—an institution whose work is shown to be of a most satisfactory character, by all the tests by which educational results can be determined, but which is left almost wholly dependent on internal resources, though specially existing for a denomination which counts in its ranks many men of wealth. Scholarships are needed, debts remain to be wiped out, existing departments might be strengthened and there are departments which it is highly desirable to add—very particularly a Medical School, for which the new Science Hall supplies many accessories.

This digression respecting the merits and needs of the University of Ottawa, will be pardoned by readers who know how real both are, and how seldom the attention of many who might feel interested has been invited to them.

To return to the new Science Hall. All the outside work was completed last fall ; the building was comfortably heated during the winter, and the inside finish gradually added. Some months ago, students began doing experimental work in the new Laboratories ; at the date of writing, the finishing touches are being given to all parts of the building.

The formal opening of the Science Hall will take place on Wednesday, June 19th, at two o'clock.

After the summer holidays all the regular science work of the University will be done in the new building, and it is hoped that at an early date the Chemical and Mineralogical Departments will be open to students who desire to take special courses. The least that the University expects to be able to do during the coming year, is to provide popular evening courses, experimental and theoretical, in Chemistry and Mineralogy for young men in Ottawa who desire to secure some knowledge of sciences that bear directly upon the location and extraction of the great mineral wealth of the country.

Ottawa, Ont., June 1st, 1901.

JUNE.

E. K. WALLACE.

JUNE, June, rhythm and tune,
Breath of red roses and gleam of the moon,
Air from Hesperides
Blown thro' cherry trees,
Hum of the merry bees,
Drunken with June !
Sky blue and white with you,
Meadows delight with you,
Hilltops alight with you,
Crickets acroon.

June, June, wonderful rune
Of life at its fullest, of life at its noon, —
Perfume and wine of you,
Shimmer and shine of you,
Who could repine of you,
Blossomful June ?
Oh ! the sweet night of you, —
I'm in affright of you,
With the delight of you,
Magical June !

—*Leslie's.*

6

SCOTT'S WOMAN.



BEFORE beginning a study of Scott's women, it may not be amiss to devote some thought to womankind in general ; and in this connection a few principles suggest themselves. The human heart changes not. It is in its normal condition susceptible to love and hatred and jealousy ; to hope and despair and happiness. Human nature is, in general, and essentially for all time a constant quantity. Manners, customs, prevailing conditions, local or temporary influences, which from the settings of society, may modify or artificialize the expression of human nature or individual character, and especially of feminine nature or character, but a woman is still a woman in the depths of her nature. Thus the standard of morality yielding to temporary influences, has varied with the ages, sometimes holding to the natural and austere, sometimes yielding to the artificial and lax in various degrees.

Scott's women, like Shakespeare's, are all women of history, belonging to ages sufficiently remote from the beginning of the twentieth century to require with them an additional criterion or standard of judgment besides that which is required in considering woman characters of the age in which we live.

Scott's woman-characters must therefore be considered from two standpoints : from the standpoint of true, universal womanhood, and with reference to the times in which they lived. The first calls for the exercise of the philosophy of human nature ; the second calls for an intimate knowledge of history.

Scott's heroines, from the first of these standpoints, would form an excellent subject for study, which, however, can only be perfected by bringing to bear on it the influences of the periods in which they lived. Scott's knowledge of history was immense, profound and detailed and his historical pictures and portraits must, therefore, be considered reliable allowing always for the slight latitude given a novelist and denied an historian.

Heroines, in novels, may conveniently for analysis of character be put into three classes, the *Active woman* and the *Passive woman*, the woman who *does* and the woman who *endures*, and a

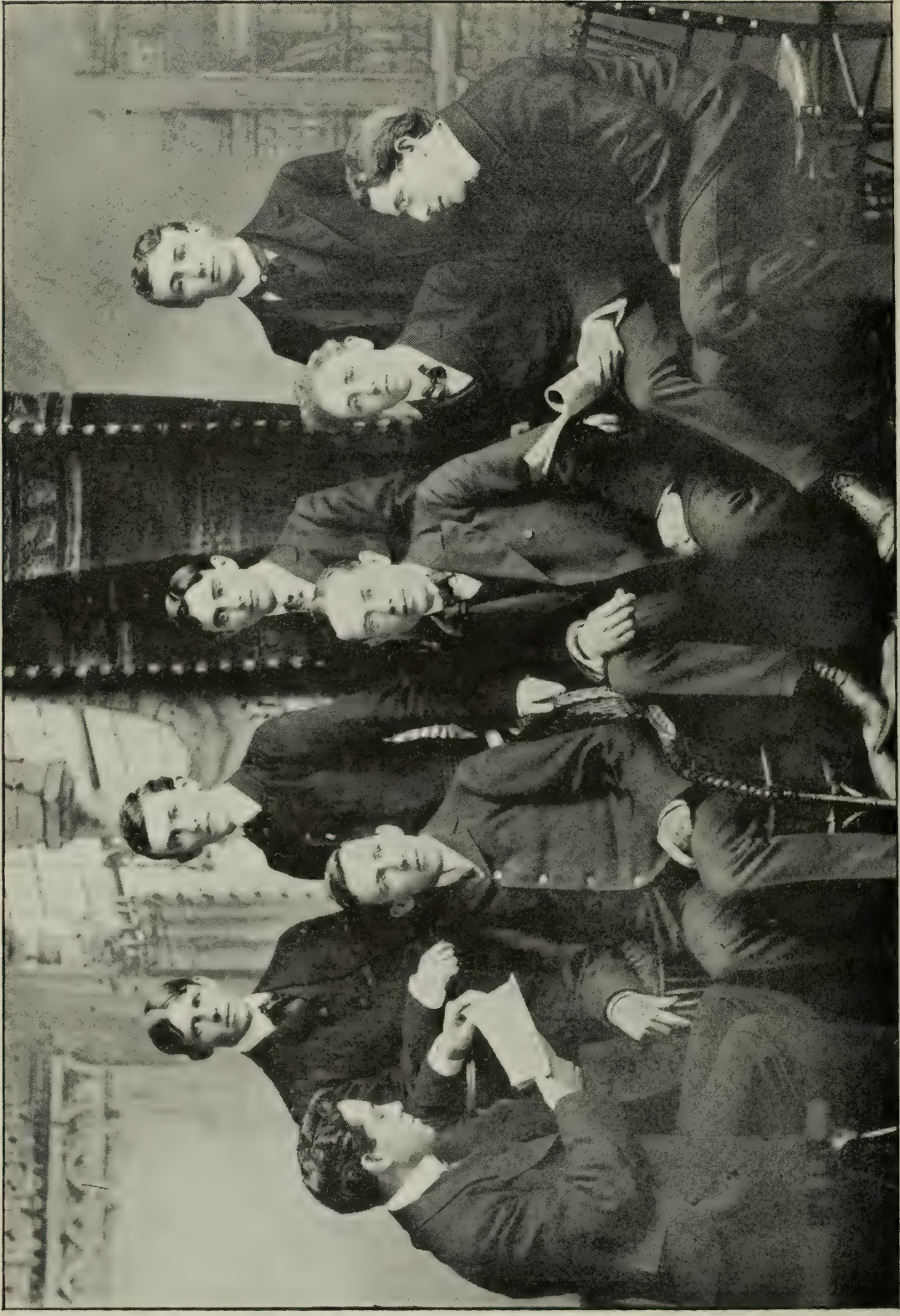
combination of these two classes forms a third—the woman who *both does and endures*.

We meet with examples of these three classes of characters in our own world. There is the strong active, let us say feminine nature that observes, thinks, judges, and is sufficient for its own guidance and development to the full and perfect woman—standing out very distinctly as an *individual*; and there is the softer, weaker, clinging type of womanhood that seems to want a stronger nature to cling to for support, guidance and development. The one is original—apt to be startling on emergency; the other is moulded more by circumstances and external influences. The woman who *endures* is strong, noble, rising to the height of true womanhood, or she is the reverse of these according as her endurance and resistance is *triumph* or *fail*. If she triumphs by striving, then we have a type of the third class.

In Lucy Ashton, the "Bride of Lammermoor," and Rebecca in "Ivanhoe", Scott presents two distinct and separate types of the woman who had to endure; the one suffered, resisted, failed, and went mad; the other suffered, resisted, triumphed, and so sanctified her womanhood.

In the long gallery of Scott's heroines there is no truer or nobler woman than the beautiful Jewish maiden, who, according to no less an authority than Macaulay, to satisfy fully literary justice, should have been the wife of Ivanhoe; though such an ending to the story however satisfying to the reader, would have been entirely at variance with the spirit of the times.

Daughter of a despised race as she was, yet delicately nurtured and well educated in the arts and refinements of the times, rich in beauty of mind and person as well as in wordly goods—no Christian Knight in Richard I.'s reign, could have allied himself with her without utterly losing caste and placing a smirch on the Cross which was the knightly badge of all that was noblest in that crusading age. True, Rebecca might have turned Christian. That has been suggested by critics, but she would no longer have been the Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, and would by doing so have given the lie the strength of faith and womanhood that had brought her triumphantly through trials, temptations and mortal perils. Allowing her the privilege of believing that her



J. J. Macdonell, '02. J. R. O'Gorman, '01. J. O. Dowd, '03. A. P. Donnelly, '01.
T. G. Morin, '01. M. E. Conway, 01. J. E. McGlade, 01. J. T. Warnock, '01. W. A. Martin, '02.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

religion—Judaism, was the right one, there is not a single blemish in Rebecca's character. It comes as near perfection in womanhood as it is possible to conceive. Yet there is nothing of the impossible about her.

The foremost trait in Rebecca's character was her sound common sense which enabled her to see things as they were, to know herself no less than the people by whom she was surrounded. She was a young and lovely maiden with a heart susceptible to love, and she loved the handsome, manly and redoubtable Ivanhoe, though she knew all along there was no chance of her love ever being returned. She could read him as a book ; strove against her love while tending upon him wounded.

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting-hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess." Then again when gazing at the sleeping Ivanhoe, during the lull in the storming of the Castle of Torquilstone, in answer to her growing tenderness for the knight she says to herself, "But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleeds as I rend it away." Then "she wrapped herself closely in her veil and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavoring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within."

Sprung from a people who, as she says, "warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression" she was unable to appreciate with Ivanhoe the eccentricities of chivalry then in its stage of knight-errantry. But in religious argument, confident in the faith within her, she was ever more than a match for the Christians around her who cloaked ignoble actions with the cover of Christianity and wickedly construed her charitable knowledge of medicine and success in the power of healing the wounds of the smitten into sorcery and witchcraft as a plea for her sentence and death.

In defence of her honor Rebecca, like the Roman heroines of old, counted her life as nothing, and her fearless resolution in this

regard appeared even to the unprincipled and determined Bois-Guilbert in whom her woman's penetration enabled her to see certain ennobling impulses that in their last interview won her forgiveness. "But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert," she said, "though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind ; but it is the garden of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?" asked Bois-Guilbert a second time.

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner," was her magnanimous reply.

Luckless in love, persecuted by an abandoned yet powerful knight, condemned to a horrible death for witchcraft in return for her noble actions, Rebecca's spirit never quailed. So long as there was a chance of life she would never despair and would have met death as bravely as the early Christian martyrs. In the presence of her judges, upon Bois-Guilbert's suggestion on the scroll *she demanded a champion*. "There is yet one chance of life left to me" said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable at least of late,—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of defending it." Here again is a proof of her intimate knowledge of human nature. Feeling as she did that Ivanhoe had no thought of love for the despised Jews, still she understood his noble and chivalrous character in such a way that she felt he would hasten to her rescue did he but know of her peril. Simple, practical, possessing good sense and true religion—Rebecca never rants or raves. She always keeps a calm, clear practical head—at times she was as clever as Shakespeare's Portia.

Rebecca's nature was equal to every call made on it. At every demand she was the high-minded self-respecting, dignified, large-souled maiden. (A woman will show to the best or worst when brought up face to face and alone with a successful rival in the affecting of the man she-loves or did love.) The most touching scene in the novel is the final one between Rebecca and the newly-wedded Rowena. The graceful humility, the calm, womanly dignity, the large gratitude, the maidenly instinct of

delicacy displayed in thanking the preserver of her life through his wife, and the absence of all jealousy betokened by the present of a casket of jewels for the adornment of her who was loved by the man Rebecca loved, all appeal strongly to the reader whose sympathies go out to this exquisite flower of Israel ; and it is to satisfy the majority of his readers that Scott, in the close of the last chapter lets fall a gentle hint that Ivanhoe's thoughts might recur too frequently to the fair Jewess.

To do Rowena justice she must be considered from the second standpoint previously laid down, viz : with reference to the times in which she lived, and as before stated, this calls for an intimate knowledge of history. Beside such a character as Rebecca, the active, Rowena, the passive, must appear tame, and to a degree, insipid. Yet no one will disagree with me in terming hers a lovable character.

Beautiful she must have been on the exterior, and not with a lifeless beauty, either else the critical eye of the polished man of the word, Bois-Guilbert, would never have so readily acknowledged her charms.

Her strong point was her love for Ivanhoe, the companion of her childhood—a love which withstood opposition and separation and this to, in an age, when a young woman of noble birth was not supposed to show a susceptible heart, nor to run counter to the advice of her guardians in matters pertaining to the affections.

She was dignified and without vanity as evidenced by her quiet but pronounced treatment of the Templar upon her first meeting with him. She possessed the courage of conviction of a true woman of any age when she raised her voice in the Banquet Hall where the mention of her name was forbidden, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe in the memorable words :—"I affirm he will meet fairly every honorable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires. " Scott says of her " The opinions which she felt strongly she avowed boldly," and again " she was ever ready to acknowledge the claims and attend to the feelings of others." In her interview in Torquilstone, with De Bracy, her courage was undismayed for a time and she acted her accustomed part of a

princess born to command. Then when the danger became so serious and imminent, unlike the active Rebecca, Rowena passively gave way to tears of vexation and sorrow.

I have tried to show in Rebecca, the woman who both does and endures—in Rowena, the passive woman, but there still remains the type of the woman who does without enduring. Such a character is England's Elizabeth in Kenilworth. The predominating trait in Elizabeth's character was her vanity—a trait that seems at variance with the high minded sovereign, the author in his introduction, tells us he is endeavoring to depict. Yet throughout she is a strange compound of the Queen and the Woman. To understand her and appreciate her we must not and cannot judge her by the same standard that we would use in portraying the noble Queen and Woman whose death the British Empire so lately mourned. Our study must be with reference to the times in which she lived ; and we must consider Scott's picture of her a true, historical one, allowing a little latitude for his well known protestant sympathies which would tend to gloss over her many and serious faults.

No better example of her vanity, and also of another trait in her character, could be given than in the author's own words regarding her audience with Raleigh :—" Raleigh in knowing how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with her gallantry due to her personal beauty, succeeded so well as, at once, to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and love of power.

Elizabeth, true daughter of Henry VIII, would brook no opposition to her authority. While for a time, womanlike, she might give way to the finer feelings, she never failed to return with a bound and impress upon all who had witnessed her departure that she was Queen more than Woman. She enjoyed having men in the capacity of suitors but with no one would she share her power. "The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium."

In sense and sound policy she had no equal in any woman of her time, and no superior. It was to the interest of England to effect a reconciliation between the rival Earls of Sussex and Leicester. Elizabeth effected this, but the tactics she used were

taken from the womanly side of her character :—"Sussex, I entreat—Leicester, I command," but the words were so uttered that the entreaty became almost a command, and the command an entreaty. Elizabeth, unlike Rebecca, was not proficient in reading human nature, and when this knowledge was forced upon her by Leicester's confusion of the deceit that had been practised, she forgot her dignity in her passion. Her faithful adviser, Burleigh, saw that something deeper than her vanity was wounded, yet her pride instantly came to her rescue and she became, once more, the calm, dignified Sovereign. It was not a magnanimous dignity, however, for she taunted the fallen Dudley with his presumption in thinking that she, Queen of England, ever entertained a particular regard for him. "What, oh ! My Lords come here and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost *Me* a husband, and England, a King."

Poor Amy Robsart is another example of the woman who had to endure, but owing to her untimely death, we can only conjecture whether she would have suffered and triumphed, as Rebecca did, though in a more tragic style, or whether it was a Fate more kind, that saw fit to take her young life, rather than condemn her to the sad fate of the mad, Lucy Ashton. The only child of an indulgent father, left motherless from infancy, Amy had never been taught the very necessary lesson of submission to authority. All her young life, she has been accustomed to frame her wishes, and leave to some one else the fulfilment of them, she possessed frivolous tastes and the education of the times had done little or nothing for a mind naturally gay and adverse to study. The betrothed bride of Tressillian, her father's noble friend, it becomes somewhat difficult to excuse her flight from home without leaving that aged father with a certainty of her fate, but it is a child we find in Cunmor Place, delighted with her handsome husband and the beauty by which he has surrounded her ; but that it was a strong-minded child who held her honor as the most sacred thing she possessed, is shown by her insistence against such a plausible adviser as Varney that in the eyes of God, if not of the world, she would be true Countess of Leicester. Dudley recognized that though Amy was flexible in many matters, where her honor was concerned not Elizabeth on her Throne had more pride than the daughter of the obscure gentleman of Devon.

Her love for Dudley was not of a childish nature. When the treachery of those around her was forced upon her she became a woman, strong in her love and her determination to fathom the mysteries. Her courage in the face of inexplicable difficulties and her faith in her husband, in spite of appearances, is highly commendable but she failed in execution, Scott says: "At the most prominent period of her life, she was alike destitute of presence of mind and ability to form for herself any reasonable or prudent place of conduct."

Maud, forsaken, half crazed with grief, the least welcome guest at the revels of Kenilworth Castle, the domain of her own husband, the inmate grandeur of Amy's character bursts upon us and overwhelms us. Dragged before the imperious Queen to tell her own story, she forgot self and all her wrongs in her fears for Dudley's safety. No greater contrast, between women both in love with the same man was ever shown than in the demeanor of Elizabeth, the Queen, and Amy, the obscure maiden. No one doubts which woman loved the perhaps unworthy Earl of Leicester with the love that enobles; no one doubts woman which in that critical moment showed herself a queen among women.

In conclusion, from a Catholic standpoint, I cannot refrain from expressing a regret that in the long gallery of Scott's Women, so beautifully portrayed, there is not one true Catholic heroine. True, the two Queen Marys have been given to us historically, but the novelist has used his privileges in intensifying, rather than glossing over imperfections, and the picture, even of the beautiful, gifted, lovable, but ill-fated Queen of Scots is not a satisfying one.

B. M.



MAY AND JUNE.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.



Y the sweet May days, when the meadow ways
Are with buttercups aglow,
When the hawthorn foam round the blackbird's home
Is as white as the winter snow ;
When the woodland bowers in the morning hours
Re-echo to many a tune
From songsters' throats in varied notes,
We come to the month of June.

To the month of June, when the rivers croon
As they flow by hill and vale,
When the red, red rose in its splendor blows
By the side of its sister pale ;
From the fresh Maytime to the year's glad prime
When the nights lie far apart,
By Mary's May we go alway
To the month of the Sacred Heart.

And by the aid of that spotless Maid,
The Mother of God's Son,
Are gifts not few, and are blessings true,
And graces and favors won.
As her aid was given when the God of Heaven
Came a Man and Saviour here,
That same God heeds when Mary pleads
For the souls to Him so dear.

AVE MARIA.

ST. PATRICK'S FAILURE, ONE AND SINGULAR.

"O deserted law
By God own finger on our hearts engraved
How well art thou avedged!"



IN the words of Edmund Burke, 'true humility, the basis of the christian system is the low, but deep foundation of all real virtue.' In like manner, and with equal truth, pride may be said to be the root and source of every vice. Of all the passions none is so fruitful of wholesale moral corruption; in the whole catalogue of debauched vices there is none more enslaving; none more apt to deprive man of all the elevating tendencies of the rational nature and bring down to the level of unreasoning things. As the truly wise man can never be proud, so the vain are ever fools. "Pride makes the whole man false. It leaves nothing sincere or trustworthy about him." Casually dropped in the primitive rose-bud garden of humanity, the single seed of pride developing spread desolation broadcast; and still it continues to generate equivocally "all monstrous, all prodigious things." In its evil influences on the human mind, the operations of pride cannot be limited by any prescribed rules. Unlike most other vices it does not rob man of any of those distinctive traits which go to mark his proper individuality; it does not reduce all its victims to one distinct class of uniform degradation. On the contrary it adapts itself to the peculiar requirement of each particular case so that all its force is directed to foster, and at the same time to pervert the natural inborn inclinations. By it the most landable qualities are gradually poisoned and corrupted, till in time, they are made to operate exactly as the worst. Hence it is, that philanthropy and cynicism; mad ambition, and no less mad abdication of power and dignity; voluptuousness and mock asceticism; prodigality and avarice are very often directly traceable to pride. There is this difference however: while almost all the various species of insanity may be produced by other causes than pride, avarice will never acknowledge any other parentage.

Aubrey De Vere, in his famous "Legends of St. Patrick," furnishes a striking illustration of the workings of pride and avarice, and of the terrible transformation that these destroying sins eventually bring about in man. Nowhere, I think, in the whole range of English literature, history or fiction, do we come face to face with a personage so absolutely destitute of all good qualities as is Milcho, "who willed to disbelieve." Without so much as single redeeming feature to mar the perfect oneness of his moral deformity, St. Patrick's old master is made to appear before us clothed in all the unseemly trappings of a miser in the final stage of development. Yet his avarice, though in itself omnivorous is still evidently subservient to his pride. The crawling slave of these two base passions, his tragical history affords an awful lesson of how God punishes the stubborn sinner who persistently slights the repeated offers of His grace.

The story of Milcho is embodied in the narration of the events that marked the beginning of St. Patrick's apostolic career. The Saint's first act after his arrival in Ireland was to thank God for his safe journey, and to implore the blessing of Heaven on the great work he was about to undertake. He spent the whole night in prayer and thanksgiving ; with the morning's light came an inspiration,—the light divine :

" And from his own deep heart a voice there came—
'Ere yet thou fling'st God's bounty on this land
There is a debt to cancel. Where is he
Thy five year's lord, that scourged thee for his swine ?
Alas that wintry face ! Alas that heart
Joyless since earliest youth ! To him reveal it ! "

At once we become curious to know more of this man, the bare recollection of whom can produce such a disagreeable impression on the Saint ; we find ourselves inquiring what dreadful blight has wrought this change in the heavenly features of God's masterpiece, what mystery surrounds "that wintry face, that heart joyless since earliest youth ?" Obedient to the inner voice, the man of God immediately sets out for the abode of his old master in order to make known to him the glad tidings of the Redemption ; on his way he becomes the guest of Dichu, from his conversation with whom we gleam further information of

Milcho. That St. Patrick is fully acquainted with the character of the man he is undertaking to convert, is evident from his words :

“ Hard was he ;
Unlike those hearts to which God’s truth makes way
Like message from a mother in her grave.”

Yet trusting always in the boundless mercy of Heaven he will not be deterred. He considers it his duty to make the attempt, and for him the call of duty is ever imperative.

The testimony of Dichu adds new colors to the dreary picture of the inexorable miser. St. Patrick has made known a few of the effects; Dichu pulls aside the screen and discloses the cause of the old man’s spiritual bankruptcy. Hearing his reverend guest mention “ good will,” the hardy chief exclaims—

“ Good will ! Milcho’s good will !
Neither to others, nor himself, good will
Hath Milcho.”

And in confirmation of his statement he presently adds—

“ Fireless sits he, winter through,
The logs beside his hearth.”

Picture to yourself that poor rich man shivering beside his cold hearth, denying himself the ordinary comforts of misery in order to glut his inordinate greed for wealth ; imagine, if you can, that wintry, frost-pinched face distorted into the veriest mockery of a smile. To aid our feeble fancy, Dichu bids us notice that if ever Milcho condescends to display the natural graces of his nature to the extent of unbending his rigidity in a smile, the smile so ill becomes the setting as to resemble nothing so much as the glimmering rime on the logs that lie useless beside his hearth. Dichu, in an order of disgust not incongruous in “ a martial man and merry and a speaker of the truth,” waxes eloquent on this theme. Continuing to remonstrate with the Saint he reveals another phase of the old miser’s disposition,—his pride, his all-destroying pride.

“ To Milcho speed ! Of Milcho claim belief !
Milcho will shrivel his small eye and say
He scorns to trust himself his father’s son,
Nor deems his lands his own by right of race
But clutched by stress of brain ! * * ”

The evidence of St. Patrick and Dichu, though indeed it con-

veys to us the idea of a most displeasing individual, is in fact only prelude to the development of Milcho's character in his own words and actions. So far we know him only by hearsay ; we have yet to see him, and judge of him ourselves, as he really is, in his own home, at the time of St. Patrick's rumored coming. The old adage says : " Show me your companions and I will tell you what you are." Milcho has no companions other than his own thoughts, his own incessant and vexed musings ; from these alone our judgment must be formed, for " he ever stood sole in his never festal hall." Be it known, Milcho is a merchant of immense wealth ; an owner of ships ; a giant of commerce. As a general rule, admitting of only rare exceptions, the possession of great wealth is an evidence of either marked ability or flagrant dishonesty : in Milcho it discovers a really striking combination of the two. He is a shrewd dealer, a most unscrupulous driver of bargains. The secret of his success in the pursuit of riches stands revealed in a few words :

" He had dealings large
And distant. Died a chief? He sent and bought
The widow's all; or sold on *foodless shores*
For usury, the leanest of his kine."

Undoubtedly anyone who could justify the combination of three such forcible explicatory phrases might easily establish an undeniable claim to whatever immunities attach to the superlative degree. Luckless wretch ! Money is all his thought ; he judges everything by its money value. The light of the sun itself cannot penetrate the utter darkness of his soul save in as much as its reflected ray discovers treasure. The many circulating " rumors vague " of the sage who had landed in the country causes him much disquiet ; but with a nicety of judgment, the necessary concomitant of his high ideal, he readily discerns the false from the true, and while so many others are deceived, he clears up the whole matter with a gesture, as it were :

" This knave has heard of gold in river-beds,
And comes a deft sand-groper ; let him come !
He'll toil ten years ere gold enough he finds,
To make a crooked torque."

Unable to disengage his mind from thoughts of ships and moneys,

every new piece of information only serves to elicit from him gems of speculative wisdom. Hearing that the coming of this priest "with Doctrine and Rite" was foretold by Cona of the "Hundred Battles," he laughs the tale to scorn, and answers :

" Conn of the ' Hundred Battles ! ' Had he sent
His hundred thousand kernes to yonder steep
And rolled its boulders down, and built a mole
To fence my laden ships from springtide surge,
Far kindlier pattern had he shown, and given
More solace to the land."

His only guiding principle being to take all he can get and give nothing in return, one inseparable and essential quality of the hunks is meanness ; not those common petty tricks which better deserve the name, 'smallness' but meanness in its higher, and sublimer flights ever characterise the actions of the caitiff money-grabber. Thinking Milcho might have taken offence at his flight, and through resentment refuse to accept his teaching St. Patrick sends messengers on before with gifts of gold to requite any loss his old master might have suffered on his account.

" If ill befell thy herds through flight of mine
Fourfold that loss requite I, lest, for hate
Of me, than disesteem my Master's Word."

In due time, the messengers, after travelling far through storms of wind and hail, reach their destination sorely in need of rest and refreshment. If they expected to be greeted hospitably by Milcho they were doomed to disappointment ; but, no matter how hard they may have thought of him, there cannot be any doubt that they were equally unprepared for the reception they receive ; for who, without seeing it, could possibly believe such meanness to be in man ! The ordinary everyday miser, though he were never known to open his doors to any human creature, would have had principle enough left either to refuse the gifts, and repulse the bearers at first appearance "with wolf-hounds and a curse ;" or accepting the proffered gold recognise the propriety of receiving the men with some small show of kindness. Not so with Milcho ; his terrible heart-gnawing greed would neither allow him to refuse the gifts nor feed the weary travellers.

"Ceased the hail
To rattle on the ever barren boughs,

And friendlier sound was heard. Beside his door
 Wayworn the messengers of Patrick stood,
 And showed the gifts, and held his missive forth.

* * * *

He marked the gifts, and bade men bare them in,
 And homeward signed the messengers unfed."

But in spite of his vaunting speeches, and arrogant attempt to make a great show of unconcern, of scorn, of confidence in the righteousness of his own position and the solidity of his own convictions,—of anything but anxiety, do what he will, Milcho finds it utterly impossible to drown the voice of conscience, and sooth the pangs of remorse. The coming of St. Patrick, and the marvellous tales of his numerous miracles produces a marked effect even on him. Every breeze, laden with the gladsome tidings of the Sinless One, tends to revive the well-nigh extinguished flame of his human soul. He is agitated, troubled, distressed. How often he tries to shake it off—that undefinable troubled feeling! Twenty times a day he dismisses the subject summarily; each time some new phase suggests itself to his mind and he is again brooding over it. Numerous explanations spring up, are entertained momentarily, serve their turn to delude him for a short while, then give place to others. Conscience whispers "Believe!" and forthwith rise up before him the crimes of a whole life-time, everyone, but most conspicuously obtruded to his bewildered gaze was

"That earliest sin which, like a dagger, pierced
 His mother's heart; that worst, when summer drouth
 Parched the brawn vales, and infants thirsting died,
 While from full pail he gorged his swine with milk
 And flung the rest away."

What wonder if he "stood sinwalled"! What wonder if "God's asgel could not pierce that cincture dread!" And yet it is not so much owing to his avarice, not so much owing to his past crimes as to his present undiminished pride, that he is finally abandoned and delivered into the power of the evil one. In all his speeches we find vanity and avariciousness commixed. He prides himself principally in his will-power, and his superior wisdom. While returning to his house after one of his many fruitless excursions in quest of sympathy and comfort, he notices a little bird picking grains of sand from the fissured sea-cliff, and thus gives voice to his unbounded self-confidence.

“ O bird when beak of thine
From base to crown hath gorged this huge sea-wall,
Then shall that man of Creed and Rite make null
The strong rock of my will ! ”

That he considers himself in wisdom, equal to any occasion is evidenced by his frequent, though always abortive, attempts to explain to his own satisfaction the mystery surrounding St. Patrick's progress through the land. He tries to persuade himself that he knows the secret of the Saint's object in returning to Ireland and constantly makes himself out a sage among fools:

“ What better laughter than when thief from thief
Pilfers the pilfered goods? Our Druid thief,
Two thousand years hath milked and shorn this land ;
Now comes the thief outlandish that with him
Would share milk-pail and fleece ! ”

Moreover it is patent that his principal reason for hating St. Patrick is that his pride rebels against the thought of submitting in anything to the man who was once his slave. Thus when he is apprised of the fact that, this “sage confessed by miracles” is “none other than the uncomplaining boy,” who for five years acted as his faithful slave and swineherd, he bursts forth in uncontrollable rage.

“ Shall I, in mine old age,
By-word become—the vassal of my slave ? ”

And a little later we hear him giving expression to the same sentiment, only in stronger terms. He bitterly laments his neglect in not having taken the necessary steps to prevent the approach of “Those Heralds of Fair Peace ;” but though he puts forward various reasons for this regret it is still easy to see that what he dreads most is the certain triumph of St. Patrick, whom he sees fit to consider as his deadliest enemy.

“ The man I hate will rise, and open shake
The invincible banner of his mad new Faith
Till all that hear him shout, like winds or waves,
Belief ; and I be left sole recusant.
Or else perhaps that Fury who prevails
At times o'er knee-joints of reluctant men,
By magic impeded, may crumble into dust
By force my disbelief. ”

Alas, pride-blinded victim of fiendish cajolery, in mockery made to pronounce those prophetic words so soon to be verified

in thy own terrible fate ! Even now the process of dissolution has begun in Milcho; for that powerful intellect so much his boast is gradually weakening through constant brooding on one vexed thought ; and before long " that Fury " will indeed crumble into dust not only his disbelief but himself as well; the resistless flame of pride into itself will take all.

But it is especially after the hour of grace and mercy is passed, and when the demon begins to pull up the slack, and haul gently downward on the great chain by which he has secured his certain prey, by which he will at last hurl him headlong into the fathomless abyss—it is only then that we are enabled to form anything like an adequate estimation of the intensity of Milcho's unreasonable conceit. The day of His vengeance being at hand, God abandons the proud man to the absolute sway of Satan ; and the latter beginning the attack, as we are naturally led to suppose, with the same old, oft-repeated cant, first appeals to his dupe's pride and then to his avarice.

" Masterful man art thou for wit and strength ;
Yet girl-like standst thou brooding ! Weave a snare !
He comes for gold, this prophet. All thou hast
Heap in thy house ; then fire it ! In far lands
Build the new fortunes. Frustrate thus shall he
Stare but on stones, his destined vassal scaped."

The proud man is essentially credulous of even the most absurd and foolish tale so long as it panders to his ruling passion ; and so Milcho, with apparent satisfaction, gulps down this bitterest of all pills, blindly willing to be deceived by its thin sugar-coating of flattery. Herein is manifest in the most unmistakable manner the truth of our assertion that his avarice is subservient to his pride; for when compelled to make a choice he prefers to sacrifice all his wealth rather than have it said that he allowed himself to be outwitted by his former slave. As he stood watching the progress of the fire which in its " swift, contagious madness " was rapidly reducing to worthless ashes all his wealth, " hard-won, long-awaited, wonder of his foes," he derives consolation from the reflection—

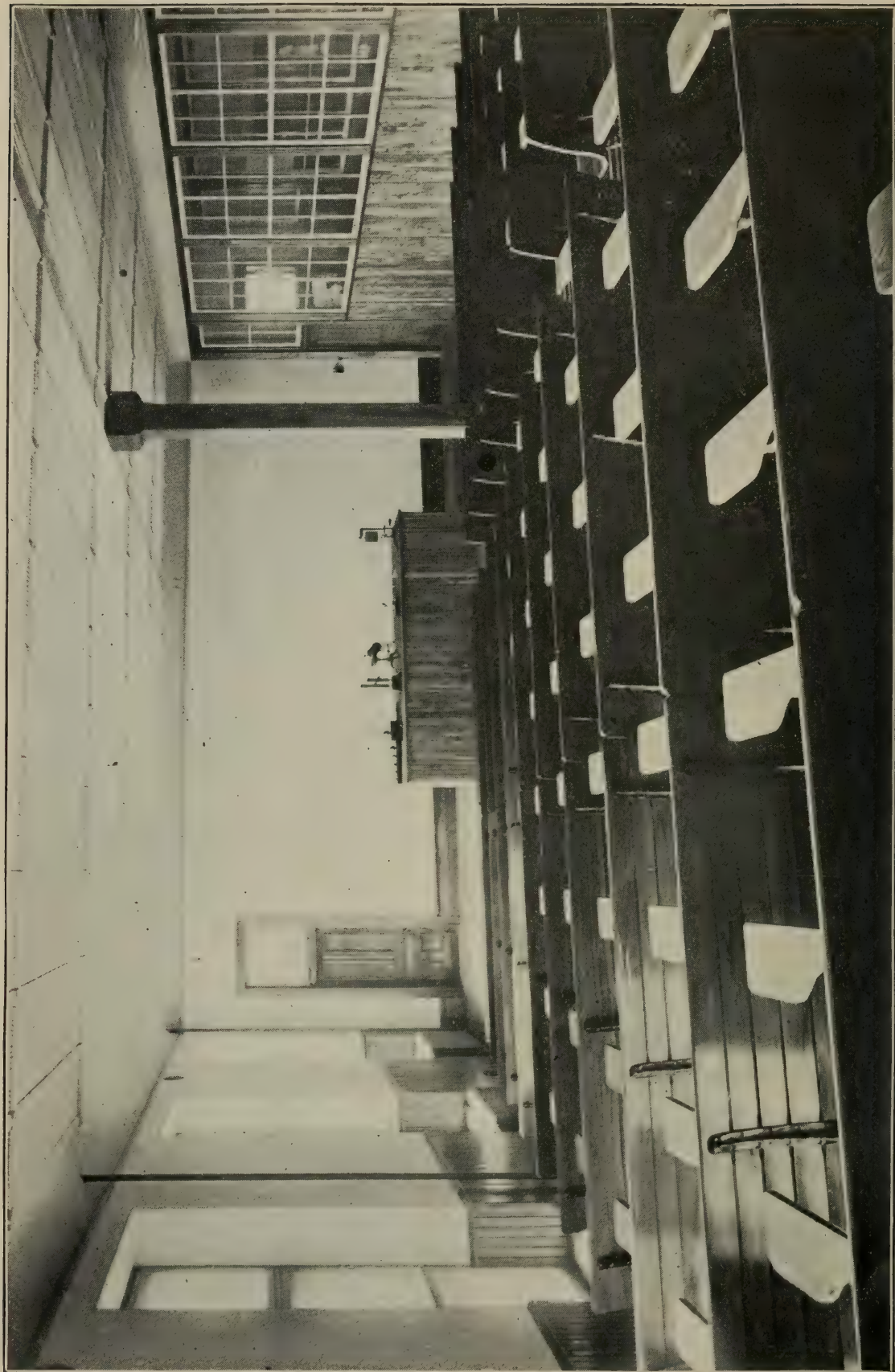
" Worse to be vassal to the man I hate."

But even this meagre mite of comfort is not vouchsafed him long;

this thin partition, all that now remains between him and desperation, will soon be rent asunder to disclose that awful, illimitable blank. Once more the "Demon of his house" is at his elbow, fleeringly to remind him, this time in the most uncompromising terms, that "his game is now played out;" that he is indeed become what he most dreaded—the common by-word. Strange irony of fate! The end of all his insatiable greed is self-beggary; the climax of his inordinate self-love is suicide. No sooner did the "wind of that shrill whisper cut his listening soul" than he rushed headlong into the devouring flame and "vanished as a leaf"; thus sorely punished even in this life because his pride spurned

" That chiefest strength of man
The power by Truth confronted, to believe."

No one who gives any thought to this strangely sad story of Milcho's obstinate unbelief can help noticing the remarkable contrast existent between the conduct of this old reprobate and that of his compatriots, everyone of whom was so eager to "put on the great clan, Christ." Milcho incarnates a type of character the exact contrary of that for which the race is so justly noted. A noble, self-annihilating generosity of soul, and such an humble, child-like simplicity of disposition as makes them ever prepared for the "God-like venture of belief" have ever been and still remain two of the most prominent traits of the inhabitants of the jewel isle. But "there is a black sheep in every flock," and even the great shepherd of Erin had his own share of trouble with the proverbial sombre nuisance. Milcho might have been the nearest approach to a prodigal son possible in the grand family of saints which Patrick fathered, only this hapless wanderer refused to turn back even when he found himself reduced to the necessity of dining on husks; as he had rather more affection for those swine which he gorged with milk than for anything else, he continued right on the path of perdition to the bitter end. Scarcely less obvious is the contrast between Milcho's stubborn determination not to believe and the wonderful pertinacity with which the Irish people cling to their faith. Nor can it be said that the steadfastness of Milcho in error was greater than the unchanging firmness in the cause of truth exhibited by that glorious race whose "child-like



LECTURE HALL (SEATING CAPACITY 225).

faith, and will like fate" have merited the title of "The Christ Among Nations." Just as Milcho sacrificed all his worldly goods and even gave up his life rather than accept the Christian teaching, so the ordinary Irishman is always ready to abandon all that is dearest to him, and if necessary to shed his blood for that very religion which the old miser despised. Yes, Milcho is indeed "left sole recusant," and as such is deservedly damned to everlasting fame.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.



THE BOOM MYSTERY.



LITERALLY a boom mystery does not exist. Any day any one exploring the Ottawa river could soon find out what is meant by a boom—that is to say any day in the right season, but figuratively and in all seasons one is puzzled over the *Book Booms*. There has been a rather swift succession of these booms in the past years and one is driven to associate the word with the thing known as decadence. It is well known that none of the truly great books have been boomed, it was the saying of this fact to himself that seems to have caused the depression of spirit in George du Maurier which led to his bowing himself simply off the stage of this life, just as soon as he realized that his large-footed heroine tramped herself upon it. Thackeray was never boomed nor Dickens nor any of those who have come to stay, therefore du Maurier read his doom in this boom, but Mary Correlli seems made of sterner stuff and she is thriving on her wonderful tales. What does she care for the requirements of good taste or morals? Seemingly nothing. Her genius is not of the sensitive order, the critics cannot reach her vulnerable spot; she does not seem to have any, but she does seem to have a direct commission from some powers to show not only that the world is out of joint, but just why and how. She does not, however, seem endowed to apply the twist that will set it right again. That may account for the free use she makes of lash, and lance and hammer and good old-time blunderbuss. Her quarrel is with society at large, with the state, the church. To her we may say as Hamilton says to Helen; “You are always so furious about something you never have a chance to be true to yourself.” She too burns so much tow in her own brain that she cannot see straight, because of the smoke thereof. Who then, can explain the secret of her financial success? The artistic, the lasting success, *i.e.*, of true fame need not be thought of it. Every great writer has a mission to lift, to lead, to cheer, to crown. If the aim of great literature be to give noble pleasure, to excite, to interest, to banish morbid solitude, to make the fire-side a resting place to give joy, to put sorrow to sleep; how few

(*See Alice of old Vincennus.)

therefore of the "best selling books" are great literature! The fault lies first on the reader or does it? Any way, it is a mystery for biologist, psychologist, philosopher and theologian, and sometimes for the police these enormous sales of bread that are not bread. Must we come to the depressing conclusion that all these devourers of the bogus food have been so hardened by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune as to have no conscience, or to believe that the conscience is a mere secretion of the brain? Is not the mad sensationalism produced by such books as *The Christian* and *The Master Christian*, a strong plea for a smaller margin to some Reform (?) Bills? Have we all indifferently been authorized to make a deep scrutiny into the mutiny of the world at large, and then go and publish the results in a sensational novel? This self-appointed Pathfinder should commit to memory Robert Browning's "all's right with the world," in other words, remember that the divine permission of evil is not the willing of evil, and that whatever ails the world at large, personal well-being is what concerns her and us, first, and it is best for each one of us to burn our own smoke. The bar has been a-moaning ever since there was a bar, and yet, we are authorized to rejoice and sing our alleluias through the encircling gloom, and we do, and Marie Cor-elli's *Master Christian* no more than Hall Cain's *Christian* will prevent the return of the earnest seekers to the bosom of Mother Church. These high intellects and lowly spirits who now stand as witnesses that "after all Rome is right," are coming from every rank and walk of modern society—in England, Germany and the United States. And everywhere, the author of the *Master Christian* and of several other boomed things proves beyond doubt, that her sense of life's large significance is a very bluntsense indeed, and what most we think of the infatuated readers! The gift to supply ideal poetry and romance to a weary world is a high gift. The late and lamented Maurice Thompson says: "The poet and romance has the power to sponge out of existence for a time, the stiff, refractory and unlovely realities to give in their place scenes and characters of ideal nobility and charm." Let us hope the beautiful and healthy fiction that has been produced in the last two or three years, is an earnest proof of a return to normal standards of life and love and thought. We must learn that we

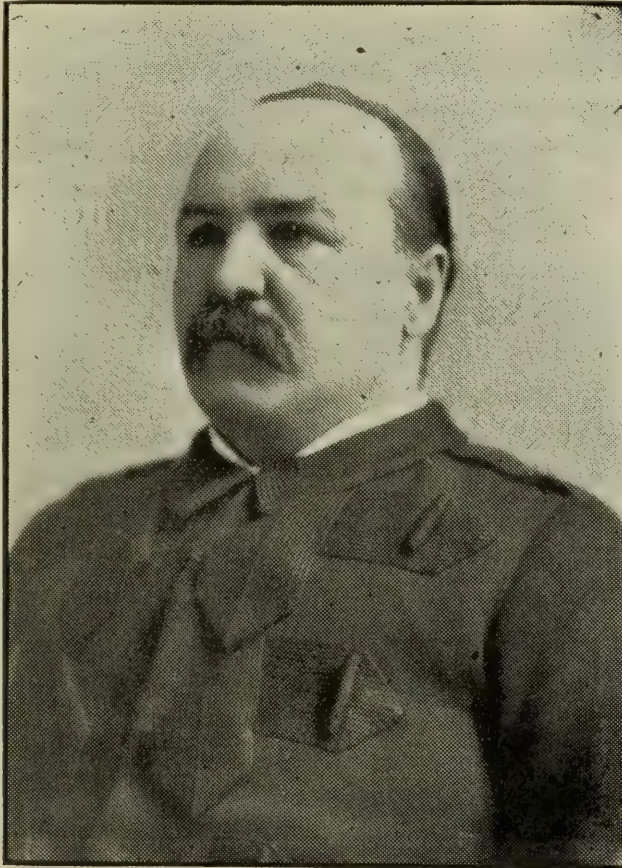
attain painfully to joy. While hope and fear and love keep us men, and when we stoop from the heights, it is to look "into a dark tremendous sea of cloud. It is but for a time; I press God's lamp close to my breast; its splendor soon or late will pierce the doom that shall emerge one day"—and let us learn from Fordello rather than from Corelli, that there is salvation in every hindrance that we must climb. Man is not caught up to the heights without wings to see the view at once, and the more he climbs the more is he heartened by each discovery. He must seek the whole in parts; if he found it all at once where would be the enjoyment of retrospect of past gains? Nothing would be gained, but leave to see; there would be naught to do, for looking beneath soon satisfies the looker, looking above, teaches how to die; but we must live first, live well, then we die soon enough, having held that faith. Hope and love and progress through obstructions are the law of life, that here all was chance with permanence beneath, that love is all and death is naught, that the man of to-day is the man of ten thousand years ago, God's beloved stamped with his image and kileness, heaven born and heaven bound.

WILL L. STONER.



THE NORTH POLE CANADA'S NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

UNDoubtedly the highest ambition of science has long been to discover the North Pole, and to-day that desire seems about to culminate in success. Numerous expeditions are being fitted out in different parts of the globe, but the one on which the eyes of the whole world are centered is the Canadian Polar expedition of Captain J. E. Bernier, who is credited with having propounded the most natural, and common-sense scheme that has ever been laid before the public.



CAPTAIN J. E. BERNIER.

Captain Bernier is a born Canadian with the most unique record of any sailor. He comes of an old sea-faring family of three generations back, covering a period of seven hundred and ninety-

four years. He is forty eight years of age, solidly built, and a powerful and vigorous man ; and as his ancestors have attained an extreme old age, he may be said to be in the prime of life. He has been at sea ever since he was one year old with the exception of five years which he spent at school. He was Captain of a deep sea vessel at the early age of seventeen, and since that time has commanded no less than forty-six different ships. He has crossed the Atlantic one hundred and seventy-eight times, has visited the Arctic regions on more than one occasion, and has sailed around the world a number of times. He has had a varied and valuable experience, and possesses strong testimonials, from the owners of every ship he has commanded. He is a firm believer in nature, and says that if we were to study nature more we would succeed better.

Captain Bernier's plans for reaching the Pole have received the strongest commendation from scientists and scientific societies in all parts of the world. His plans are fully in accord with nature while his competitors propose to battle against the difficulties of nature.

Of what use will it be? This is the question uppermost in the mind of the public, the majority regarding it as useless from a utilitarian point of view. Science presents a score of reasons why the discovery of the Geographical Pole would be beneficial to mankind. No former expedition has ever failed to yield results of practical as well as scientific value. The results of scientific importance to be derived from an examination of the immense unknown area round the North and South Poles are as numerous as the region to be explored is extensive. It is impossible that its examination can fail to add largely to the sum of human knowledge, and it is necessary to bear in mind that the Polar area is, in many most important respects, of an altogether special character, affording exclusive opportunities for observing the condition of the earth's surface, and certain singular circumstances, due to the relation of this area to the position of the axis of revolution of the territorial spheroid, and which have to be considered not only with reference to the present time, but to the earth's past history. It may therefore be received as certain that discoveries will be made in all branches of science, the exact nature of which cannot be anticipated.

A geographical problem of great importance and interest will be solved by completing the circuit from the straits of Behring via the Pole to Greenland and Spitzbergen towards the Atlantic.

The necessity of investigating the depth of the Polar Basin current and out-put of the surface water and the amount of ice and sea temperature at various depths.

A series of pendulum observations at the highest possible latitude as well as the direction of the force of gravity, and such observations would be especially valuable at 90 degrees North.

Observations of the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere and of the prevailing winds with reference to currents in very high latitude will form valuable contributions to Meteorological science.

The climates of Canada and Europe, in no small degree depend on the atmospheric conditions of the Polar Area, in which the development of extreme low temperature necessarily leads to corresponding disturbances, the effects of which are felt far into the temperate zone.

The extension of research into the phenomena of Magnetism and atmospheric electricity in the vicinity of the Pole, where so many of the forces of nature operate in an extreme degree, of excess or defect.

The study of the Aurora Borealis, which is amongst the most striking phenomena visible on our Planet, is almost impossible in low latitudes.

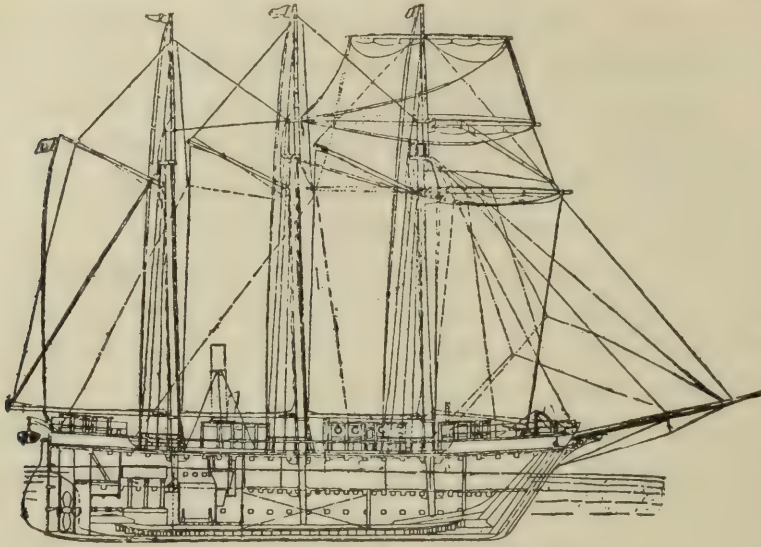
A more complete investigation of the Geology of the Arctic regions is extremely desirable, both for its scientific importance and the value of its practical results. Some unknown islands may be found in shallow water near the New Siberian Islands.

The vegetation, wood and diatoms found in the Polar Basin, require to be studied.

The life of animals and the different species of fish in the Polar Basin, also require careful observation.

Ethnological observations with regard to unknown lands that may be discovered, the distribution of land and water in the Polar Basin and many other scientific researches.

Thus it will be seen that an expedition carefully planned and fully in accord with nature cannot fail to add largely to the sum of human knowledge.



Sectional view of Ship.

PLAN OF PROPOSED EXPEDITION.

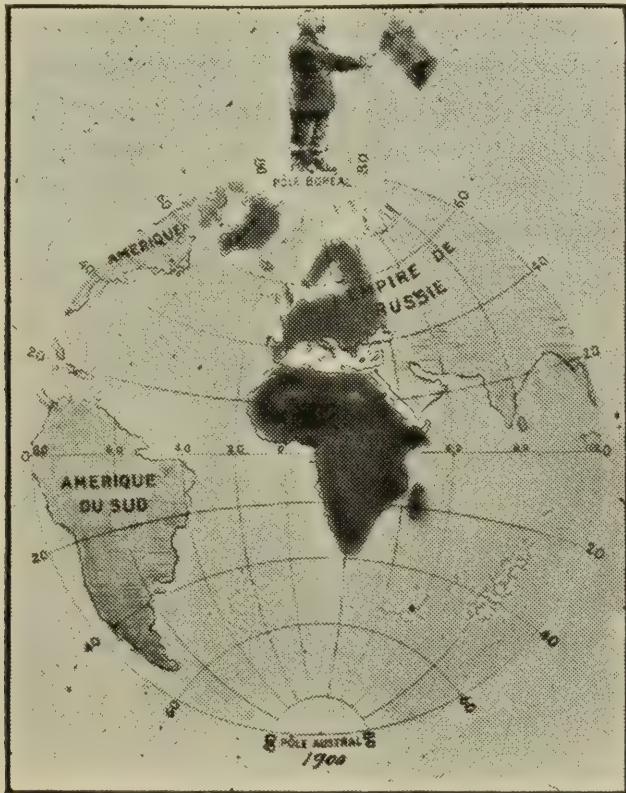
Captain Bernier proposes to build a special vessel of a little over three hundred tons register. Her length will be one hundred and thirty-three feet over all, thirty-six foot beam, and eighteen feet depth of hold, to run under both steam and sail. She will have a perpendicular double stern post, with rudder outside, so that the rudder or propellor can be unshipped at any time. Captain Bernier's ship will also have a flush deck which will prevent the frequent flooding of the forward deck by water and slushy snow, thus preventing the overweighing of the vessel with an unnecessary load and the saving of no end of trouble to the crew. Other Arctic vessels suffered very much from such troubles and as the Captain has carefully examined them all, his ship will be free of all such defects. The Captain's ship will have three masts with a total sail area of seven thousand square feet or one thousand feet more than the "Fram" had. She will have a crew of fourteen. This will include both scientific men and sailors.

The ship will be built in Canada and will sail from Vancouver or Victoria, calling at Port Clarence to send last despatches and take in balance of stores. It is proposed to enter the Strait of Behring in July, and to push as far north as the state of ice will permit. A small balloon messenger will be sent every month with

records, when the wind suits. Each balloon will contain a copy of the records sent in the former balloons, so that, should one be lost the chain would not be broken.

Once in the ice every preparation would be made for the winter.

In the second spring and summer two different routes would be made, one in the north-east direction, the other in the south-west direction, with stations at different places, so that it would be possible to keep in communication with the ship with wireless telegraphy, and gun-signals when the weather would permit. The route would be staffed; the staffs would be hollow and part of them filled with condensed provisions, each bearing a number and a record, so that the passage of each party could be recorded. At the fifty mile station soundings and weather records would be



Planting our flag on the Pole.

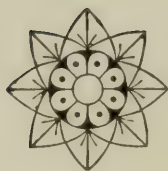
taken at intervals, and other observations made. When in the neighbourhood of the Pole the northerly route would be extended to one or two more stations, as might be thought requisite, always

keeping in communication with the ship and stations. In this way it is confidently thought that 90 degrees north can be reached with certainty.

Captain Bernier has studied scientific and Arctic research for over twenty-three years and now offers his services to Canada gratuitously, asking only the necessary equipment to carry out his plans. It is Canada's northern boundary and we, as Canadians, are bound to make an effort to claim our own. The public are asked to subscribe towards this expedition. The government has agreed to pay one half the cost, provided the public will contribute the other half.

It is, I am sure, the earnest wish of every Canadian that Captain Bernier may be enabled to carry out his plans. It is a gigantic contest, as all foremost nations are represented in the race, and if the public have the interest in their own country that I believe they have, Captain Bernier will plant our flag at the geographical Pole, and take possession of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles of unexplored Canadian territory teeming with wealth, and win the greatest international contest in the history of man.

R. H. C. B.



NEW PRIESTS HONORED.



DESIRING to present some little token of their esteem to the Reverend Fathers Fitzgerald, Prud'homme, Kirwin and Legault, on the occasion of their elevation to the holy priesthood, the student body repaired to the Senior Study Hall on Saturday afternoon, June 1st, and after a ringing 'Varsity Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, read as follows :

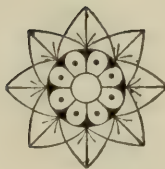
Reverend and Dear Fathers,—On this the day of your elevation to the ranks of God's sacred priesthood, the students of the University desire to express, though it be in a feeble manner, their sentiments of joy and gratification in being able to greet you as God's holy anointed. Realizing the sublime dignity of the sacerdotal character, we honor and venerate him on whom it is conferred ; but when it is borne by one who has been a student, professor or disciplinarian of this University, our veneration and respect is increased a thousand-fold. Hence, Rev. Fathers, the present students, some of whom know you as fellow-students, others as professors or disciplinarians and all as friends, offer you their most heartfelt congratulations on your admission to the divine army of the Catholic priesthood. In these moments of our happiness, however, we are not unmindful that the life to which you have been called, though a glorious one, is beset with the greatest difficulties. Therefore shall we pray the Almighty that you may faithfully discharge the duties of your sacred office as the ordained representatives of Christ, and that fitly representing by word and example the rights of God to men, you may be a glory to the priesthood, a source of strength to the Church and an honor to your Alma Mater.

Wishing from the depths of our hearts that God may grant you many years of fruitful service in the sacred ministry, we ask, in conclusion, that to-morrow, when for the first time you ascend the holy altar of sacrifice, you do not forget in your all-powerful requests to the Divine Victim, the student body of the University.

We are also pleased to see about you to-day those who were associated with you in the earlier years of your course, and to them also we desire to extend our greeting, not only as alumni but as those whom God has recently stamped with the divine

character of priesthood. Though the faces so well known to them have passed away, they must not think themselves among strangers, for their prominence, whether in the class-room or on the football field, has made their names familiar to the ears of all present. To them, then, do we extend a cordial welcome and we trust that our heartfelt wishes will cheer you and them on to the fulfilment of your sublime vocation.

The four newly made priests then arose in turn and thanked the students in a very touching manner for the cordial reception and kind words extended to them. Following them, we had the pleasure of listening to a few bright and witty remarks from Fathers Quilty, Ryan and Foley of the class of '97 and lately ordained. After having received their blessing, another 'Varsity was called for and given with a will, and while the echoes were resounding throughout the long corridors the happy party withdrew, carrying with them the good wishes of all.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. X.

JUNE, 1901.

Vol. III.

VALEDICTORY.

But a few days more and the class of 1901 must bid farewell to their dear old college-home. And in these remaining hours, what memories must flood their minds! The smallest happenings of their college existence, each with its thousand associations, shall be conjured up causing them to realize more fully than ever that the days at college are the happiest of one's life. Now must they leave those friends of blissful student years and face a world that is none too kindly. But let them find courage and fortitude in those principles that have been here instilled into their hearts, principles that will enable them ever to bear themselves as educated Catholic gentlemen.

Before allowing the class of 1901 to quit these loved old walls, THE REVIEW must offer them at least a slight expression of its debt of gratitude for their untiring labors in its behalf; for in truth

may it be said, that if in the past few years our college journal has attained to any excellence, the credit is due in most part to the class now leaving us. This but makes the parting still more painful. Yet must we say farewell. God speed the graduates of 1901, and may His choicest blessings ever attend them.

ACTUM EST.

The days of lectures and recitations will soon be at an end, to the relief of professors and students alike. Some, perhaps, would not object to further time for preparing examinations, and of course there are always vain regrets for lost time on the part of a certain number. But the majority, we hope, can point to substantial progress during the year, and can with comfortable consciences look forward to the approaching vacation. Even the drones, however, and the leave-it-to-the-last-week crowd, forget their little troubles in the thought of going home. "Home, sweet home!" What magic there is in that simple word, home! What visions it calls up of beloved faces and happy hours! What pleasure in anticipating the renewal of the associations which six or ten months' absence has made so dear! Fancy unrestrained soars through regions where the fields are always green and the skies are always blue, where no dreary class-room or tiresome text-book is to be seen,—and the day-dreamer's face looks happy. Yet in the happiest song we hear a note of sadness. Glad and all as we are upon nearing the close, who does not feel some regret as well? Who is not sorry to leave the roof under which he has spent so many pleasant days, where he has contracted some of the most cordial friendships of his life? Who, that has ever experienced the breaking-up of college, has not felt lonesome when the last farewells have been said and the last V-A-R been given?

SHALL THE CHAMPIONSHIP COME HOME AGAIN,

As the scholastic year of 1901 draws to a close, thoughts of reuniting next fall naturally bring in their train foot-ball talk, and our chances of again bringing to its old home the championship of

Quebec, which, for so many years, has found a welcome berth within our College walls, are eagerly discussed. With this thought before us our minds naturally turn to our work in the foot-ball arena last fall. While our victories were few, owing more or less to the inexperience of most of our players, still our team showed that it was made of the right material, and that with a better knowledge of the game would prove itself second to none in the race for the championship honors. To some it might appear, however, that our prospects are poor, but when they take into consideration the fact that thirty men figured in at least one senior match last year, they must surely admit that, if such material counts for anything in foot-ball, Ottawa College will be in the fight to the finish. Let us then request those who took an active part in foot-ball last fall, and who again intend to don the Garnet and Grey, to return on the opening day, so that practice may be begun immediately, and thus have all the players in first-class condition for the opening game. These remarks are not intended only for the men, who don foot-ball suits, but alike for all those who pride themselves as Ottawa Varsity boys. True enough, the players are the ones who fight our battles, but they cannot fight them without the support and good-will of all the students. Let us then, one and all, put our shoulders to the wheel, and next fall the Garnet and Grey colors shall float triumphantly, while the old grey walls ring with the well known chorus,

“ Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We're champions again !”

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

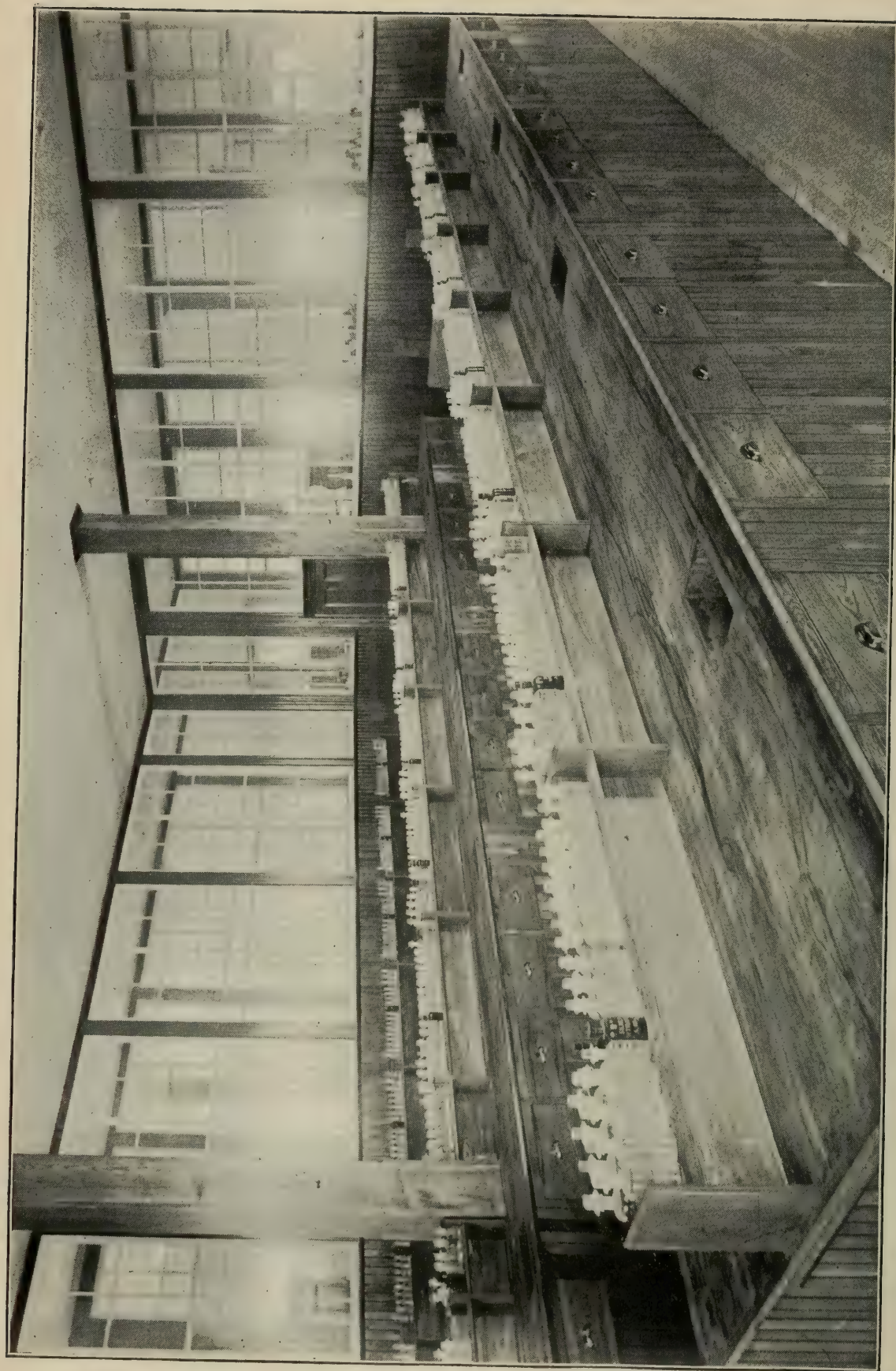
During the past year many Catholic newspapers have come regularly to our sanctum which as yet have received no notice. To the editors of the different publications we now extend our sincere thanks for having furnished us with such pleasant reading matter. Our exchange table would certainly have been incomplete but for these visitors, in whose company we have spent many profitable hours. With great pleasure do we recommend these periodicals to our readers, at least one, and, if possible, more than one, of which should find a place in every Catholic

home. The value of such papers as educational factors cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public. As a means of diffusing Catholic ideas and principles they are an absolute necessity in every family, and for the instruction of the young are they especially of service.

From across the broad Atlantic we welcome the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, an ideal Catholic family paper. Scarcely inferior are those from the neighboring republic, among which we receive the *Catholic News* of New York, the *Philadelphia Standard and Times*, the *Michigan Catholic* of Detroit, and the *Intermountain Catholic* from Salt Lake City. But the best representatives of the American Catholic press are the *Sacred Heart Review*, *Pilot* and *Republic* of Boston, although the two latter are of a semi-political character. Our Canadian visitors include the *True Witness* of Montreal, whose special contributions are particularly noteworthy, the ably-edited *Casket* of Antigonish, N.S., the *Catholic Record* of London, the *Catholic Register* of Toronto, the *Kingston Freeman* and the *Northwest Review*. The latest publication to reach us is the *Union*, published in this city. Though young it has attracted much attention, and its originality, brightness and spirit of independence bid fair to place it in the front rank of our Catholic journals.

DONATION.

That the recent Public Debate has awakened widespread interest, and has met with the approbation of our friends and alumni as a step in the right direction, is evidenced by the action of W. A. Herckenrath, M.A., C.E., '88 of New York, who, upon hearing of the affair, at once wrote to the Very Reverend Rector and offered to denote a prize medal. His generous offer was gratefully accepted, and the medal has since been forwarded. It is of silver, tastefully designed. We cannot too highly express our appreciation of Mr. Herckenrath's kindness. Such manifestations of concern in the welfare and progress of Alma Mater on the part of our elder brethren, will do more than anything else to stimulate the student-body to greater endeavors.



MINERALOGICAL LABORATORY.



SCIENCE HALL.

Exchanges

We have been the recipients of the following Exchanges during the year and hereby record our thanks for the same :—

Mount St Mary's *Record*, St Mary's *Chimes*, St. Vincent's *Journal*, *Red and the Blue*, The *Xavier*, *Holy Cross Purple*, The *Mountaineer*, The *Echo*, *Niagara Index*, Notre Dame *Scholastic*, The *De La Salle*, *Queen's Journal*, *McGill Outlook*, The *Bee*, *Abbey Student*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Sacred Heart Collegian*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, The *Young Catholic*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Santa Maria*, *Canadian Messenger*, The *Argosy*, The *Mitre*, The *Mount*, The *Laurel*, The *Sunbeam*, St. Joseph *Collegian*, The *Tamarack*, *Agnetian Monthly*, The *Dalhousie Gazette*, The *Gregorian*, *Salesian Bulletin*, The *Labour Gazette*, The *Western University Courant*.

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The Poetry class have issued the May number of the "Abbey Student" and right well have they acquitted themselves of their onerous duty. The poetry is original, and has a musical ring throughout, which proves that the authors possess much of that stuff of which poets are made.

The writer of "A view of Tennyson's Religious Beliefs" has thoroughly entered into his subject, and has, in an excellent style, portrayed Tennyson's religious tendencies, as well as the character of the man, who, although groping along in darkness most of the time, ever and anon basks in the sunshine of Catholic doctrine, under the influence of whose ennobling ideas he shows himself his best as a poet. Truly it is not surprising that, in some points of the Catholic Religion, he has erred, when we consider that he was outside of the fold where truth is found in its entirety.

In "Slang in a College Journal" the writer makes an earnest plea for the removal of slang from Journals, and this subject is worthy of attention. Many of to-day's college papers contain more or less slang phrases, and thus instead of furthering the end they have in view, or at least should have, that of cultivating purity and clearness in diction, they weaken it. Our language is rich in words ; let us then make use of the proper ones,

"A glimpse of a Renowned Poet and Novelist" in *The Bee* is a clearly written article on the life and works of Walter Scott, whose "Lady of the Lake" alone has built for him a monument which the storms and ravages of time can never destroy. "As the Twig is Bent" and "Choice of Companions" convey many useful and truthful hints on the education and training of youth.

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The *Fordham Monthly*, in its neat and trim form, is once more before us, with a very timely frontispiece "Queen of the May." The articles, written in an attractive and sparkling style, reflect credit on the contributors.

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The *Acadia Athenæum* is a worthy representative of the Maritime Provinces. It records in a neat, concise manner, the doings of the institution whence it comes, and its essays are of real literary worth. The locals are particularly bright and witty.

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The articles of the *Sacred Heart Collegian*, although all very short, are nevertheless interesting and carefully written.

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The May number of the *Mountaineer* is replete with interesting literary essays and college news. "I wish I were a Poet," is as spicy a piece of poetry as we have read in a long while, and undoubtedly the writer is in a fair way to realize his wishes.



Of Local Interest.

Of the newly-ordained priests, Rev. Father Kirwin celebrated his first mass on Trinity Sunday in the University Chapel, Rev. Father Fitzgerald officiated at St. Joseph's Church, and Rev. Father Legault at the Sacred Heart Church, the same

Sunday, while Rev. Father Prud'homme said his first mass in his native parish at Cantley. At the University the young celebrant was assisted by Rev. Father Poli, director of the Seminary, and the deacon and subdeacon were respectively

Rev. Jas. Fallon and Rev. Bro. Ouimet. The choir, assisted by the University orchestra, rendered some fine selections, and together with an impressive sermon by Rev. Father Cornell on the text, "As the Father hath sent me I also send you," everything tended to make the inspiring occasion one long to be remembered by the young priests as well as by the student body. At St. Joseph's Father M. F. Fallon assisted the celebrant, while Rev. Fathers Cornell and Foley acted as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The altar was handsomely decorated for the occasion and the singing of the choir made the solemn event one of joy to every one present. Father M. F. Fallon delivered a very forcible sermon on the priestly character. At the Sacred Heart Church the occasion was made unusual by grand music and decorations. Father Legault was assisted by a deacon and subdeacon. Father Lejeune, O.M.I., preached a very able sermon on the dignity of the priesthood.

* * *

The occasion of Father Prudhomme's first mass at Cantley was one long to be remembered

by the parishioners as well as by the young priest. The day was such as to make everyone feel cheerful and the attendance at the church was very large. The church was handsomely decorated, and the singing by the local choir, assisted by several members of the University choir, who went out for the event, was very inspiring. Rev. Father Murphy, O.M.I., of the University, preached a grand sermon. After mass the parishioners read an address of congratulation to the young priest, to which he very appropriately replied.

* * *

Government Class — Prof. :
"When does the Governor-General stand alone?"

Ric : "When the House is sitting."

* * *

Macbeth never looked wilder than Bobby did when, looking over that stranger's shoulder, he found it was really not the "Parson."

* * *

Regan's Store. — George :
"Have A cigar, friend !"

The friend took six, not six for FIVE either.

For patent clay-pipes apply to
Hong & Gillies, the Strathcona
Island wonders.

* * *

A meeting of the Seventh
Form at 4.30 p.m. Positively
the last.

* * *

The Physics Class is certainly
degenerating. O'Brien and
Gallagher are now demonstra-
tors on Sound.

* * *

On June 1st old Johnny was
paid off.

On June 2nd a pantomime
was witnessed from the refectory
window.

* * *

SUMMER OCCUPATIONS.

Duke—Making shadows.

Long K-d-y—Sweeping chim-
neys.

Josie—Scalping mosquitoes.

Angus—In a "dope."

Bobby—Preserving health.

H-g-t-n—Cornering stock.

Gib.—Gathering silk-worms.

Gillies—Writing to Hong.

* * *

Salute Napoleon !

* * *

Red lemonade !

* * *

Going to see the Clowns ?

* * *

The Zouaves did not march,
as Capt. G-b-l-n and Lieut.
O'L-ry were indisposed.

VALE PHILOSOPHIA.

Liber Ultimus.

De futuro.

Prologus — Having demon-
strated the existence of a future
state for every Class, it is asked
whether or not the nature of
that future state depends on
something extrinsic to or in-
trinsic in the subject.

Caput primum.

De futuro of the Class of '01.

Prologus—Regarding the past
history of the class let no one
be curious.

Articulus solus.

De membris.

I. Prænotamina—Desperatio
occurs when at the exams, you
forget the formula for an easy
problem, in which case ideæ in-
natæ are unavailing. A dilem-
ma is that state of mind in
which something immanens like
Astronomia conflicts with some-
thing transiens like officium
sociale. Distinctio rationis is
like that between a bald head
and the face. Distinctio realis
is like that between passing the
exams and failing ; ex hoc se-
quitur fatum. Sed ad rem
veniamus.

II. De futuro of the Class of
'01. It is admitted by all that
operari sequitur esse. Then
from the natura of the cause we
may speculate on the effects.
Hinc dantur in quantum videri

potest naturæ membrorum specificæ.

J. R. O'G.—Somnium.

T. G. M.—Temperantia.

A. J. N.—Modestia.

A. P. D.—Contrarietas.

M. E. C.—Ubiquitas.

L. B.—Meditatio.

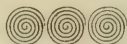
J. E. M.—Dubitatio.

J. T. W.—Accidens.

J. R.—Indifferentia.

W. F. M.—Corollarium.

Here philosophy leaves the question ; secus in limites theologiæ transgrediretur.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. J. J. Hanley, of Belleville, was among our welcome visitors during the past month.

* *

Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, ex-'01, is spending a few weeks in the city.

* *

Among the successful ones in the recent Law examinations at Osgoode Hall were Mr. E. P. Gleeson, '98, and Mr. A. J. Beattie of the matriculating class of '96.

* *

Rev. Fathers J. J. Quilty, J. M. Foley and J. Ryan, all of the class of '97, were present at the Trinity ordinations when two of their class-mates, Rev. Geo. E. Fitzgerald and Rev. Geo. D. Prud'homme, were raised to the dignity of the priesthood. The class of '97 now numbers seven of its members among the laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

At the Trinity ordinations in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Messrs. John T. Hanley, '98, T. Ryan, ex-'99, received sub-deaconship, and Mr. P. Kelly, ex-'00, minor orders.

* *

With this issue a few more of us join the ranks of those who have seen better days and henceforth we shall be numbered among the Flores.

* *

At the Trinity Ordinations, Saturday, June 1, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel conferred the different degrees of Holy Orders upon the following students of Ottawa University Theological Seminary :

Priesthood—Rev. Geo. Fitzgerald, '97, Rev. G. W. Prud'homme, '97, Rev. Wm. Kirwin O.M.I., Rev. R. Legault O.M.I., Rev. L. Archambault, Rev. J. Desjardins, Rev. A. Bazinet,

Rev. O. Lavergne, Rev. A. Madden O.M.I., Rev. J. Cordes O.M.I., Rev. P. Beaudry O.M.I., Rev. E. Tessier O.M.I., Rev. E. Lacombe O.M.I., Rev. A. Barrette O.M.I.

Deaconship — A. Hannon O.M.I., S. Blanchard O.M.I., J. Paille O.M.I., J. Prieur O.M.I., E. McQuaid O.M.I., A. Gratton O.M.I., J. Decelles O.M.I.

Sub-Deaconship — W. Chatelin, Jos. Ethier, Pare, Wm. Kelly O.M.I., H. Rivet O.M.I., Jos. Allard A. Francoem.

Minor orders — E. Turcotte O.M.I., A. Lajeunesse O.M.I., L. Carriere O.M.I., A. Jasmin O.M.I., M. Magnan O.M.I., C. Brouillet O.M.I., A. Galbert.

Tonsure—John Meehan, E. Coursolles, O. Lalonde, Hector Yella.



Athletics.

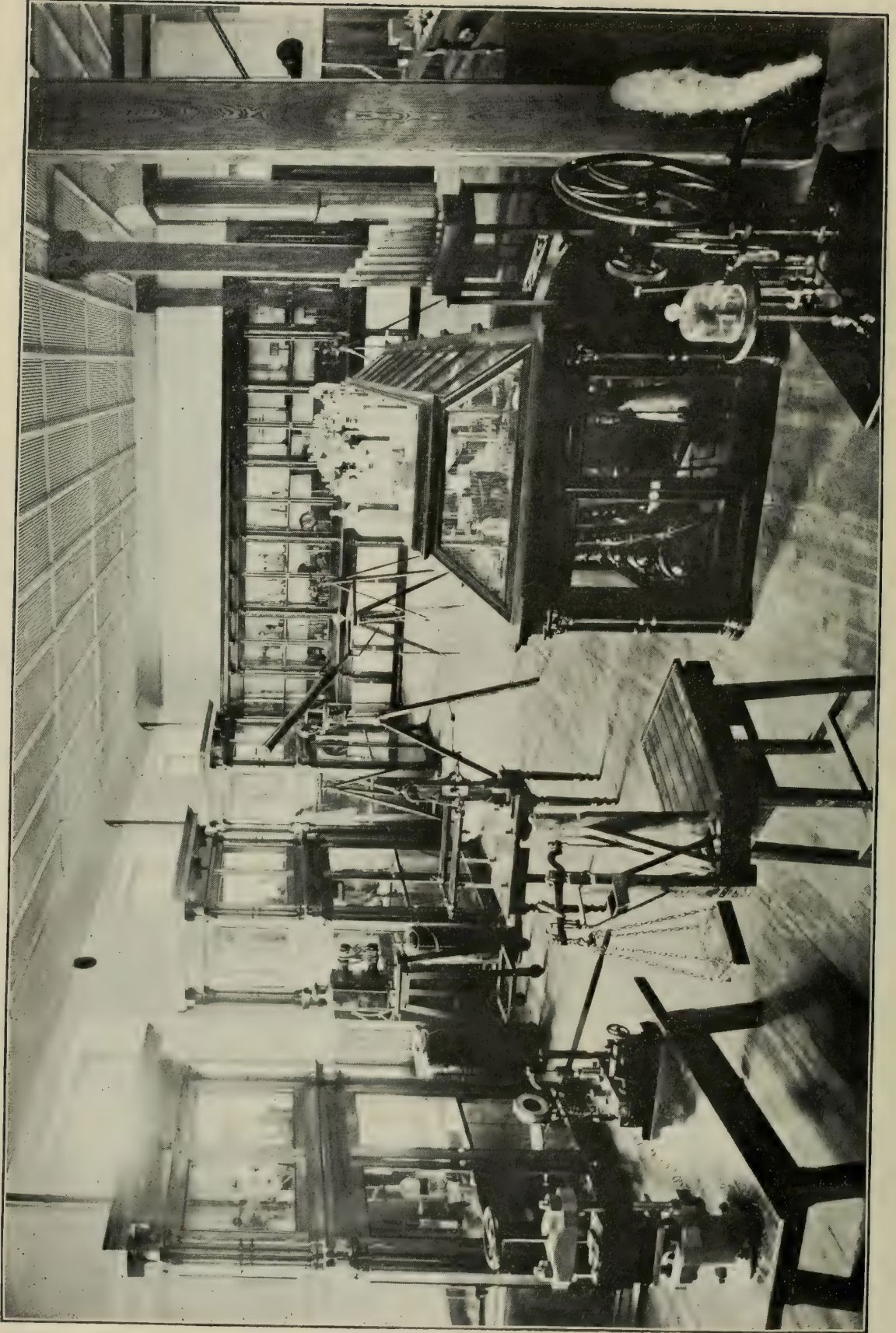
Out of four games arranged by Manager McCormac since last report, two were prevented by rainy weather. On May 25th College crossed bats with the Strathconas, a team representing the island which bears that name. It was the second match played away from home and judging from report a closely contested game, was expected if not defeat. College too was handicapped, being without its regular pitcher, while Stratchona depended on the success of her "new find." The game opened with College at bat and Callaghan knocked the ball among the spectators in the left field bleachers. Smith advanced him a base and after that it was simply a slugging match for College, the men hitting at will and running up a score of 26 runs while not a

man on the Stratchconas reached home. For College, Gabriels was the particular star, striking out ten men and allowing but one base on balls, while Callaghan, Morin and Dooner wielded the stick to great advantage. The team from the island played a game remarkable for its errors, poor stick work and stupid base-running. The men went to bat in the following order :

College. — Callaghan 1. f., Smith 2 b., Dowling c. Halligan 3 b., Morin c. f., McCormac, s. s., Dooner r. f., Blute 1 b., Gabriels p.

Stratchcona : — Fitzimmons 3 b., Doyle 1. f., Taylor c., Moran 1 b., St. Amand 2 b., Thomas p. Munroe s.s., Tilon c. f., Millette r. f. Empire, M. J. Burns.

Scorer, King.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

Our last game was on June 1st with Hull as our opponents. This team had been met and defeated earlier in the season and on its return match came prepared to retrieve lost honours, but faithful practice and the knowledge that two of the "old boys" were with us placed a confidence in College that could not be shaken. Hull was sent to bat first but owing to wet grounds little could be done with the ball and before the first half of the inning closed Hull had scored four runs. College doubled the score in the next two innings and at the end of the fifth when the Umpire called the game on account of rain the score stood College 13 Hull 5. The victors were brilliant in no particular department, although Gabriels Dowling and Callaghan distinguished themselves while to McEwen, Tessier and Bennet fell the heavy work of Hull. The man went to bat as follows:

College: — Callaghan c. f., Smith 2 b., Dowling l. f.,

Halligan 3 b., Brown c., McCormac s. s. Blute 1 b., Gabriels r. f., Wilson p.

Hull:—Lavalle s. s., Tessier 3 b., McEwen 2 b., Barette c., Bennet l. f., Renaud r. f., Guerton p., Lefern c. f., Guenette 1 b.

Umpire, D. Allen. Scorer, King

A meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on Saturday June 8th, for the purpose of drawing the schedule of games for the coming season. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs T. G. Morin, '01. and R. Halligan, '04.

The following is the schedule of Q. R. U. senior series for the season of 1901.

Date.	Teams.	Grounds.
Oct. 5th	Montreal vs Brockville	Brockville
" 5th	College vs Britannia	Britannia
" 12th	Britannia vs Montreal	Montreal
" 12th	Brockville vs College	College
" 19th	Britannia vs Brockville	Brockville
" 19th	College vs Montreal	Montreal
" 26th	Montreal vs Britannia	Britannia
" 26th	College vs Brockville	Brockville
Nov. 2nd	Brockville vs Britannia	Britannia
" 2nd	Montreal vs College	College
" 9th	Britannia vs College	College
" 9th	Brockville vs Montreal	Montreal



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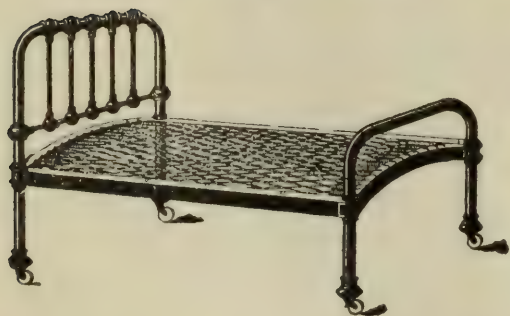
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